THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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AUG. 20, '27

5c. the Copy

F. Scott Fitzgerald — Struthers Burt — James Warner Bellah — Horatio Winslow
Hugh MacNair Kahler — George Pattullo — Corra Harris — Octavus Roy Cohen

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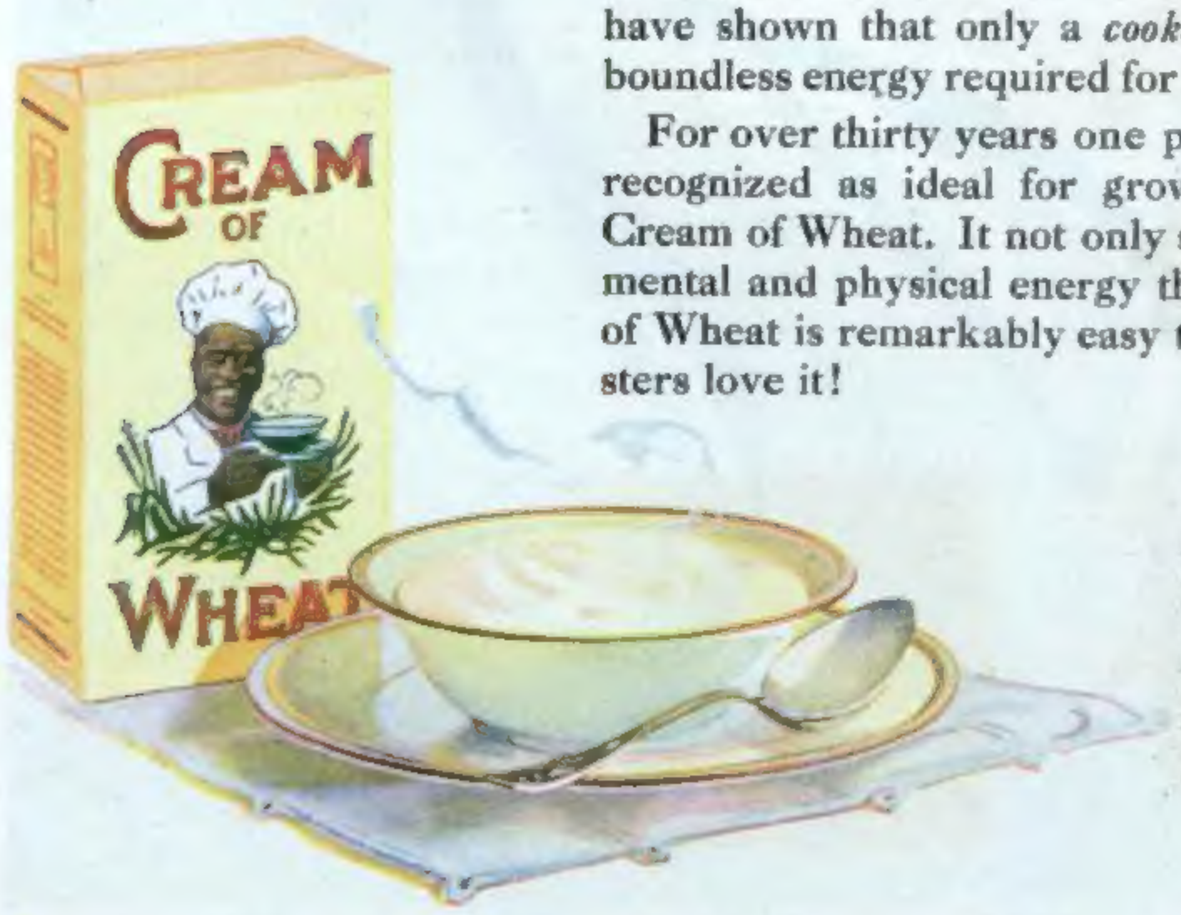

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Wears 3 to 4 times longer — costs $1 and less.
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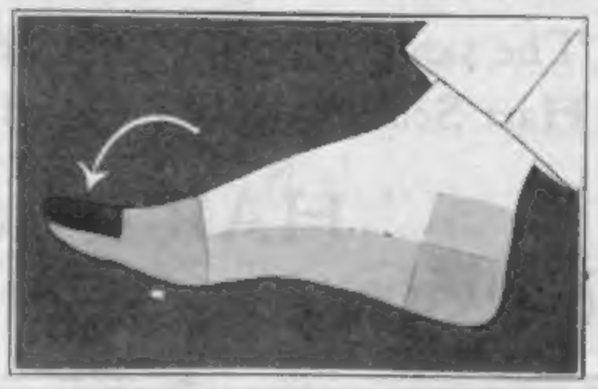

This diagram illustrates the Ex Toe idea. Yet you can neither feel nor see it in the socks themselves.

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JACOB'S LADDER

As Raffine Turned to Go, He Bent and Whispered in Jenny's Ear and She Looked at Him Without Smiling as She Said Good Night

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IT WAS a particularly sordid and degraded murder trial, and Jacob Booth, writhing quietly on a spectators' bench, felt that he had childishly gobbled something without being hungry, simply because it was there. The newspapers had humanized the case, made a cheap, neat problem play out of an affair of the jungle, so passes that actually admitted one to the court room were hard to get. Such a pass had been tendered him the evening before.

Jacob looked around at the doors, where a hundred people, inhaling and exhaling with difficulty, generated excitement by their eagerness, their breathless escape from their own private lives. The day was hot and there was sweat upon the crowd—obvious sweat in large dewy beads that would shake off on Jacob if he fought his way through to the doors. Someone behind him guessed that the jury wouldn't be out half an hour.

With the inevitability of a compass needle, his head swung toward the prisoner's table and he stared once more at the murderess' huge blank face garnished with red button eyes. She was Mrs. Choynski, *née* Delehanty, and fate had ordained that she should one day seize a meat ax and divide her sailor lover. The puffy hands that had swung the weapon turned an ink bottle about endlessly; several times she glanced at the crowd with a nervous smile.

Jacob frowned and looked around quickly; he had found a pretty face and lost it again. The face had edged sideways into his consciousness when he was absorbed in a mental picture of Mrs. Choynski in action; now it was faded back into the anonymity of the crowd. It was the face of a dark saint with tender, luminous eyes and a skin pale and fair. Twice he searched the room, then he forgot and sat stiffly and uncomfortably, waiting.

The jury brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree; Mrs. Choynski squeaked, "Oh, my God!" The sentence was postponed until next day. With a slow rhythmic roll, the crowd pushed out into the August afternoon.

Jacob saw the face again, realizing why he hadn't seen it before. It belonged to a young girl beside the prisoner's table and it had been hidden by the full moon of Mrs. Choynski's head. Now the clear, luminous eyes were bright with tears, and an impatient young man with a squashed nose was trying to attract the attention of the shoulder.

"Oh, get out!" said the girl, shaking the hand off impatiently. "Le' me alone, will you? Le' me alone. Geeze!"

The man sighed profoundly and stepped back. The girl embraced the dazed Mrs. Choynski and another lingerer remarked to Jacob that they were sisters. Then Mrs. Choynski was taken off the scene—her expression absurdly implied an important appointment—and the girl sat down at the desk and began to powder her face. Jacob waited; so did the young man with the squashed nose. The sergeant came up brusquely and Jacob gave him five dollars.

"Geeze!" cried the girl to the young man. "Can't you le' me alone?" She stood up. Her presence, the obscure vibrations of her impatience, filled the court room. "Every day itsa same!"

Jacob moved nearer. The other man spoke to her rapidly:

"Miss Delehanty, we've been more than liberal with you and your sister and I'm only asking you to carry out your share of the contract. Our paper goes to press at ——"

Miss Delehanty turned despairingly to Jacob. "Can you beat it?" she demanded. "Now he wants a pitcher of my sister when she was a baby, and it's got my mother in it too."

"We'll take your mother out."

"I want my mother though. It's the only one I got of her."

"I'll promise to give you the picture back tomorrow."

"Oh, I'm sicka the whole thing." Again she was speaking to Jacob, but without seeing him except as some element of the vague, omnipresent public. "It gives me a pain in the eye." She made a clicking sound in her teeth that comprised the essence of all human scorn.

"I have a car outside, Miss Delehanty," said Jacob suddenly. "Don't you want me to run you home?"

"All right," she answered indifferently.

The newspaper man assumed a previous acquaintance between them; he began to argue in a low voice as the three moved toward the door.

"Every day it's like this," said Miss Delehanty bitterly. "These newspaper guys!" Outside, Jacob signaled for his car and as it drove up, large, open and bright, and the chauffeur jumped out and opened the door, the reporter, on the verge of tears, saw the picture slipping away and launched into a peroration of pleading.

"Go jump in the river!" said Miss Delehanty, sitting in Jacob's car. "Go—jump—in—the—river!"

The extraordinary force of her advice was such that Jacob regretted the limitations of her vocabulary. Not only did it evoke an image of the unhappy journalist hurling himself into the Hudson but it convinced Jacob that it was the only fitting and adequate way of disposing of the man. Leaving him to face his watery destiny, the car moved off down the street.

"You dealt with him pretty well," Jacob said.

"Sure," she admitted. "I get sore after a while and then I can deal with anybody no matter who. How old would you think I was?"

"How old are you?"

"Sixteen."

She looked at him gravely, inviting him to wonder. Her face, the face of a saint, an intense little Madonna, was lifted fragilely out of the mortal dust of the afternoon. On the pure parting of her lips no breath hovered; he had never seen a texture pale and immaculate as her skin, lustrous and garish as her eyes. His own well-ordered person seemed for the first time in his life gross and well worn to him as he knelt suddenly at the heart of freshness.

"Where do you live?" he asked. The Bronx, perhaps Yonkers, Albany—Baffin's Bay. They could curve over the top of the world, drive on forever.

Then she spoke, and as the toad words vibrated with life in her voice, the moment passed: "Eas' Hun'erd thuyty-thuyd. Stayin' with a girl friend there."

They were waiting for a traffic light to change and she exchanged a haughty glance with a flushed man peering from a flanking taxi. The man took off his hat hilariously. "Somebody's stenog," he cried. "And oh, what a stenog!"

An arm and hand appeared in the taxi window and pulled him back into the darkness of the cab.

Miss Delehanty turned to Jacob, a frown, the shadow of a hair in breadth, appearing between her eyes. "A lot of 'em know me," she said. "We got a lot of publicity and pictures in the paper."

"I'm sorry it turned out badly."

She remembered the event of the afternoon, apparently for the first time in half an hour. "She had it comin' to her, mister. She never had a chance. But they'll never send no woman to the chair in New York State."

"No; that's sure."

"She'll get life." Surely it was not she who had spoken. The tranquillity of her face made her words separate themselves from her as soon as they were uttered and take on a corporate existence of their own.

"Did you use to live with her?"

"Me? Say, read the papers! I didn't even know she was my sister till they come and told me. I hadn't seen her since I was a baby." She pointed suddenly at one of the world's largest department stores. "There's where I work. Back to the old pick and shovel day after tomorrow."

"It's going to be a hot night," said Jacob. "Why don't we ride out into the country and have dinner?"

She looked at him. His eyes were polite and kind. "All right," she said.

Jacob was thirty-three. Once he had possessed a tenor voice with destiny in it, but laryngitis had despoiled him of it in one feverish week ten years before. In despair that concealed not a little relief, he bought a plantation in Florida and spent five years turning it into a golf course. When the land boom came in 1924 he sold his real estate for eight hundred thousand dollars.

Like so many Americans, he valued things rather than cared about them. His apathy was neither fear of life nor was it an affectation; it was the racial violence grown tired. It was a humorous apathy. With no need for money, he had tried—tried hard—for a year and a half to marry one of the richest women in America. If he had loved her, or pretended to, he could have had her; but he had never been able to work himself up to more than the formal lie.

In person, he was short, trim and handsome. Except when he was overcome by a desperate attack of apathy, he was unusually charming; he went with a crowd of men who were sure that they were the best of New York and had by far the best time. During a desperate attack of apathy he was like a gruff white bird, ruffled and annoyed, and disliking mankind with all his heart.

He liked mankind that night under the summer moonshine of the Borghese Gardens. The moon was a radiant egg, smooth and bright as Jenny Delehanty's face across the table, a salt wind blew in over the big estates collecting flower scents from their gardens and bearing them to the road-house lawn. The waiters hopped here and there like pixies through the hot night, their black backs disappearing into the gloom, their white shirt fronts gleaming startlingly out of an unfamiliar patch of darkness.

They drank a bottle of champagne and he told Jenny Delehanty a story. "You are the most beautiful thing I have ever seen," he said, "but as it happens you are not my type and I have no designs on you at all. Nevertheless, you can't go back to that store. Tomorrow I'm going to arrange a meeting between you and Billy Farrelly, who's directing a picture on Long Island. Whether he'll see how beautiful you are I don't know, because I've never introduced anybody to him before."

There was no shadow, no ripple of a change in her expression, but there was irony in her eyes. Things like that had been said to her before, but the movie director was never available next day. Or else she had been tactful enough not to remind men of what they had promised last night.

"Not only are you beautiful," continued Jacob, "but you are somehow on the grand scale. Everything you do—yes, like reaching for that glass, or pretending to be self-conscious, or pretending to despair of me—gets across. If somebody's smart enough to see it, you might be something of an actress."

"I like Norma Shearer the best. Do you?"

Driving homeward through the soft night, she put up her face quietly to be kissed. Holding her in the hollow of his arm, Jacob rubbed his cheek against her cheek's softness and then looked down at her for a long moment.

"Such a lovely child," he said gravely.

She smiled back at him; her hands played conventionally with the lapels of his coat. "I had a wonderful time," she whispered. "Geeze! I hope I never have to go to court again."

"I hope you don't."

"Aren't you going to kiss me good night?"

"This is Great Neck," he said, "that we're passing through. A lot of moving-picture stars live here."

"You're a card, handsome."

"Why?"

She shook her head from side to side and smiled. "You're a card."

She saw then that he was a type with which she was not acquainted. He was surprised, not flattered, that she thought him droll. She saw that whatever his eventual purpose he wanted nothing of her now.

"I Like You Better Than Any Guy I Ever Met"

Jenny Delehanty learned quickly; she let herself become grave and sweet and quiet as the night, and as they rolled over Queensboro Bridge into the city she was half asleep against his shoulder.

II

HE CALLED up Billy Farrelly next day. "I want to see you," he said. "I found a girl I wish you'd take a look at."

"My gosh!" said Farrelly. "You're the third today."

"Not the third of this kind."

"All right. If she's white, she can have the lead in a picture I'm starting Friday."

"Joking aside, will you give her a test?"

"I'm not joking. She can have the lead, I tell you. I'm sick of these lousy actresses. I'm going out to the Coast next month. I'd rather be Constance Talmadge's water boy than own most of these young ——" His voice was bitter with Irish disgust. "Sure, bring her over, Jake. I'll take a look at her."

Four days later, when Mrs. Choynski, accompanied by two deputy sheriffs, had gone to Auburn to pass the remainder of her life, Jacob drove Jenny over the bridge to Astoria, Long Island.

"You've got to have a new name," he said; "and remember, you never had a sister."

"I thought of that," she answered. "I thought of a name too — Tootsie Defoe."

"That's rotten," he laughed; "just rotten."

"Well, you think of one if you're so smart."

"How about Jenny—Jenny—oh, anything—Jenny Prince?"

"All right, handsome."

Jenny Prince walked up the steps of the motion-picture studio, and Billy Farrelly, in a bitter Irish humor, in contempt for himself and his profession, engaged her for one of the three leads in his picture.

"You are the Most Beautiful Thing I Have Ever Seen," He Said, "But as it Happens, You are Not My Type and I Have No Designs on You at All"

"They're all the same," he said to Jacob. "Shucks! Pick 'em up out of the gutter today and they want gold plates tomorrow. I'd rather be Constance Talmadge's water boy than own a harem full of them."

"Do you like this girl?"

"She's all right. She's got a good side face. But they're all the same."

Jacob bought Jenny Prince an evening dress for a hundred and eighty dollars and took her to the Lido that night. He was pleased with himself, and excited. They both laughed a lot and were happy.

"Can you believe you're in the movies?" he demanded.

"They'll probably kick me out tomorrow. It was too easy."

"No, it wasn't. It was very good—psychologically. Billy Farrelly was in just the one mood ——"

"I liked him."

"He's fine," agreed Jacob. But he was reminded that already another man was helping to open doors for her success. "He's a wild Irishman—look out for him."

"I know. You can tell when a guy wants to make you."

"What?"

"I don't mean he wanted to make me, handsome. But he's got that look about him, if you know what I mean." She distorted her lovely face with a wise smile. "He likes 'em; you could tell that this afternoon."

They drank a bottle of charged and very alcoholic grape juice.

Presently the head waiter came over to their table.

"This is Miss Jenny Prince," said Jacob. "You'll see a lot of her, Lorenzo, because she's just signed a big contract with the pictures. Always treat her with the greatest possible respect."

When Lorenzo had withdrawn, Jenny said, "You got the nicest eyes I ever seen." It was her effort, the best she could do. Her face was serious and sad. "Honest," she repeated herself, "the nicest eyes I ever seen. Any girl would be glad to have eyes like yours."

He laughed, but he was touched. His hand covered her arm lightly. "Be good," he said. "Work hard and I'll be so proud of you—and we'll have some good times together."

"I always have a good time with you." Her eyes were full on his, in his, held there like hands. Her voice was clear and dry. "Honest, I'm not kidding about your eyes. You always think I'm kidding. I want to thank you for all you've done for me."

"I haven't done anything, you lunatic. I saw your face and I was—I was beholden to it—everybody ought to be beholden to it."

Entertainers appeared and her eyes wandered hungrily away from him.

She was so young—Jacob had never been so conscious of youth before. He had always considered himself on the young side until tonight.

Afterward, in the dark cave of the taxicab, fragrant with the perfume he had bought for her that day, Jenny came close to him, clung to him. He kissed her, without enjoying it. There was no shadow of passion in her eyes or on her mouth; there was a faint spray of champagne on her breath. She clung nearer, desperately. He took her hands and put them in her lap.

She leaned away from him resentfully.

"What's the matter? Don't you like me?"

"I shouldn't have let you have so much champagne."

"Why not? I've had a drink before. I was tight once."

"Well, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. And if I hear of your taking any more drinks, you'll hear from me."

"You sure have got your nerve, haven't you?"

"What do you do? Let all the corner soda jerkers maul you around whenever they want?"

"Oh, shut up!"

For a moment they rode in silence. Then her hand crept across to his. "I like you better than any guy I ever met, and I can't help that, can I?"

"Dear little Jenny." He put his arm around her again.

Hesitating tentatively, he kissed her and again he was chilled by the innocence of her kiss, the eyes that at the moment of contact looked beyond him out into the darkness of the night, the darkness of the world. She did not know yet that splendor was something in the heart; at the moment when she should realize that and melt into the passion of the universe he could take her without question or regret.

"I like you enormously," he said; "better than almost anyone I know. I mean that about drinking though. You mustn't drink."

"I'll do anything you want," she said; and she repeated, looking at him directly, "Anything."

The car drew up in front of her flat and he kissed her good night.

He rode away in a mood of exultation, living more deeply in her youth and future than he had lived in himself for years. Thus, leaning forward a little on his cane, rich, young and happy, he was borne along dark streets and light toward a future of his own which he could not foretell.

III

A MONTH later, climbing into a taxicab with Farrelly one night, he gave the latter's address to the driver. "So you're in love with this baby," said Farrelly pleasantly. "Very well, I'll get out of your way."

Jacob experienced a vast displeasure. "I'm not in love with her," he said slowly. "Billy, I want you to leave her alone."

"Sure! I'll leave her alone," agreed Farrelly readily. "I didn't know you were interested—she told me she couldn't make you."

(Continued on Page 57)

FUROR BRITANNICUS

By Struthers Burt

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

I CHOOSE Mr. Wells—H. G. Wells—as my hero for reasons I will immediately explain, although nowadays it is possible to choose anyone of threescore others, from Aldous Huxley, who parts his mind in the middle, to Gilbert Chesterton, who wears it pompadour. Mr. Wells is suffering from a form of monomania. The particular monomania with which he is afflicted has been for a century or more so common among his countrymen as to be, until recently, hardly worthy of note. One has sighed and regarded it as inevitable. But lately this monomania has taken a dangerous turn, and in Mr. Wells' case it is different anyhow.

To begin with, on so many subjects and for so many years, he has been right, and to end with, by temperament he is better fitted than most to understand the American scene. Did he but know it, he is the most American of English writers. When a person like Mr. Wells becomes affected, it is a sign of a national point of view so pervasive, so increasing, that intelligent and stupid are alike caught up by it. If this continues, even Hugh Walpole, one of the few friends we have left, may be counted upon to issue egregious statements; and that most courteous of men, John Galsworthy, may take to hurling jelly at the heads of his American hostesses after the fashion of still another British author of some note.

Once a nation starts to enlarge a prejudice against another, there is no telling where the prejudice will end. Folly feeds on folly. Folly becomes fashionable, imperative; a question of catchwords and repeated fables. We have seen a century during which England, the most powerful of nations, has been hated on a basis mostly of lies; we are beginning a century, perhaps two or more, when America will be hated in the same way and for the same reason. International phobias, well started, do not die. It appears to be now, for instance, as necessary for a right-thinking Englishman mentally to kick a Frenchman as, in 1914, it was necessary mentally to kiss him. Mutual respect is no longer imperative for mutual safety. And the Frenchman replies by a grinning contempt.

A form of fanged and slobbering nonsense, of course. There is never a valid reason for such hatreds. No excuses save old wives' tales and superstitions and deliberate, or ignorant, misconceptions.

The articulate Englishman, therefore, has need to exercise care. Despite Mr. Wells and the newer school of transatlantic critics, Americans are human. They have feelings, even if these feelings, according to this school, are crude. Americans are mammals. Their blood is hot. The American woman still suckles her young. One and all, they bleed if you prick them. If you find yourself cherishing, for any other people as a whole, contempt or a sense of superiority or dark anger, look to yourself, for on that side of you, you are becoming a fool.

The American as the Englishman Sees Him

The Theory of Monstrosity

BUT let Mr. Wells do his own talking. He has been doing it for almost half a century. He is probably the most adept exhibitionist alive today. Nobody can explain him a quarter as well as he can explain himself. And mark the gist of his theory as it unfolds itself, for that is one of the minor points. It might be called "the theory of monstrosity," and the psychological reasons for it are plain. It is no longer possible to look down on America materially or politically or financially, or in most other ways, unless you happen to be a Cyril Norwood, headmaster of Harrow School, to whom I will refer later, but since you can't look down on America in these ways, you must find other ways to look down upon her; and above all, you must give reasons why, even in the ways you can't look down upon her, you don't want to be like her. You must interpret this abnormal increase in power so that it leaves you, as a European, satisfied. And abnormal it must be, since Americans are not Europeans and normal things do not happen outside of Europe. Very little happens outside of Europe except African war dances and Hindus and mysterious Chinese who are acting very much as Cromwell did in the seventeenth century.

Here, then, is Mr. Wells talking on Page 323 of his latest book, The World of William Clissold. Mr. Wells, talking in the person of Richard, older brother of William, for, despite the introduction, in which the common error of identifying the hero of a novel, or the other characters, with the author of the novel is dwelt upon, Mr. Wells cannot help being a most personal author. Undoubtedly most of the incidents in The World of William Clissold are fictitious. At all events, we can accept their creator's word for it. But it is an innocent soul who cannot find, when it comes to argument, to theorizing, Mr. Wells himself peering out from behind the effigies he has set up. He enjoys debate too much to allow figments of the mind to steal his pleasure.

"Billy," says Richard—or Dickon, according to the odious English custom of overly affectionate nicknames—"Billy, why are Americans, all Americans, Americans without exception, such mysteries to us? European race. More often than not our race. Our language." Thank you, Mr. Wells! Quite liberal and un-English, although afterward you contradict it. "Conditions after all very like ours. A bigger country, of course. A different pace. Difference of phase. But while you seem to get Englishmen and Frenchmen all around and through and through, half an American is in a loud glare and the other half is darkness. It is like seeing things by the beam of a searchlight after you have been seeing them in a light that is soft and gray and generally diffused.

"That's it, perhaps, Billy. A profound difference in their publicity, using publicity in its widest sense. From the way that a child gets looked at and talked about, onward. They're lit up differently, inside and out. And what is life but a consequence of illumination? When you go to America and see headlines and interviews with a girl about her engagement, or with a professor about his resignation, you at first say, 'Good God. There's no privacy here at all!' And then you discover that outside that crude, cheap, hasty, flat, misleading lighting up of salient objects and events, there's abysses of darkness, immense pits where much goes on and nothing is exposed—and people, rich people especially, unobserved in them, and doing the most extraordinary things.

"In Europe a man may have a private life, yes, but in America he has a secret life, lit by sudden shouting judgments and flashes of journalistic lightning. In which you get an impression—vivid enough but wrong. And other things come out with a kind of scream, all out of proportion by our standards. It's because of that, Billy, that to our European senses Americans never seem quite real. The quality of the exposure, the method of illumination to which they have had to adapt themselves, account for nearly everything between us. That sort of watchful reserve they have, mixed up with a desire to make general, oversimplified explanations of themselves. The queerness of these grayish-faced, slow-speaking Americans in gray, who watch your face as they talk to you! If the searchlight jumps around upon them they are ready all the time. They talk about themselves as we never do."

Hiding Behind Autobiography

OH, MR. WELLS! Come, come. You as the author of—well, you know—a hundred books or so about Mr. Wells. And what about the queer English fashion of frank, brutal statements concerning parents and families? The English fashion of complete divulgement of private sins? The Englishman who invariably says, "Well, I'm this sort of a man, y'see——" And, coming back to you once more, how about your own passion for oversimplified explanations, both of yourself and things in general, as in the present quotation? "They try and hide their nakedness behind autobiographical statements. They instance themselves as types. They snatch suddenly at your verdict upon them. They have none of our sense of sustained scrutinies and slowly maturing judgments; none at all."

For a while Dickon is compressed. The essence of Dickon is given:

"He sized up the prospects of a world under American leadership. Were the Americans producing an American mind that would be large-thinking and powerful enough for the whole world? In certain things they were broader minded than Europeans. The United States had always been more curious and intelligent about China and Eastern Asia, for example, and more restrained in its imperialism. It had been far ahead of the European intelligence in its grasp of the importance of a properly regulated currency and credit system to economic life. It had got currency into politics long before Europe suspected there was such a thing as a currency riddle. But, nevertheless, it was—shallow. All its energy—and its energy was tremendous—seemed to be on the surface. Woodrow Wilson was typical of the American quality that perplexed us. The idea of some great settlement of world affairs, some world peace organization, was magnificent. Quite beyond the scope of the European outlook or the compass of European statesmanship.

One saw the United States leading the world into a new age. Then, for the realization of that vision, the Fourteen Points, as trite and superficial as a magazine article.

"And after that—America the creditor."

Dickon is quoted again in whole. Dickon, or Mr. Wells. And in all honesty one must admit that Dickon, or Mr. Wells, ends in a surprising burst of fairness and good sense. There are streaks of light in the blackness of Mr. Wells' monomania.

"'And while we sit here asking,' says Dickon, 'can the Americans develope a world mind and lead the world?' there may be just such another pair of brothers as we are, Billy, in Indianapolis or Chicago saying, 'Why don't the Europeans show a sign of a world mind?' I believe our sort of ideas are fermenting in the world everywhere. We're not such original chaps as to be very far from the general trail. What brings us here will bring others here. And Americans most of all.

"It's just that we don't know about them. They aren't talking yet. . . ."

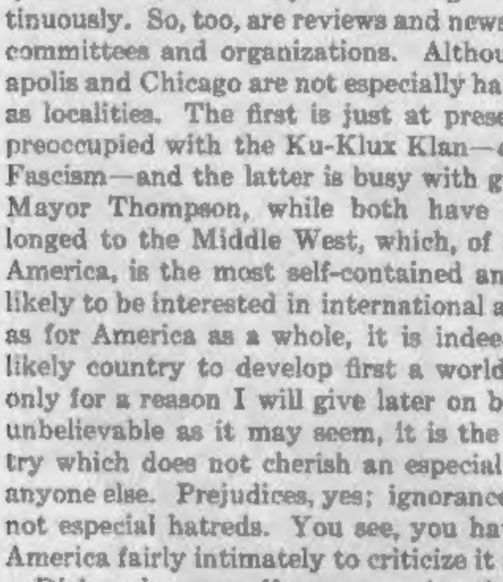
Certainly, Dickon. And, no, you and William are not startlingly original. What made you so quaintly think you even ever a little were? There are scores of such brothers, or maybe merely cousins or acquaintances; and they are talking—talking continuously. So, too, are reviews and newspapers and committees and organizations. Although Indianapolis and Chicago are not especially happy choices as localities. The first is just at present terribly preoccupied with the Ku-Klux Klan—our form of Fascism—and the latter is busy with gunmen and Mayor Thompson, while both have always belonged to the Middle West, which, of all parts of America, is the most self-contained and the least likely to be interested in international affairs. But as for America as a whole, it is indeed the most likely country to develop first a world mind, not only for a reason I will give later on but because, unbelievable as it may seem, it is the only country which does not cherish an especial hatred for anyone else. Prejudices, yes; ignorances, yes; but not especial hatreds. You see, you have to know America fairly intimately to criticize it at all.

Dickon, however, if you remember the book, was suffering from influenza. No wonder he saw long processions of grayish-faced, slow-speaking Americans. Once when I had influenza in Germany millions of fantastic Germans goosestepped for hours across the bottom of my bed. But Mr. Wells in person is not suffering from influenza in an article of his which appeared in the New York Times of May 15, 1927. He is vigorous, clear-eyed, mistaken and temerous. He praises us because recently we have taken to criticizing ourselves. Criticism is good for the soul; is a sign of increasing maturity. Quite so. But not aberrational criticism. Somewhat naïvely, the article is entitled, Wells Assays the Culture of America.

Vices and Virtues Have No Geography

IMAGINE assaying the culture of a country of this size in three thousand words! Imagine assaying the culture of any country in three thousand words. Imagine any great English journal asking an American, or anyone else for that matter, to assay the culture of England. In that respect we are indeed still youthful. And here, lest my tones belie me, let me state that I am not passionate. I do not really care very much what Mr. Wells thinks—Mr. Wells or any other European critic. International arguments are amusing if they do not become too bitter. Nor am I using the old method of the pot and the kettle as a mere vulgar *tu quoque*. I am using it in the hope that some European may see the point.

The longer I live the more I find that human beings have much in common and that human society is lateral and not perpendicular. By that I do not mean to imply that America is not producing a civilization of its own—for it is—or that Europe has not produced a civilization of its own—for it has—or that climate, circumstances, distances do not count. But there is always the question, "if you can call it that?"—a civilization that is unnatural, inhuman, mechanical and bloodless. A civilization of swarming motor cars and minds and spirits that do not function. A civilization of robots—although Mr. Wells does not believe in robots.



The Englishman as the American Sees Him

And to prove his points Mr. Wells has taken—you will not believe it—as his prophets, Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson and Theodore Dreiser; and as his textbooks, Babbitt, Elmer Gantry and An American Tragedy. Representative books, he calls them. Yes, and according to his notion, the only sort of American books that are representative. Quaint, isn't it? It is exactly as if an American, in the days when Mr. Bennett and Mr. Wells were the most popular English writers in America, should have judged all England by the Five Towns and Mr. Polly, or as if an American today should judge all England by D. H. Lawrence and Thomas Burke. Or, to go back a while, as if an American should judge all Victorian England by the grotesques of Dickens.

"The first quality that impresses the European," says Mr. Wells, "is the abounding vigor of the social life these books reveal. The next is its immense crudity and, hard on that, its lack of variety in culture and the absence of half shades—a sort of universal black and whiteness. Everybody seems to think the same things and express them by the same idioms." Having just reread Limehouse Nights, I retort, "Isn't it a pity all Englishmen smoke opium and have to do with half-caste Chinese women?" And having just reread Pickwick Papers, I say, "Isn't it odd how round and fat and absurd all English grandfathers were?"

"Let me set down two impressions of a very intelligent French reader of these representative books," says Mr. Wells further on. "The first impression was one of the wide freedom of movement and the universal restlessness of these common people, compared with the rooted, limited lives of their European equivalents. The next and the stronger was the extreme thinness and poverty of their mental life. We were in the presence of a people with no depth of conversation at all. They had no variety nor penetration in their discussion. They had no poetry whatever. They did not seem to know the names of or ever to have observed any birds, flowers, minerals or natural things."

A Triumph of Diplomacy

"THEY had not metaphors but slang phrases, horribly bent and flattened by excessive use. They betrayed nothing a European could recognize as religion and no general ideas of any sort. Their revivalism was the cheapest, shallowest orgy of mass emotion. They knew nothing of any literature. They read so badly that their news had to be shouted at them from the tops of columns. The poverty of their language was amazing. The lover wrung to ecstasy might say, 'My, but you are cute!' The phrase for all occasions seemed to be, 'That gets me!'

"My French observer insisted that here was a people degenerating, worn halfway back to speechlessness and brutishness. We had a long argument, because I am still a backer of the United States"—Thank you again, Mr. Wells!—"and in the end we both gave ground. I had to grant the flattening and cheapening of the language, but it was arguable that that is a phase. Two-thirds of the surnames in Dreiser's books were Central or Eastern European names. These people were newcomers: they had left Polish and Yiddish or German behind them, and the names of flowers and legend and metaphor had also been left behind. There had been a vast mental attrition during the process of transplantation to a new soil. No real attempt had been made to assimilate them to any conceivable American culture." No more than any attempt has been made to assimilate to any conceivable English culture the swarming aliens of London's East End, or the Irish of Liverpool, or the workers of Glasgow.

And then Mr. Wells concludes with this extraordinary hodgepodge in which there is not the slightest assimilation of any kind:

The common schools of America are on the whole not as good as those of Britain and Germany, whereas they ought to be four times better. A postulation which assumes that Americans are not only inhuman but archangels. American children are not made to go to school as regularly as the children of Western Europe. The Fundamentalist controversy proves that vast areas of the United States are mentally twenty years behind Western Europe. Our universities do not function. Our common people do not read, because our books are too expensive.

He quotes Henry James, that very great artist and excellent psychologist—although only where the rich and cultivated are concerned—but so divorced from his own country, so little understanding it, that he abandoned his citizenship when, for three

(Continued on Page 106)

ELBOWROOM

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

He Helped Load the Milk Cans and Climbed Up to the Seat Beside Lucy McNaughton With a Dim Sense of Adventure, Watching Her as She Skillfully Backed and Turned

ONE of the three brothers had passed this way before. The others, with their wives and children and the lean old grandsire, deferred to him as in some sense the leader of the party—as guide, rather—for, on the road, they had each discovered a stiffening quality of independence that made them less than ever patient of restraint and bidding.

He had bought the state lands toward which they toiled, but these had been already partitioned between the three and they had shared alike in the costs of the journey, the building of the flatboat and the provision of tools and seed and food which were all their burden. As they worked their way up the wide shallow river they drew more and more into three groups, the two married sons and their families holding apart from one another and from the widowed grandfather and the bachelor guide.

Sometimes, where the river slowed and smoothed, they used long clumsy sweeps against the current, with the horses and oxen aboard; more of the time the cattle drew the boat upstream, plodding along the rough trail broken along the water's edge. There were portages around rapids and low falls, where the flatboat was unloaded and dragged on rollers through the woods. Every mile of all the journey was won at a price in the sweating toil of beast and man; but as they labored farther and farther into the wilderness, and the vague blue hills of the horizon neared and lifted, their pace quickened and a kind of cold fury whipped their bodies to the multiplying demands of the harsher trail.

Here and there, pausing for a night at some trader's clearing, they would be offered wide lands at easy prices, sometimes for no price at all, for even in the wilderness there were men who wanted neighbors and stood willing to bribe and wheedle for the sake of company.

None of these offers tempted. The blue hills drew on the towrope now more stoutly than the yoked oxen. Even the old man's bent shoulders straightened a little at the sight of them, and he found strength of a man's full task beside his tall sons. So at last they came to the head of navigation, where they sold the boat to the trader for a thrifty price in stores, built a stout box for the wagon wheels they had brought with them and struck off boldly toward the hills.

It was late June when they reached their lands, and the wheat was yellow in the Indian clearing where the bachelor son had planted it last fall. They cradled it before they built their first crude shelters. The pioneer had felled enough of the tall pines for a house. With their grain stacked, they adzed the straight trunks rudely square and heaved them up for the four walls, chinked with clayed straw and plastered within with whitewashed clay. They split cedar shingles and roofed it in, built a great stone chimney at one end, with a bake oven at its foot; they dug and lined a well and built a shelter for their livestock. By the first snowfall they were housed and provisioned against winter like a garrison under siege.

Snow locked them in, three families under one narrow roof, but there was no quarreling and little talk. Work drove them all—the endless need of firewood, the care of the housed cattle, the threshing of their wheat with flails and its grinding in the crude hand mill. Game was thick and they hunted it dourly for food and fur. They built stout furniture of pine and oak, and a hand loom that half filled the loft.

Except for one of the children, they lived through handily to spring. By then the logs were cut and curing for two other houses and the land about the chosen sites was clear for plowing. Before the second winter each of the married sons dwelt under his own roof and the bachelor and the old man shared another, doing for themselves, except that they traded some of their wheat for homespun clothes woven and sewed by the women. One of the brothers cobbled shoes for them all from home-tanned cowhide; and when their stock of shot and powder dwindled, the bachelor rode down to the trading post for a fresh supply, and came back with tea, besides, and a newspaper that set forth the terms of the treaty by which Great Britain recognized the independence of the thirteen states.

Except for his going and coming on this journey, the trail by which they had won to their glen was not traveled that year or the next. Sometimes, as he rested his old body from the lighter tasks that fell to him, the patriarch would lift his eyes to the notch in the sky line where the trail followed the brook into the upland valley and a gray light would kindle in them.

"Guess we came far enough," he would say.

The years moved over them. The trail became a highway for Conestoga wagons, jolting westward along the south flank of the hill; the canal was built up the steep slant to carry down the white-pine timber for which, instead of burning it to clear new plowland, a man might now take a price in money; the miracle of the railroad drew a straight gash across the hillside and a little town grew up about the gristmill; the floor of the valley was under cultivation to its final acre and the farm lands had climbed up over the summits of the hills. Still there was room and to spare, and the farmsteads lay apart along the web of yellow roads—decent houses, built of the money that the timber had brought back into the glen.

Towns beyond the rim of the hills grew into cities. There was a market now for surplus grain and wool and meat, and no need for the tanning vats and spinning wheels and clacking hand looms. A man could turn his time and toil to better profit than in retting his own flax for home-loomed linen. For a trivial price in grain, for instance, a city mill a thousand miles away would weave stout cloth enough for all the family. It would have been the bargain of a fool to stand by the old ways, and there were few fools in the glen.

It prospered soberly and solidly through those generations. There was cheap labor to be hired, so that a man with land could sit his horse and superintend his gangs, paying a dollar for a day's work, between suns, and taking a decent profit on the fruit of it. There was money in the village bank; sons and daughters went down out of the hills to schools and colleges, and stories of their successes drifted back—tales to which the glen gave contented ear, without surprise or envy. Restless youngsters drifted away, here and there a waster or incompetent lost his inheritance; but mostly the strain ran true, and son followed father in decent industry and thrift and comfortable prosperity.

It was a far cry now to the old day. There were tales, to be sure, of old Alexander and his sons, and surviving landmarks that bore witness to their truth. The first house that they built still stood on the edge of the Indian clearing, the adz marks clear to see in the hewed timbers. Most of the older homesteads had brick smokehouses and great iron soap kettles; here and there, in an old loft, you could find bits of whittled white oak that must have been parts of home-built looms. Women clicked tongues and wagged commiserating heads at the lot of the wives who had spun and woven, sewed and washed and cooked and nursed and mothered in their pioneer cabins, but even in these softer days there was little time for idle talk.

Machinery lightened the labor of the fields; even old men forgot the use of scythe and cradle and flail and hand rake. A single man on the iron seat of a reaper could cut more wheat than a dozen better workmen could have handled in the older times. For a little the country profited; the surplus labor drifted down over the hills to the sprawling towns that fattened in the reek of factories, and the wage of those who stayed rose slowly, so that employers grumbled. Mysteriously, too, prices fell, not sharply or permanently, but year after year a little lower than they had been, so that even with machines a man somehow found himself with less profit at the year's end than his father had earned without them.

And a man needed money. Old Alexander McNaughten and his sons had found small use for it in their day. They could trade grain and meat to trappers for skins and barter these for tea and powder—even pay their tiny taxes in such currency; but now there were a hundred things to buy—all a man's clothing, the wages of his hands, his gear for house and farm, a growing share even of his foodstuff. It did not pay to spend time and strength on a garden, when for the price of so much labor you could buy twice its result in vegetables and fruit.

Evil years succeeded, years that slowly starved the dwindling garrison of the hills to surrender and desertion. Men did not understand the forces arrayed against them; they knew only that the wage of bitter slavery shrank steadily, till it was less than nothing, till only a mounting debt repaid bone-cracking labor and desperate thrift. For generations they hung on, listening hopefully to big-mouthed, ranting prophets who preached strange gods—if the Government would print more paper money or coin more silver, there would be enough for everybody; if the tariff were raised—or lowered—if the robber trusts were curbed or killed—if everybody joined the Grange or the Alliance—and all the while taxes rose and income lessened, every year a few boys and girls drifted down to the towns, a few old men and women watched their goods and houses sold at auction, a few more acres were abandoned to the slow return of scrubby woods.

And yet, always, wages rose—rose until no landowner could afford to hire help. The old foundry in the village which had once built simple farm machinery had long since given up a hopeless fight against huge distant rivals, but its four walls stood, and a New York firm reopened it to manufacture metal specialties, paying unheard-of wages for an absurd eight-hour day of easy work, sitting before a clattering machine. Even at twice the pay, nobody but a fool would choose, instead, to sweat in the heat-wrinkled blaze of the harvest field or choke in the dust of threshing.

If old Alexander McNaughten could have come back to his glen he would have felt at home there.

II

THE Sunday drivers had been quick to discover that the new concrete road was open. Its broad smooth ribbon rang to the cheerful spurn of their tires and the raw pine shanties along the way sold many bottles of soft drinks. There was a fringe of litter in every patch of shaded turf; the shaggy orchards yielded, for the mere trouble of breaking a few limbs, great clumps of fragile blossom, something to carry home to the flat in proof and token of a Sunday in the country.

At first, as his motorcycle swooped magnificently past these more deliberate cars, Link Danby found a certain pleasure in their presence on the road. It spiced his sense of speed and power and flight to shoot up behind a scudding flivver and swerve about it with a jeering clamor of open exhaust, an agreeable glimpse of startled, angry faces. The old coffee mill was hitting sweetly; he had made a good job of grinding those valves last Sunday—do a couple of hundred miles today as easy as fifty if the road weren't quite so cluttered.

The thought shadowed his content. Vaguely he came to resent the other cars. It seemed always necessary to pass on a blind curve or slope unless he consented to throttle down and wait for a clear stretch. As the day advanced there were more and more of them—almost as bad, he told himself, as riding in city traffic—a wonder some of these birds who wanted to crawl along at thirty wouldn't pick a road where you couldn't drive any faster than that—this one was just wasted on them.

By noon they had spoiled it for him. Halted, where the concrete ribbon bent sharply to the new bridge over the river, by a tangle of clumsily driven cars, he decided on impulse to let them have the road to themselves. A strip of macadam led on straight ahead, climbing the steep bank on a long uneven slant. He opened his cut-out and swooped impatiently up the grade. It didn't matter where he went, and this side road was pretty good, at that. More sport, too, if you got off the main track—like exploring, kind of. He became aware now of a certain interest in the roadside prospect, and jogged along at a pace that permitted him to regard it.

There was nothing unusual about the young woods or the open fields and farmsteads that separated them, but he had them more to himself, and this sense of privacy pleased him. He liked, too, the unexpected quality of the road. It climbed toward a succession of crests, each one, when considered from below, seemingly a summit, so that he was perpetually surprised to find another gentle slope lifting between him and the sky. Turns gave him glimpses of the deepening and widening gulf behind him, the river a bright, twisting stripe, the crawling traffic on the roads beside it as minute and ridiculous as the feverish scurry of an ant hill.

He discovered a pleasing sense of superiority, a birdlike compassion for things that moved sluggishly on a tame level. Each new rise that confronted him held invitation rather than challenge and he roared on upward with a mounting exhilaration. The road was empty; only once was he obliged to share it, swerving past a clumsy farm wagon that labored up a grade, great awkward horses toiling at every thrusting stride.

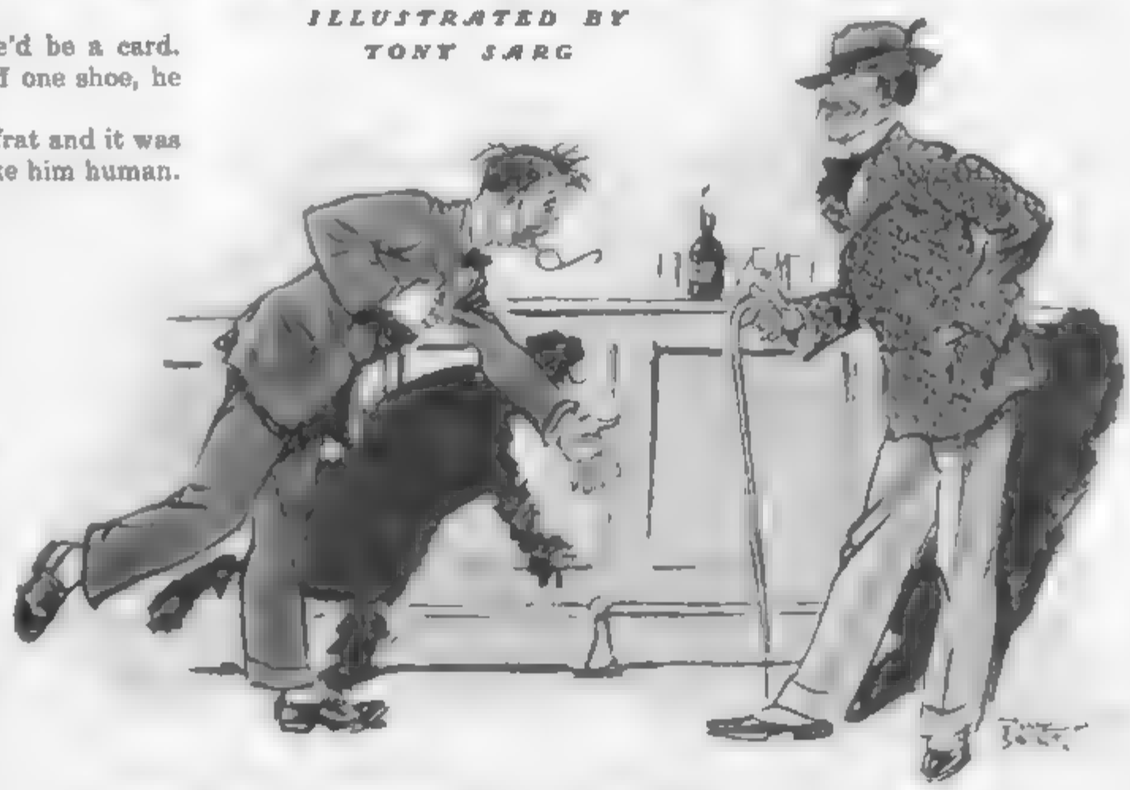
Continued on Page 78

"I've Got Some of the Linen Yet That My Great-Grandmother Wove on This Thing; She Made the Bedspread in the Spare Room on It Too"

Paris in Twenty-Four Hours

By HORATIO WINSLOW

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



Wingle Rose From the Table and, Placing His Right Hand on His Heart, Drew Back His Right Leg and Bowed Like a Small Boy

"HE'D be a card," said young Burlew, coming into the stateroom slightly before midnight and waking me up, as was his habit. "Yes, sir, I bet money if you could just get him a little bit blotto he'd be a card. But how's it gonna be done?" Taking off one shoe, he paused, presumably for encouragement.

"Last year an old aluminum visited the frat and it was terrible. The bunch put it up to me to make him human. He wouldn't touch anything alcoholic, so I finally got him with some stuff I says was double lemonade made out of wild lemons. Did he get blotto? I'll say he did. And he was a card. And this bird Wingle would be a card, too, if I could just get him started. But how?"

He removed the other Oxford.

"Tonight, Mr. Reynolds, I almost herded this bird Wingle into the café. 'You don't have to drink,' I says. 'Just sit down and talk.' But at the last minute he was afraid the smoke in the air would hurt his efficiency. And when I remember what he's thinking of doing ——"

Young Mr. Burlew paused. Incautiously I aroused myself enough to ask, "What is he thinking of doing?"

"What? Why, he's gonna see Paris on a schedule. Think of that! A schedule in Paris! I been over three times and I never heard of anything like it. And I've seen his schedule and it's just museums and churches and public buildings and all like that. Nothing interesting on the list. I tried to tell him he was missing the best part of Paris, but he just looked at me. I'd give a year's growth just to get this bird Wingle reasonably blotto and kick a hole in his schedule. Take it from me, he'd be a card."

In the abstract, I have no objection to youth, but when a man approaches the middle years and is recovering from a threatened nervous breakdown and is, at the same time, enjoying a touch of seasickness and business worries, youth, particularly when it is a cabin mate on an ocean voyage, grates on the system. Young Mr. Burlew did not extract any more comments from me, and I went to sleep in the midst of his not unhabitual monologue, wherein he recounted the ingenious ways and means he had employed in his efforts to put various antialcoholic persons of a ripe age into the blotto state.

It was not until the third day out that I personally encountered Wingle. Burlew's description had been so definite that there was no mistaking the man. Mr. Wingle was making methodical circuits of the Heliaska's deck, timing himself with a stop watch. Later I discovered that in his pocket he carried a pedometer.

He Saw Wingle in the Act of Executing a Sailor's Hornpipe

"Twelve rounds more," he confided, "will make two miles and sixty-five yards. I count seventeen minutes and thirty seconds for the mile. Attention to regular exercise under all conditions is, I have found, an essential for efficient living."

I fell into step and we completed the twelve rounds together. As I remember it, our conversation dealt exclusively with efficiency—his discovery ten years before of a notable book on the subject, his immediate conversion and consequent rise in the world. From time to time we would pause while Wingle raised his arms and inhaled deeply, bending the knees to exhale. He was a small, grave man of perhaps thirty-five, whose face gained an added dignity from a pair of thick, heavy-rimmed spectacles. I remember feeling I had never seen anybody quite so unsmiling and serious. And his air of intense conviction in all he did robbed even the knee bending of any possible absurdity.

"It is an integral part, Mr. Reynolds, of the system of physical culture I follow. Regularity and system are necessary if we wish to live efficiently. We need a schedule for all we do, and we need to stick to that schedule."

During the evening he showed me the scheme he had laid out for his vacation to be spent in Paris. It had been altered often, but always efficiently, from the first draft. His original ten weeks had been cut to seven, owing to the inability which the firm had found of filling his place. Various delays on the part of the Heliaska had nibbled away another week. But each time Wingle had rearranged his sight-seeing plans to eliminate the less important and to retain the cultural highlights.

"Such as Napoleon's Tomb, Reynolds. I saw no service myself during the great conflict, except for a few weeks at Camp Custer. Yet on November 11, 1918, when the Armistice was announced, the tears came to my eyes. I was only a private, but I felt bitterly the fate that had kept me from doing my bit for the land which that supreme master of efficiency had made his own. And speaking of efficiency, Reynolds, it makes me sad when I see a young man like this young Burlew, who is now making his fourth trip to Paris, and who admits he has never done any worthwhile sight-seeing. When he speaks of his visit to the cultural treasure house of the world he closes his right eye and says, 'No good will come of it.' This attitude of modern youth irritates me, Reynolds. I offered him the opportunity to accompany me and see the best the great city has to offer, and to see it in an efficient manner, but he declined."

"Say, I gotta study efficiency myself," confided young Burlew to me shortly before midnight. "Yup, I gotta, if I ever expect to put anything over on this bird Wingle. You never saw anybody so suspicious. You'd think I was trying to poison him, and all I want to do is to see him comfortably blotto, because I think he'd be a card. But that baby won't even touch water if there's ice in it. I suppose he smoked a cigarette once and now he's off high jinks for life. But I'll get him yet."

Day by day, when he was not devoting himself to one of the young ladies aboard, Burlew watched the efficient Wingle like a hawk. From time to time he would shake his head in a discouraged manner, but always with dogged perseverance he concluded, "Just the same, I'm gonna get this bird Wingle blotto if I'm hung for it. Honest."

Though not unamused by his efforts and by the resistance of the unsuspecting Wingle, my attention was centered on graver matters. Shortly before the Heliaska sailed I had received a confidential letter from a lawyer friend regarding the Merchants & Farmers Bank in which my savings were deposited and where I was employed as one of the paying tellers. What was said in this letter, coupled with certain irregularities I myself had observed, led me to fear the worst. And the worst was revealed when the Heliaska Times—the daily paper published aboard—announced in three lines the sensational discovery that had closed the front doors of the Merchants & Farmers Bank.

This bad news completely wiped out the pleasure I had anticipated from my excursion to Paris. Under the circumstances, it seemed my duty to call off the trip and return to the United States immediately. And since, owing to various delays, the Heliaska was to leave Havre some thirty-six hours after her arrival, I made up my mind to stay on board and continue to New York without even attempting to see Paris. As a matter of fact, I had no heart to do any sight-seeing, and more than once I wished that the nerve specialist who had ordered me abroad had, at the same time, ordered me to abstain from all intoxicating liquors. In my unhappy mood it would have been a pleasure to react violently and in the opposite direction. But he had said nothing at all on the subject, and when, on rare occasions, I ordered a little something, the result seemed tasteless.

No doubt my downcast demeanor was evident, for the next day, our last at sea, Wingle managed to extract the whole story.

"Reynolds, I'm genuinely sorry, but you may feel consoled a bit to know that as far as seeing Europe is concerned I'm in the same boat. Last night my firm wirelessed that the two men who have been replacing me have fallen down on the job and I must return at once. It is hard, but efficiency demands it. So, like yourself, I am going back on the Heliaska. But first I intend to spend twenty-four hours seeing Paris. I have rearranged my schedule so that it includes the cultural cream of the great city. And, Reynolds, I want you to do the efficient thing and come along with me. It will do you good and you will return to America feeling ready to face the world again."

In my distressed mood I was, no doubt, easy to convince, and shortly before we came to port I had, though without enthusiasm and rather against my will, agreed to accompany Wingle on his twenty-four-hour tour of Paris. In fact, I announced as much to young Burlew while packing my satchels.

Carrying a Cane in the Manner of a Musket, He Walked Up and Down Before the Door Like a Sentry

"I give up," he said disconsolately. "I was gonna take a last desprit chance and knock around with this bird Wingle myself for a day. I think I could have got him. But a girl's family I been chaperonin' made me promise to see 'em to a hotel and I'm blocked." He shook his head. "I did my best and I haven't lost hope altogether, because I'm trying to put over a last little idea. But will it

"I Certainly Have No Intention of Drinking Mine, Reynolds," He Said in a Shocked Voice

work—will it work?" His shoulders drooped. "Just the same, if Wingle falls for my little plan, get ready to enjoy yourself, because he'll sure be a card."

Wingle and I arrived at the St.-Lazare station in Paris shortly before seven in the morning, some five hours after the boat docked at Havre. The last boat train for the return trip of the Heliaska was to leave Paris at a quarter before eight on the following day. Thus we had a full twenty-four hours for our sight-seeing.

The schedule which Wingle had arranged seemed to me adequate. Everything had been worked out to the last fraction of a minute, including possible waits and delays. In appending it here I omit all minor details, including time-table subdivisions:

7:30 A.M. Exterior Louvre; Carrousel; Pavillon Sully; Cour Carrée; Place de la Concorde; Avenue des Champs-Élysées.
8:15 A.M. Tomb of Unknown Soldier.
8:30 A.M. to 12:00 M. Celebrated buildings and churches, including Palais de Justice; Conciergerie; Napoleon's Tomb; Sewers of Paris; Pantheon; Notre-Dame; Sainte Madeleine. Also buy souvenirs and postal cards and practice French phrases with guides.
12:00 M.—12:30 P.M. Lunch at Foyot's—souvenir menu.
12:30 P.M.—6:30 P.M. Luxembourg; Cluny; Louvre; Carnavalet, Père-Lachaise Cemetery; Gobelins; Jardin des Plantes. Buy tickets Comédie Française—note impressions of masterpieces in notebook.
6:30 P.M.—7:00 P.M. Dinner Tour d'Argent—pressed duck.
7:00 P.M.—8:30 P.M. Exterior Opéra; Boulevards; Eiffel Tower. Observe manners and customs
8:30 P.M.—11:30 P.M. Comédie Française. Observe audience.
11:30 P.M.—1:30 A.M. Autobus seeing Paris. Follow with map.
1:30 A.M.—1:45 A.M. Notre-Dame by moonlight.
1:45 A.M.—2:00 A.M. Seine by ditto.
2:00 A.M.—2:15 A.M. Boulevard St.-Michel. Student life.
2:15 A.M.—5:00 A.M. Les Halles. Detailed study great French market, asking questions, making point of efficiency. Souvenir mushrooms.
5:00 A.M.—7:15 A.M. Montmartre. Exterior. See early sunrise over Paris. If time, descend on foot to St.-Lazare.
7:15 A.M. Breakfast. Last souvenirs. Train for Havre and the Heliaska.

The schedule was thus pretty rigorously filled out, but Wingle considered it well within the limits of possibility if the underlying principles of efficiency were followed to the letter.

On arriving, we breakfasted on rolls and coffee at the station, and then Wingle exhibited to the first available chauffeur an address written on a slip of paper.

"We begin," he said as the taxi rolled off, "with an exterior view of the Louvre. The address to which we are being driven is an unofficial but popular American tourist bureau whose rear windows afford a magnificent view of the Louvre's exterior. Mr. Burlew gave me this information. For a time I hoped he would accompany us, but an unexpected engagement prevented. He seemed to show a great change of heart and, in fact, he admitted his regrets at not being able to share the schedule."

Something told me that young Mr. Burlew's change of heart was perhaps not as profound as Wingle seemed to believe, but I said nothing. Ever since the news of the bank's failure I had been so ill at ease as to be completely indifferent to most minor matters. Perhaps I should have warned Wingle, but I could not summon up enough energy or interest for the purpose.

At precisely 7:30 the taxi stopped in a small business street, and after some gesticulations, Wingle paid the chauffeur.

"This is our number," he said, consulting the door of the building before which we had halted. "We will walk inside and for two minutes take advantage of the view."

We opened the door and in the darkish exterior passed a long counter to an array of glass-topped tables at the rear.

Wingle stopped suddenly. "I don't understand this, Reynolds. What is this place?"

A gentleman in a white jacket answered, "It's Rudy's San Francisco Bar. What'll it be?"

II

WINGLE stared indignantly about him. "Reynolds," he said, breathing heavily, "here we are—solid, conservative, efficient business men, and we have allowed that despicable young scamp Burlew to play a trick on us."

He shook his head as he dropped into a chair at the nearest table. "Waiter, is this place in any sense a tourist bureau?"

"Well, I shouldn't say exactly that, sir; but Americans in Paris come here considerable. You might say Rudy's San Francisco Bar is their headquarters."

"You hear that, Reynolds; Americans of the type of your precious young friend Burlew make this their headquarters. They turn their backs on the world's capital and come here to guzzle. Inefficiency run rampant, Reynolds."

He pointed to the rear of the room. "Do you see any signs of a window there, Reynolds? Is there any visible window by which we might obtain a view of the exterior of the Louvre? Not one, Reynolds; not one. Moreover, we have wasted precious minutes getting here. Sit down, and let us gather ourselves together for the next move."

I sat down; the waiter retreated to the bar.

"Yes, Reynolds, here we are—victims of a heartless prank. And the question arises, what are we to do next?"

It seemed to me fairly obvious. "Get up and get out," I ventured to suggest.

"That is simple enough to say, Reynolds; but where are we, and where will we find a taxi at this hour? As I remember this street, taxis were conspicuous by their absence. Besides, we have to consider the question of manners and customs."

"What do you mean by that, Wingle?"

"I hope I am a solid, conservative business man, Reynolds, but first of all I am efficient; when I cannot share the beliefs of others, at least I respect them."

I remarked that I didn't see what he was getting at. Wingle seemed to have difficulty in framing his next sentence.

"This may be a commonplace drinking den; in fact, it bears a striking resemblance to a similar place with which I was familiar when a police reporter in Milwaukee. But we are in France, Reynolds—we are in France."

"You said that before, Wingle. I don't see what it has to do with our situation."

"In France, Reynolds, drinking is not looked on as it is in America. To walk out of this bar without ordering something would be considered an insult to the entire French nation."

It seemed to me that in the matter of a place which called itself Rudy's San Francisco Bar, Wingle was overstating things, and I did not hesitate to tell him so frankly.

"There must be no question of giving offense to the French people, Reynolds. We must avoid that."

I was about to ask Wingle just what he meant, when the waiter made his second appearance.

"Here you are, gentlemen," he said, depositing between us two cocktail glasses, each containing a pinkish mixture.

"Wingle," I demanded in amazement as the waiter retired, "did you order these?"

Wingle did not reply immediately, but lifting his glass, turned it between his fingers and surveyed it from all sides.

"It is all a mistake, Reynolds—all a mistake," he said in a low voice when the waiter was out of earshot. "I made an idle gesture such as I had the habit of making when I was a police reporter in Milwaukee. It was a mere forgetful slip, but evidently the waiter took it as seriously intended. He thought I was ordering a couple of pick-me-ups. But it doesn't matter, Reynolds. In fact, as I was suggesting, quite possibly it is all for the best."

He continued his examination of the glass.

"Wingle," I observed after a time, "according to your own statement, nothing was necessary to keep us in right with the French beyond ordering. Well, we've ordered. What are we waiting for now? Are we going to drink them?"

"I certainly have no intention of drinking mine, Reynolds," he said in a shocked voice. "Even though it does not contain alcohol—and it looks nonalcoholic to me—I shouldn't risk such a thing. But as a matter of common courtesy to the great French people I shall touch the glass

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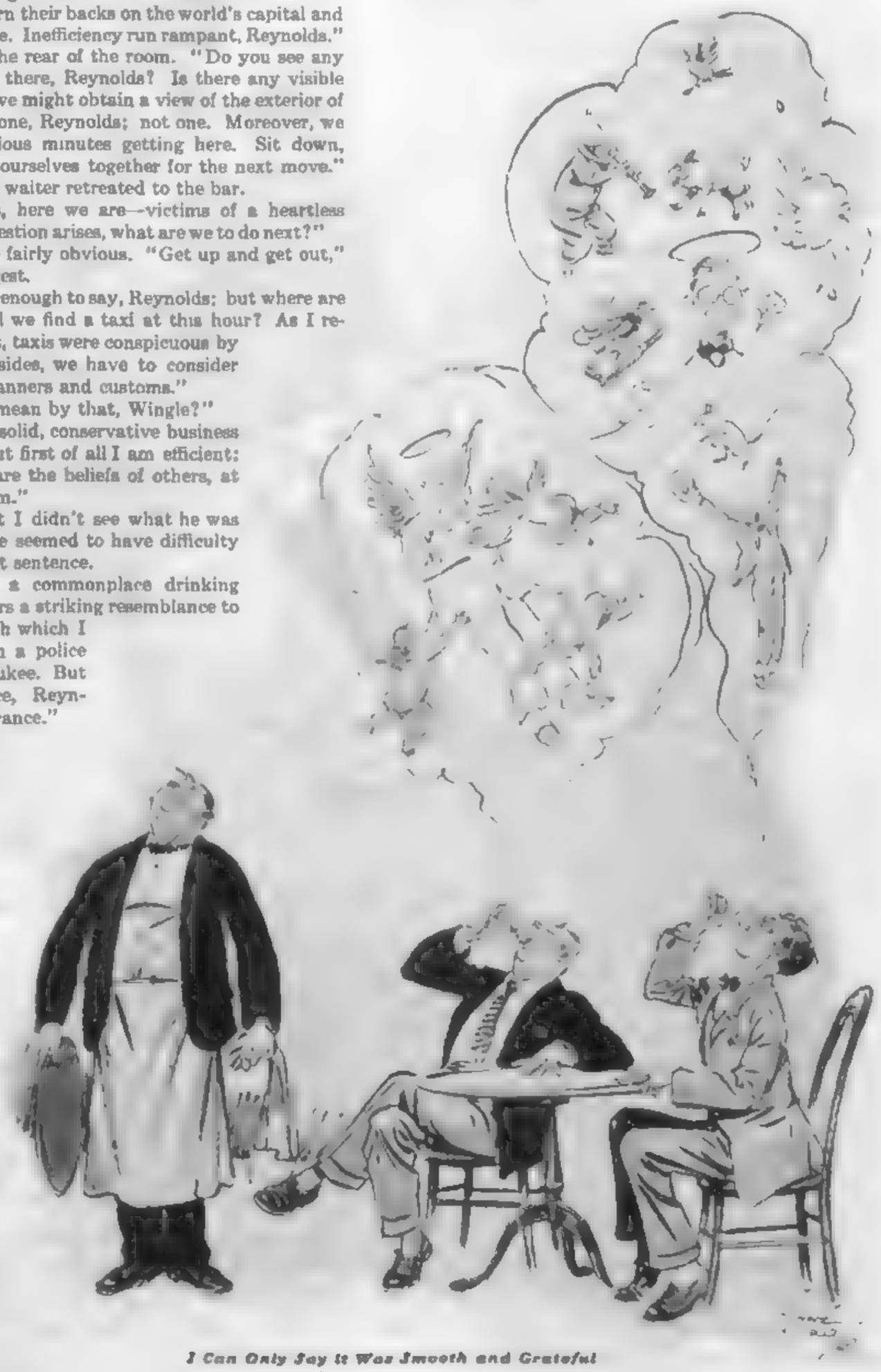


I Can Only Say It Was Smooth and Grateful

GAMBLING

By CHESTER T. CROWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

ALTHOUGH upward of 90 per cent of the people of almost any American community strongly favor the suppression of commercialized gambling, it is extremely difficult to make this public opinion effective in the larger cities. For most persons the explanation of this fact is very simple. Briefly, they will tell you that the police and other peace officers fail to do their duty for reasons best known to themselves.

But this explanation is entirely too facile and sweeping; it will bear qualification. Gambling, in spite of the fact that it has few friends, is difficult to define—that is, to define legally; it is also difficult to detect and still more difficult to prosecute. From the point of view of a district attorney, murder is much simpler. The statutes defining murder and providing penalties are brief everywhere. The statutes defining gambling and providing penalties are always much longer, usually rather complicated and consequently almost meaningless in the absence of court decisions which must serve to clarify them.

Among violators of the law the professional gambler is preëminently the eel. Beyond all question the squirming championship is his. Not that other lawbreakers do not squirm long and violently, but the gambler's score is highest because he succeeds more often in escaping the net. Thus it happens that the average citizen observes a spectacle that puzzles him—namely, gambling is usually being suppressed with great vigor and yet seems never to be quite suppressed. Or if the campaign against it is prosecuted with tremendous power it will appear for a short time to be absolutely dead; but unaccountably it reappears, and often under the administration of the very officials who fought it with apparent success.

Since the World War there has been a striking and unmistakable revival of gambling in this country, especially big gambling in the larger cities. The easy explanation, of course, is the so-called postwar moral let-down. As a matter of fact, there is probably nothing in it. A much more reasonable explanation is postwar general prosperity. It takes money to gamble, and a great deal of money for some of the picturesque gambling of recent years. The larger cities of this country disagree with the rural population on quite a number of subjects, but not on commercialized gambling. They are overwhelmingly against it. Therefore it is not only sound public policy but good politics as well for police departments to be vigilant, and as a rule they are.

Styles Change

NEVERTHELESS, gambling continues. The explanation lies in the fact that styles change; new methods are invented and Lady Luck comes back for another briefly prosperous prance before her old identity is discovered under the new trappings. As for the people of the big cities, gambling troubles them more than nearly any other form of dissipation. As they see it, the drunkard strikes at himself and those dependent on him, but the gambler necessarily strikes others indiscriminately. Far more than half the defaulters who outrageously betray the confidence reposed in them by friends, business associates, relatives and dependents do so because they have been gambling. Consequently their vice is viewed with alarm not only by the most liberal but even by the lax.

There have been times in virtually all the larger American cities when the municipal administration was inclined to look the other way and more or less openly permit gambling houses to exist, but invariably these open seasons ended in disaster. Gamblers always prove themselves unprofitable allies. No matter how discreet they may be for a time, eventually they have to be suppressed. That is to say, the alliance between gambling and machine politics has to be brought to a close and the efforts toward suppression have to be resumed. If a city administration tacitly declares an open season and the police receive whispered advice to look the other way, the gamblers themselves will soon precipitate their own disaster. Generally they do this by apportioning territory among themselves and then fighting over their boundary lines. Having no actual and enforceable leases defining their various districts, encroachments can be resisted in only one way—by gunmen. Presently there will be one or more murders, usually a whole flock of them. In the ensuing prosecutions the whole rotten business is dragged across the front pages of the newspapers and from half a dozen to a score or more of promising political careers are wrecked. Precisely that has happened several times in New York City. The last ill-smelling exposé became a national sensation. Gamblers were at war with one another with such outrageous scorn for law and order and the public opinion of the city in which they flourished that a young standing army fared forth one day to assassinate a man standing on the sidewalk in front of a hotel in one of the busiest parts of the city. The victim's name was Herman Rosenthal. A few months later the electric chair at Sing Sing had one of the busiest seasons of its career, and among those who died there was a police lieutenant whose record was otherwise quite excellent.

New Methods are Invented and Lady Luck Comes Back for Another Briefly Prosperous Prance

Since that time the politicians and police of New York City have turned a fishy eye upon commercialized gambling. They learned a lesson not to be forgotten in less than a generation, if ever. There is far more to be gained by hurling a strong-arm squad against the gamblers than by accepting any favors they have to bestow. For more than ten years now the metropolitan police have been making it hot for gamblers. And the net result? Well, styles have changed. Canfield and Honest John Kelly wouldn't recognize the modern version of the ancient industry. They might even have a little trouble finding a game. But the games are still going on.

Many New Yorkers of the man-about-town type who are acquainted with the popular speak-easies, admitted readily to the night clubs and recognized by the sporting fraternity are, nevertheless, under the impression that the days of Homeric gambling are now ancient history. They will tell of historic occasions when famous plungers bet $10,000 on the turn of a card or one throw of the dice as though such events no longer happen, but they do. The only difference is that formerly the big games were played in the presence of an admiring and pop-eyed circle of spectators. Now they are not, and only by accident are the facts about amazingly large bets disclosed.

As these lines are written there is pending in the courts of New York a case involving a bankrupt stockbroker, and uncontested testimony shows that the broker in question lost $330,000 in a short time to just one gambler. This would probably never have been disclosed but for the fact that the firm failed. Also, within the past year the metropolitan newspapers told of a Chicago man with sporting proclivities who made such a splash in New York gambling circles that within a few weeks his losses aggregated about $1,000,000.

In the old days of open gambling there would have been many men present when these games took place. They would have seen the money piled on the table, heard the challenges to put up or shut up; in short, they would be able to report every detail. But not now. Under the conditions prevailing today one merely hears some weeks later, or possibly a year or more later, that a certain man lost a certain sum, and in the absence of details the whole story either sounds improbable or is quickly forgotten because the incidental drama of the actual scene is missing. Everything is on the quiet.

Masters of Psychology

APPARENTLY those who are addicted to games of chance have some sort of mysterious seventh sense by means of which they can find one another in any sort of crowd. It is a well-known fact that there is an army of cappers and steerers deployed through the hotel lobbies of New York City engaged in extending invitations to likely prospects. If they would just oblige the police by making a reasonable number of mistakes—about the number that even the most highly skilled traveling salesman makes in the course of seeking customers—it might be possible for the police to clamp the lid down much tighter. But these cappers make almost no mistakes at all.

"Would you like to flip a few pasteboards with some good sports?" queries the capper. And the eyes of his prospect light up like a sunrise on the Pacific Ocean. If those men could only tell what they know they would be valuable lecturers on psychology. Year after year they walk with assurance over very dangerous ground, for there is no lack of men who would take great pleasure in furnishing to the police not only the address of a gambling house but their testimony against it as well. Probably ten times more men would serve as informers against a gambler than against a bootlegger.

This fact has brought about an entirely new technic in the management of commercialized gambling in New York City. To be specific, there are now scores of itinerant gambling outfits that hold forth only one night in one place, or at the most only four or five nights. Their equipment varies, but it is never bulky and can be moved from place to place with comparative ease. In order to get

information for this article I sought out the head of such an outfit and questioned him. It seemed a rather doubtful procedure and I was prepared for a rebuff, but he didn't mind telling me anything I wanted to know. He is well acquainted with the police and they are well acquainted with him, but that is no obstacle, because in order to convict him they would have to find his business in actual operation; either that or obtain the testimony of persons who gambled with him. Neither is easy. He wouldn't tell anyone except his customers where the next night's play will take place, and his customers wouldn't testify against him unless they were caught red-handed and forced to do so. And even then they might not, or they might do it very ineffectually. There is a wide gulf between the testimony of a witness who really wishes to prosecute and the half-hearted mumbling of one who does not.

As an Accommodation to Customers

THE gambler I met is known to the trade as Nick. He is well dressed, but rather conservatively, wears no jewelry and speaks in a very low tone. He might be a bank teller as far as appearances indicate. This young man has found out two things about the business in which he is engaged that made it possible for him to revolutionize his methods and still prosper. First, he found out that the reputation of the gambler and not his equipment or fixed address is his principal asset. Next, he found out that men who like to gamble will go to a great deal of trouble to reach the place where gambling is in progress. In order to set up shop for the night Nick makes arrangements with one of his clients for the use of his offices or shipping room or apartment, or it may be floor space in a factory. The word is then passed along by telephone and usually in the form of a telephone number: "How about a little game Saturday night?"

"Well, I don't know. Saturday night, did you say?"

"Yes, Saturday night."

"If I can get away I'd like to be there."

"All right, call Main —— any time Saturday."

"Thanks, Nick." And on Saturday afternoon the client calls Main ——

"Corner of Broadway and Eighty-sixth," says Nick, and that means that one of Nick's representatives will be strolling along there cordially greeting persons of his acquaintance. Each is favored with an address and moves on a short distance, where he will be met by another of Nick's representatives who will say: "Good evening, Mr. Whoozis. Nice weather we're having now.

The Professional Gambler is Preeminently the Eel

Apartment 14A, fourteenth floor." And Mr. Whoozis strolls in as though he lived there.

In answer to his ring one or more polite young men greet him in the doorway and assist him with his coat, stick, gloves and hat. They also know Mr. Whoozis and are pleased to see him again. Probably they take the liberty to say so in a cordially fraternal way, for these young men are not flunkies. On the contrary, they are very independent young men who earn fairly good wages by far from humdrum labor. They are gunmen. Likewise the two out on the street are gunmen. Polite and soft-spoken gunmen, to be sure, but none the less absolutely reliable in the event that a few chores of homicide should become necessary.

Both Nick and his clients would be annoyed if the game should be interrupted. Nevertheless, that possibility exists even in such a pleasant world as this. The police do not know that a game is in progress this evening: they have a great deal of business to attend to, and Nick moves with such care that it is difficult to keep up with him; but there are stick-up men who have nothing else on earth to attend to except such little parties as those over which Nick presides. They don't have to superintend traffic, establish fire lines, chase murderers and testify in courts. Actually time hangs heavy on their hands and it is delightful sport to shadow Nick hour after hour, day after day, week after week, in the hope of finding one of his tea parties. When they succeed, if the situation is favorable, they sometimes intrude; and then all the players, Nick along with them, go home losers.

So Nick's gunmen are stationed at conveniently strategic points to meet any unfriendly stick-up men who may be wandering about that evening and tell them kindly to go away and stick up someone else. Otherwise, as an accommodation to Nick and his clients, it may be necessary to empty one chamber of an automatic, in which event the morning newspapers would print a little paragraph about as follows:

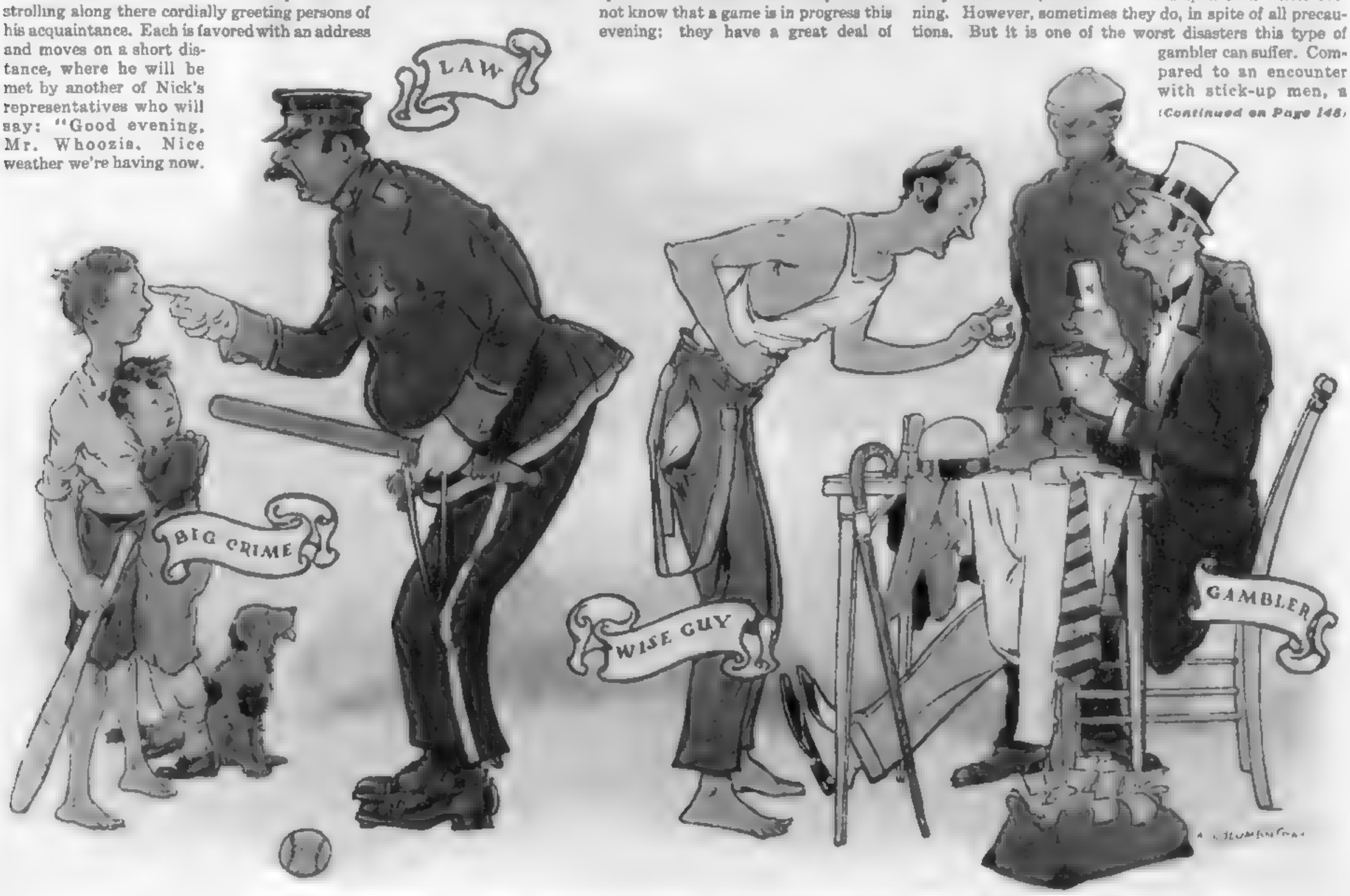
The body of a dark-complexioned, heavy-set young man, apparently about twenty years of age, was found at two o'clock this morning in the gutter in front of Thus-and-Such, Broadway. He carried no papers or marks of identification, but Officer O'Reilly said he thought he recognized the young man as Gyp the Strangler, a member of Dopey Gat's gang. The murder is thought to be due to gang warfare.

And that will be about the last of that, except that Nick's polite young gunman is out one cartridge and will have to work nearly fifteen minutes restoring the cleanliness of his automatic, a clever toy for which he feels almost the same affection he would have for a puppy or a kitten. The game, meanwhile, is not interrupted. Even if Nick's faithful gunman were to be so clumsy as to fall into the clutches of the law, the game would still not be interrupted, because no one would know what Nick's gunman was doing there at the time or what the fight was about. Moreover, the man he kills is a dangerous criminal and the police do not regret that he was bumped off. If the gunman faces trial he can plead self-defense and probably be telling the truth.

The Gambler's Worst Disaster

NICK caters to a high-class finicky clientele and he simply will not permit nasty stick-up men to take their money away from them, because it would spoil their whole evening. However, sometimes they do, in spite of all precautions. But it is one of the worst disasters this type of gambler can suffer. Compared to an encounter with stick-up men, a

(Continued on Page 148)



There Have Been Times in Virtually All the Larger American Cities When the Municipal Administration Was Inclined to Look the Other Way

M'GIVNEY'S MUSTACHE

By James Warner Bellah

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

THE flying officer in the top-floor front of Number 23 Marina opened his eyes. For hours he had been imprisoned in a bass drum which the Café Royal barmaid, who had slapped his face the evening before, pounded with a huge drumstick at regular intervals. The noise roared and echoed in his muddled head. He pulled the blanket from his face and pressed his fingers to his throbbing temples. The empty, hollow sound trembled again through the fog-laden air and roared in at his open window, dull and heavily metallic. It was slightly after five by the luminous dial of his wrist watch. He licked his lips and sat up on his rickety cot. Rain dripped in round pearls from the windowpane, and the bare floor under the sill was drenched black. He stuck his feet into his soggy slippers and scuttled to the window, with his trench coat drawn around him.

Across the misty esplanade he could see a strip of beach laced with white foam. The soft crash of inshore breakers rippled along the front and the sigh of marauding waters ran up the sands as the crawling lip of the tide came into his circle of vision. Then again, farther out, the hollow boom sounded off once more and roared down the silences in empty reverberation that seemed to make the fog jump and tremble. The flying officer shut the window with a vicious crash and vaulted back onto his cot, with a curse for generals, keewees and a government that couldn't get a ship to send him back to Canada on, but kept him instead in a third-rate theatrical boarding house for three months, after luring him away from his squadron with a promise of home and fireside, and then awakened him at five with thunderous, unexplainable noises from the sea.

Half an hour later, frightened feet raced up the tottering stairs, his door was pulled open and someone shook him violently.

For a moment his batman couldn't speak. He puffed and blew and pointed frantically toward the closed window. "It's a submarine! Fink as 'ow hit's mined, sir! Best get hout!"

The flying officer leaped into his slacks and tunic without a word and galloped down the stairs. Half asleep still, he wasn't quite sure whether the Gothas were over or the H. E. dump was on fire. He burst out of the entrance of Number 23 with his batman at his heels.

Not quite a hundred yards across the Marina and the beach, a huge, crusted U-boat lay on its side inside the reef, with its great bulk almost entirely out of the receding waters. A rope end dangled idly from her bridge rail and the half-raised shaft of a periscope traced short circles in the swirling fog with the last, awkward lurching of the hull. The officer raced down the street to the crowd at the corner.

"What the hell?"

"Must've broken loose from a convoy going into Scapa Flow to surrender to Beatty."

At 5:30 There Was a Soft Sigh of Waters as Von Falkenheim Slid Into Eighty Fathoms With a 4.1 Shell Lashed to His Cooling Feet

"You fellows can shove it under your collars, I'm getting out of here. If she goes off there won't be any town left!"

"Where's the crew? Nobody's come up for air yet."

"Beggar her crew. Come on! I came here to be repatriated, and by damn I'm going to be!"

There was a clatter of hoofs on the pavement and a detachment of M. P.'s galloped up, with a subaltern from the A. P. M.'s office in command. He hesitated a moment before he dismounted.

"Rope this place off for four squares each way and keep the crowds back. Clear out all the Marina billets." He walked up to the esplanade railing and stared out at the U-boat. Nothing happened. Nothing happened all morning. At two o'clock, when the tide was at low ebb, a major with red tabs on his lapels and a commander R. N. V. R. arrived in a motor car. For an hour they walked and waded cautiously about the stranded derelict, rapping it sharply with their knuckles, listening with their ears close to the rusted plates. Presently they put a ladder against it and climbed up onto the slanting superstructure. They tiptoed around the tiny deck, while the crowds watched them nervously. They patted the breech of the gun. Then they went up onto the bridge and disappeared inside. Fifteen minutes later they were back on the esplanade. Not a soul aboard. Everything just as the crew had left it. Broken loose from a tow, or perhaps the crew had been swept overboard while she was running on the surface.

"What about the engine-room crew?" The commander R. N. V. R. shook his head. And that ended it. To this day she is still there, hopelessly sunk in the shifting Channel sands, with a great liver-pill advertisement blazoned across her rusty plates. The flying officer raises wheat in Manitoba and his batman owns a saloon bar in Bermondsey. A thousand years from now, an archæologist, looking for Roman baths, will dig her keel plates up from the center of some inland town and write a great book which will have nothing to do with Kiel or Wilhelmshaven or Heligoland or depth charges.

There were three things that M'Givney couldn't stomach—rusty metal, Dutchmen and one-cylinder eyeglasses. M'Givney had a violent red mustache, a purple temper and a pale-blue love for the throb and beat and chirrup of perfectly tuned machinery. In his carpet slippers he had crossed the seven seas a hundred times for bread and the love of listening to the symphony of coal-fed steel churning the knots behind him in an even, steady rhythm. Men said he could take four soup cans and a hairpin and build a better engine than the Messrs. Victor & Rowan could accomplish in their best moments. Men also said that pint for pint he could drink more liquor between sunrise and sunset than his engines did oil from Sydney to the East India Dock. M'Givney went on pomading his red mustache and drawing it out to fine points two inches on both sides of his mouth.

In 1902 he was in Nagasaki the night the German liberty party was run into the sewage canal for Anglo-American amusement, and he had grinned all the next day during the frantic crisscrossing of admirals' barges in pursuit of apologies that were not forthcoming. At sunset he had thumbed his nose as the German fleet pulled out of the roads in high, imperial dudgeon. He knew that he had thrown six Dutchmen into the canal himself and he was quite ready to do it again. That ended the matter for M'Givney.

In 1912 he was chief on the Trenwith Head, for no good reason except that he needed a job. From Rio to Hoboken he patched and plugged and cursed and nursed, and limped in seventy-two hours behind schedule with a wad of greased waste rammed into the bridge speaking tube, a three-day-old green-stick fracture of his right ulna and half a shovelful of powdered slate left in his bunkers. He resigned in three purple words, washed his neck, put on his celluloid collar, pomaded his mustache and went up to one of the forty-seven beer gardens on the block behind the North German Lloyd piers. For three hours he sat with

his troubles and brooded over the ultimate fate of owners who sent bottoms to sea with cylinders of tin foil and pistons of cheese.

For the last hour of the three his venom narrowed sharply to the present and focused on a face at the next table. It was a vapid face, with a fragile chin set high above a tall, white collar and tilted sneeringly aloof. Close-cropped blond hair bristled above it in a tight brush. Long slender fingers pulled arrogantly at a shadowy smudge of a mustache.

M'Givney snorted and called for another seidel of dark. At the end of the third hour and the seidel, he leaned across his table and asked the vapid face, in no uncertain terms, whether or not it thought it owned a mustache. The face regarded him twice from the breast bone to the hair roots in a languid sweep of bored blue eyes and turned slowly away.

M'Givney supposed audibly that the face belonged to a five-dash junior deck pup on a one-dash Dutch passenger tub with a three-dash benediction by way of amen. The face frowned, stuck an eyeglass into its left eye and said, "Swinedog Englisher."

M'Givney took the eyeglass with a quick sweep of his hand and stamped it to powder under his heel. The face rose and slapped him sharply. M'Givney kicked the face over three chairs and into the mirrors. He put up a fair fight, but his right arm was useless. Seven waiters held him down presently while the face leered jauntily above him and kicked him thoroughly in the ribs. M'Givney fainted. When he came to he was in a plaster cast to his armpits and one-half of his mustache was clipped off close to the center of his lip.

For five years he lived with the memory of a vapid face with arrogant blue eyes, a fragile chin and a stiff brush of closely cropped blond hair. . . .

By no stretch of the imagination was the Herr Unterleutnant Stengel a gentleman. The crew knew it, Von Falkenheim knew it and, what was worst of all, the Herr Unterleutnant Stengel knew it himself. Smudged with the tar brush of the provinces, he smelled of the merchant ships. Boot as he would, and curse, primp as he would, and smirk, he was caught between two spheres—a Tomlinson dangling in a void of his own making. Von Falkenheim couldn't stomach his affectations and conceits, and failing to recognize Herr Stengel's fatuously nursed resemblance to Frederick William of Hohenzollern, he ignored the underbred whelp he did see. Steinhauer, the junior, was too bound up in his own clammy fear to bother about personalities. He came and went on duty, a pale-faced ghost, sliding noiselessly through the narrow, bristling passages. If he thought of Stengel at all, he thought of him merely as a tangible barrier between himself and any possible avenue of escape. The men couldn't ignore the Unterleutnant. They grumbled and scowled and muttered. All of which is rather bad business on an undersea boat.

Stengel had gone into the service at the outbreak of the war because he saw in it a chance to become something he wasn't. The men he cared nothing for. Von Falkenheim was a fool who read poetry and looked upon navigation and ballistics as quite necessary and diverting, but not exactly a religion. Like the damned English, he was; clever and gay and smiling. Some day he would make a stupid mistake—Stengel nestling under the damp blankets in his cramped bunk brooded over that day—an obvious traitorous mistake, and he, Stengel, would be there to correct and report it.

After that his name would roar in the crowds. He would do great deeds and be known. He would be raised in rank and decorated. These cursed gray days of wet, cold and cramped, bolt-studded quarters; this eternal maddening throb of thudding engines; this brackish water and tasteless soggy food, and air that smelled like dirty sun-baked cotton, would be forgotten under twinkling crystal chandeliers in great salons, lost in the smiles and soft whispers of fine ladies. So the Herr Unterleutnant dreamed on and never went into the control chamber without his gloves and his eyeglass.

Von Falkenheim was coughing. He had been coughing for days now and his eyes were ringed with the deep blue of sleeplessness. He wore a muffler tightly wrapped around his throat and kept lozenges always in his mouth. But still he coughed and pulled at the muffler with pale, bluish fingers and shivered miserably. At night, when they breathed under the dark vault of the open sky, he would come up, wrapped to the chin in his great coat, and walk solemnly to and fro on the tiny deck. Or he would grip the bridge rail, lean against it heavily and stare to the eastward, breathing in rasping gasps, holding on with the sword steel of a great will.

Stengel watched him through narrowed eyes and shrugged, and the fight went on against time. On April twelfth they were ten thousand tons ahead of their most optimistic expectation. On the thirteenth they sank a Harden & Jessup boat off Fastnet Light. On the fourteenth they did in the Mary K. Horseley of the Green Diamond Line at dawn, with gunfire, and at sunset they sighted a small tramp and blew her out of the water at point-blank range. Twenty-two thousand tons ahead of last time and on less fuel consumption and less cruising time. Stengel blew upon his eyeglass, polished it and looked through it at his reflection in his tiny steel shaving mirror. He saw a ribbon caught through his buttonhole and a cross upon his breast, though the mirror measured a mere two inches by three. Von Falkenheim was clinging heavily to the ladder rungs and staggering slightly in the passages. His eyes were glassy and almost out of his head. His shiny red lips were flecked at the corners with cotton. An hour after the last light had faded in the west he crumpled up in a heap, struck the gyro-compass with his forehead and lay gasping for air at the foot of the conning-tower ladder. Stengel ordered him taken to his cubby, then he battened down and submerged immediately.

Most of the night Stengel sat in the stuffy air, exulting when it became perceptibly drier and thicker and more cottony, waiting and listening. At three Von Falkenheim's last parched breath rattled out of his swollen throat. Stengel wiped his eyeglass, nodded and looked at each man in the control chamber.

"Von Falkenheim," he growled, "is dead. I command, Herr Steinhauer. We rise at once. Surface!"

At 3:30 there was a soft sigh of waters as Von Falkenheim slid into eighty fathoms with a 4.1 shell lashed to his cooling feet. Stengel, on the bridge above, rubbed his hands together silently and threw back his narrow shoulders. Twenty-four hours more. With the luck that was with him, perhaps an even thirty thousand of extra tonnage. There was still one fish left in the after tube and six rounds for the deck gun. He would wait outside the Channel

(Continued on Page 64)

The Toloana Went Down in Thirteen Minutes After the First Crash Broke Her Back

A MARRIED MAN'S JOB

By Fannie Kilbourne

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

Sally Faced the Fact That There Had Doubtless Been Other Things Too, Days After Dancing at Some Night Club When She Had Been Too Tired to Keep Her Mind on the Office Activities

WHENEVER her husband looked at her in a certain way, Sally knew that he was thinking of his first wife, and that his thought was not wholly without regret. She refused, of course, to believe that the regret was truly yearning. If she had thought it ever could be, she would not have married Cort.

She would have felt deeply sympathetic, of course. There is something heart-twistingly poignant in the thought of a man, young, ardent, attractive, who has buried his very heart with a beautiful lost wife.

Sally would have felt bitterly sorry for Cort, but she wouldn't have married him. For Sally was young, and attractive and ardent too.

She was also a realist—she'd jolly well had to be; life had seen to that!—and she would have known the difference between love and consolation.

Cort's very struggle against his love for Sally proved how real it was. If it hadn't been something that could never come to a man without a heart, it would have gone down like a cardboard house in the hurricane of his own disapproval. Sally knew how guilty he felt to be falling in love with another woman less than a year after he had lost Rose. Knew that nothing that his relatives and friends and acquaintances could say—and naturally, they said considerable—could add one iota to his shamed sense of disloyalty. When he had floundered, trying to explain to her how she made him feel, Sally had understood. She had never made him put it into words, to come back to him in accusing echo and make him feel himself a low dog every time he thought of Rose. Sally felt so deeply, so gloriously sure that Cort had really never known what love was till he met her that she could afford to be generous and let it go at that.

Only one pledge she ever asked in definite words, and that was five minutes before she and Cort were married.

"Promise me," she demanded, "that you'll never, as long as we live, throw it up to me that Rose did this way or didn't do that."

Cort had blinked at the unexpectedness of it and had been inclined to make a little light of it. But Sally was serious—deadly, desperately serious.

"I'm not joking," she said. "I wouldn't joke about anybody you've loved. I really mean it."

"Why, of course, I'll promise, but ——"

"That we'll start fresh, together. Just as though it were all as new to you as it is to me. That you'll never tell me, not in the most casual or the nicest possible way, that Rose used to do something, anything, differently from the way I'm doing. Even though it would never occur to you that I could possibly think you were criticizing me. That you just will never say it at all."

"Why, of course, I promise, but ——"

"But," Sally echoed, her voice going a little flat. "Why do you say 'but'? Do you mind promising?"

Cort drew her to him and kissed her; hungry, desperate adoration mingled with amused indulgence.

"Of course, I don't mind promising, you funny darling. The only 'but' I was thinking of was to wonder, 'but why?' Why need I promise? I can't imagine ever wanting to say anything of the sort."

Sally cast a loving, impudent glance up at her tall husband to be.

"Darling," she said consolingly, "I love you just as much as I could if you had good sense."

Well, that was three months ago and Sally was beginning to suspect that she was the one who hadn't had good sense. She, the realist, to have fooled herself into believing that a memory could be exorcised by a pledge! That a man who had lived five years with one woman could really start fresh with another!

And it was such a totally different kind of marriage that she and Cort were having to start. Sally herself did not realize quite how different it was until she saw the home that Cort and Rose had had. The apartment had been rented furnished for the year. Cort had been living at his club. The renters' lease would expire in a couple of weeks, so there was an apartment all ready and furnished into which Cort and Sally might have stepped.

Cort had not suggested this, but Sally, having had to be thrifty for most of her twenty-seven years, mindful of the practical advantages, had gone to look at the apartment. But one glimpse had decided her against it. Not that the apartment was not perfect. It was. Far too perfect. In its four rooms there was not a single flaw.

The living room mingled brown mahogany and walnut and maple with perfect correctness—fashion now decreeing that one's woods and periods must be mixed. The rich, velvety mohair of the divan repeated the exact blue that was in the many-colored, hand-blocked chintz curtains. A lovely blue boat-shaped bowl "tied in" the mantel, "pointed up" the correct marine above it.

The dining room was as faultless, with its corner cabinets, its Wedgwood china and amethyst glass. The kitchen was quaintly colorful. Crisp yellow curtains at the windows, cupboards enameled inside in daffodil green. A row of salt, sugar and spice boxes painted in a bright old-fashioned design.

The bedroom, delicate, suave. Slender fluted posts, satin comfortables. A painted dressing table with slim legs and wide beveled mirrors, a chaise longue with lace and taffeta cushions.

It was while standing in the bedroom that Sally knew, with an almost panicky certainty, that she could never live in this little gem of a home. Its exquisiteness made her feel old and workaday, as embroidery silk, catching and pulling, will bring out roughness in the smoothest forefinger.

"Ugh!" Sally shivered a little. "It makes me feel like an overworked old plow horse."

A glance in the long mirror, skillfully placed to reflect the window light and make the room seem twice as large, was reassuring. Small and slim and red-headed was the girl in the mirror. Her hair, cut almost as short as a boy's, curled in shining ringlets; there was a faint dusting of freckles over a short, impudent nose that wrinkled when Sally laughed. Laughter crinkles at the corners of her blue eyes. Oh, a thoroughly personable young woman.

Sally, however, looked about Cort's exquisite apartment and knew that she didn't belong in it. It was too fragile in its beauty, too full of delicate demanding details. One broken bit of amethyst glass would take patient shopping to match and replace. There was not a cutwork towel, an embroidered pillow slip, not even a fluted curtain that wouldn't require the most expert of laundering. The commercial box in which a pound of cereal would be delivered from the grocery would stand out, as crassly out of place in that quaint little kitchen as a sunflower in a bowl of roses. A red-cheeked apple left in the violet opalescent fruit basket would throw the entire dining room janglingly out of key. The whole apartment was a thing of beauty and a care forever. It required constant loving service, the grooming of a petted prima donna.

"I'd love to come and just look at you, once a week or so," Sally addressed the loveliness about her. "But take care of you? Worry about you—live in you? No, thank you."

Imagine coming into that bedroom, tired, after a specially hectic day in the office! The pale brocade on the chaise longue, the lace-frilled taffeta cushions would fairly shriek their protest at a weary and quite probably dusty tweed shoulder. Like any other spoiled beauty, the apartment was not one to brook compromise. Its owner must be one thing or the other. And between exciting, satisfying, wearying days at the office and taffeta boudoir cushions, Sally had long ago made her irrevocable choice.

Cort had concurred in this choice.

"You're crazy about your job and you're making a success of it," he had said. "Naturally, you don't want to

"Mercy, Child, Don't Look So Worried. Nobody Ever Expects a Woman to be Right on Time Anyway"

give it up, and I can't see a reason in the world why you should."

"I can't either," said Sally. Adding, after a moment: "It'll mean, of course, that we'll have to have a different sort of marriage, but I'm sure I shan't mind."

"Neither will I," said Cort confidently.

And, because he so evidently believed that he knew what he was talking about, Sally believed it, too, and went happily ahead.

Together she and Cort made their new home. Found the apartment on a joint hunting expedition of a Saturday afternoon. Spent two months of following Saturday afternoons and all the tag ends of time that either could muster, getting it furnished.

A very different sort of home from Cort's first one, this turned out to be. A big, comfortable, easy-going living room. Rugs and curtains which did well enough, but were nothing for an interior decorator to rave about. Low, lazy chairs, a wastebasket not too chastely artistic but capacious, in which you could nonchalantly sharpen a pencil or throw an empty candy box. A piano that stood always open. A wood fire. Plenty of ash trays. A telephone that sat handy and unabashed on a broad window sill, with no ameliorating silken skirts or little hiding Florentine cabinet.

A sort of careless, genial kindliness, that living room had. You felt it would be a hard room to shock. Like a friendly, tolerant host, it took in any alien detail and made it feel at home. The cribbage board, forgotten on a chair arm, Cort's logging chart and fountain pen left on the top of the radio, crumpled tissue paper and some faded pink ribbon of Sally's tossed into the fireplace, waiting for the next fire. A fifty-fifty sort of home, in which neither feminine nor masculine tastes had gained full sway.

So happy were they in making that home together that Sally began to forget to be apprehensive. To forget the possibility that the memory of Rose might ever walk in it like a ghost, domestic, disapproving, stirring up dissatisfaction.

"Shall I hire a maid, or do you want to?" Sally asked, when the apartment was ready.

Cort looked startled at the proffered alternative. A warning that, which Sally ignored.

"Oh, you'd better," he said hastily. "I don't know anything about housekeeping."

"Neither do I," Sally reminded him. And then, comfortably: "Well, we'd better get a maid who does."

"How much can you set a good table for, for us and a little company now and then?" Sally asked the first surprised applicant for the position—a dusky Cristabel who had unimpeachable references. After considerable mental travail the girl mentioned a sum which seemed reasonable to Sally.

"Shall we take her," Sally had asked Cort, "or had we better let some rival firms bid on the contract?" Sally held a very good position with Warlight Builders.

"How will you know she doesn't take food home," Cort's sister had demanded, aghast, "if you don't keep a careful eye on your ice box?"

"She can't take much without running over the budget," said Sally; "and if it's just an orange or a slice of cake now and then—oh, well, most professions have their petty graft. I always put in my own long-distance telephone calls from the office and even Cort brings home a pencil now and then from the bank."

It evidently worried Cort's sister, the way Sally refused to take her housekeeping responsibilities seriously. Beyond a tactful panegyric over the corn bread or "No sale, Cristabel; you can't give us prunes for breakfast," Sally showed no reassuring signs of feeling herself a housewife. She was, in fact, Margaret said disapprovingly, inclined to be flippant about it.

As the day when she found the baby grand piano covered with dust.

"You have to jack up the best servant in the world now and then," Margaret told Sally from the vantage point of her own ten years of housekeeping, "or they get slack."

So Sally wrote, "Oh, you, Cristabel!" in the dust with her forefinger and went her blithe way. Cristabel adored both her and Cort.

"They couldn't be nicer to work for," she told her best friend, "if they was a coupla gem'men."

An easy-fitting, easy-running régime. No dining table of richly rubbed mahogany, no monogrammed napkins or amethyst glass. No dining table at all in fact. Just a little gateleg in the living room, drawn up before the fire for dining at night and beside a window for lazy Sunday-morning breakfast. Cigarettes and the morning papers strewn prodigally about, and a sense of leisure as relaxing as a yawn.

"The Cotter's Saturday Night," said Cort, opening up the sport section with a great sigh of contentment, "has nothing on the business man's Sunday morning."

It was on this very Sunday morning, though, that Sally first realized that there was a ghost in the apartment.

She and Cort were dressing to go out.

"Look at that shirt, will you?" Cort grumbled good-naturedly. "They must have ironed it with a tractor. I can't hand much to that laundry you patronize."

"I don't patronize it," said Sally. "I send my things to a little French hand laundry."

"Why don't my shirts go there, too, then?"

Sally giggled. "I never saw a shirt go anywhere," she said, "left to itself. I imagine that if you've been putting yours in the bathroom hamper, Cristabel has been sending them right along with the sheets and towels. The Frenchman comes for mine on Tuesdays. Why don't you get your things ready and let him take them too?"

"Get them ready? What do you mean?"

"Why, sort them out and wrap them up and make a list," said Sally.

Cort looked so aggrieved at this suggestion that Sally asked curiously, "How have you managed about your laundry this last year?"

"Margaret used to come over once a week and look after it," said Cort. "And before that, Ro——" He stopped short, evidently remembering his promise. "Men never fool around with that sort of thing," he explained.

Sally said nothing, wriggling into a narrow-skirted tan crêpe dress. When it was safely past her shoulders, "I imagine Cristabel'd tend to it for you," she suggested, "for a little tip."

That was all there was to it. And yet from that very moment Sally began to be conscious of the ghost. A wifely ghost who didn't think well of this helter-skelter, irresponsible way of treating a husband.

"I have just the same office hours as Cort"—Sally had felt she must defend herself to this ghost—"and he has more strength than I have. There's no reason why I should take on his personal responsibilities. If he were weak or sick, or making a laundry list were something that a man wasn't able to do ——"

Sally knew, of course, that the Cristabel solution hadn't really solved the problem, psychologically speaking. It wasn't the laundry; it was the principle of the thing. Cort wouldn't have admitted it, but Sally knew that he was a little hurt. Under her light touch Sally was passionately eager to be fair in this marriage of theirs. She proved this an evening or two later by taking a mouse out of the trap in the kitchen. Cristabel had gone for the night and Cort was deep in a report in the living room. Sally had to go through a lot of rigmarole with a paper bag and squinting her eyes tight shut and choking back incipient nausea, but she didn't call Cort away from his task.

This was a real resisting of temptation. Cort had a great natural protectiveness. Taking care of his wife in all these little ways he took as the husband's natural part of marriage. He would have been flattered rather than annoyed at being called away from his task. But: "Taking a mouse out of a trap isn't a husband's work, really," Sally told herself sternly, "any more than making a laundry list is a wife's." Oh, Sally had her principles of marriage too.

The matter of the poker party, however, did not arise as any matter of principle. It just happened. Six or eight friends of Cort's got together an evening every two or three weeks to play poker, sometimes at one's home, sometimes at another's. Cort broached the subject of entertaining them in the new apartment.

"I'll clear right out," Sally offered promptly. "I'll get Vera Mellon for dinner and the theater with me and then I'll stay overnight with her."

Cort approved enthusiastically of this arrangement. His enthusiasm, however, had entirely left him when he and Sally met for dinner the evening after the party. It was Cristabel's day off and they were dining at a neighborhood tea room. One glance at Cort's face and a woman far less sensitive than Sally would have known that all was not well.

"How much did you lose?" she asked.

"I won four dollars and a half," said Cort.

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For Several Seconds Sally Stared at Her Husband, Not Believing That She Could Have Heard Him Correctly. Did He Think He Could Make Her Decision for Her?

HANDICAPS

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

GLENDENNING'S COVE was usually so quiet in the afternoons that a cow chewing her cud in a field sounded noisy, but now there were sounds of mirth and ribald laughter. Art Hayden had just appeared in the street with the first pair of ice-cream pants ever seen in the village. He was bound for a party.

"Hey!" bawled Lem Perkins. Art glanced back in response to the hail and Lem added to his cronies: "Ten dollars a ton!" Of course they gave Art the laugh. It was mighty hard to get ahead of Lem.

Hayden continued on his way, but a pronounced hesitancy afflicted him as he neared the livery stable, for the livery stable was the real test of mettle in the Cove. The person who could preserve face under the stare and comment of the loafers at its portals did not exist. The gang used to sit out on stools and boxes and rickety chairs in the wide space of its open doors and watch the world go by, when there was any stirring. A pleasant place to loaf, with two fine trees to give shade, and a rich, appealing breeze to horsemen playing through the alleyway at their backs from the yards behind; yet a place of dread to girls and women who had to run the gantlet of inspection from the time they passed the Congregationalist church to the moment they turned the next corner.

Many grew so nervous that they wabbled in their walk as they felt the eyes on their backs. Some could not go through with the ordeal at all, but crossed the street and went along a dirt path in order to escape it, their only satisfaction being that they did not hear the jokes and could affect indifference at that distance. Even grown men were not immune. A fellow could not spring a new tie without the livery gang spotting it and inquiring the price and its ultimate destination up the collar, and Milt Farnsworth once ruined a new suit in a rough-and-tumble because one of the loafers trailed along behind him with mincing steps, a forefinger in his mouth—yes, Milt was carrying a cane. And Doctor Somers' boy went straight home from a tryout of his first long trousers and sawed them off at the knees with a jackknife.

To Art his white flannels seemed one blinding glare as he neared the spot; but it befell that he was to get off lightly. Living among the horses was the village half-wit. He sighted those pants afar, gaped a minute, and then guffawed so hard that he threw a fit, and the hangers-on were too occupied when Art passed to pay him any attention.

She Was a Self-Reliant, Resolute Woman, With Only One Ambition Left—to Make a Man of Her Boy

The sensation he made among the girls at the party amply repaid Art for the strain of the street parade.

"My, isn't he handsome!"

He had heard the same thing a thousand times, yet it was ever music to his ears. The other boys snorted contemptuously, herding together in corners and making mock of Art's pants out of the corners of their mouths. It did not worry him much, because he realized they were jealous.

On the way home he dropped in at the drug store to top off with a bottle of pop the three plates of ice cream and cake he had eaten, and there he met with the first male appreciation of his sartorial pioneering. Young Lloyd Shumway came out from behind the counter and said, "Gee, they're swell, Art," and felt of the flannel and inquired where he had bought them and how much he paid.

Art was two years older and a hero to the younger boy. "They're all the rage," Art told him carelessly, and that word was a new one in the Cove too.

Before he went to bed that night Lloyd asked his mother, "Can I get a pair of white pants like Art's, mamma?"

"Why, no, dear. What on earth do you want white pants for? You're too young for long trousers; besides, your suit is plenty good enough and looks so well on you."

"Gosh, mamma, everybody can be in style but me! You wouldn't let me buy a razor, either, and first thing you know, my whiskers'll be a thousand feet long."

His mother replied gravely, "None of the other boys have white pants. And we can't afford it, dear. Art's father is a banker and rich."

There it was again! Why couldn't Lloyd's father have shown better judgment than to become a school-teacher? All his young life Lloyd had heard every plan debated from the sole standpoint of expense. They could not do this and they could not do that, and every year his father grew more droopy and absent-minded, and more dependent on his wife. Sometimes he drank a little too much and then he would spout Greek and Latin and whole acts from Shakspere, but Mrs. Shumway always contrived somehow to get him home without scandal. She was a self-reliant, resolute woman, with only one ambition left—to make a man of her boy.

The job was soon entirely her own, because one night during the following winter they brought Lloyd's father home in a sleigh. Some said the ice had broken under him; others contended he was pickled and fell in; a few hinted that the teacher had drowned himself because he was suffering from an incurable stomach trouble. My own idea is that Shumway simply skated into a hole. He never looked where he was going, and when they fished him out of Fuller's Pond he had his skates on, and in a parcel he had left on the bank were found a new book and a new pair of galoshes for himself. Now why should a man buy galoshes if he were headed for the golden streets? Or elsewhere, for that matter.

Mrs. Shumway was absolutely prostrated. Never before had Lloyd seen her break down, but now she threw herself on the body and gave way to a flood of feelings she had repressed for years. Forgotten was all her disappointment in this man; she had never ceased to love him, and the mental reproaches in which she had occasionally indulged aggravated her grief. She began to talk to him as he lay there. She talked as though they were young again and just starting out together. It was terrible to hear, and the boy tried to comfort her and lead her into another room.

"Don't, mamma!" he whispered, his arms around her. "You've got me! I'll take care of you." She turned and clung to him so fiercely that Lloyd was frightened.

The day after the funeral young Shumway went down to the drug store and secured a steady job in place of the volunteer haphazard one he had filled there. It was only a part-time job, as he had to go to school, but the druggist agreed to pay him two dollars a week, which meant considerable to them. All Lloyd had to do to earn this money was sweep out the place every morning, dust and clean up generally, shovel snow, and work from half-past four to half-past eight at night delivering prescriptions and helping in the store.

"I feel awful sorry for that widow woman," remarked the druggist to Doctor Somers. "They tell me the professor didn't leave enough to bury him."

"Oh, yes. Not so bad as that. He carried an insurance policy for two thousand dollars and I understand the lodge will pay his widow another thousand."

"Then they aren't fixed so bad after all."

The doctor replied, "They can go along for a few years, and by that time Lloyd ought to be earning something."

"But he isn't strong. He's as willing a boy as ever I saw, but his back gives out on him. Don't you think that can be cured, doc?"

The doctor did not think so. Lloyd had something wrong with his spine, due to a fall downstairs when learning to walk, and he limped a little. This slight affliction he felt so keenly that he was even shy about going in for a swim with the other boys.

"Poverty and bad health," the druggist ruminated, staring out of the window. "Gee, that's a tough combination! And the old man was a booze fighter too. What chance has that kid got anyhow? Somehow it doesn't seem fair, doc, the way things are divided up. Look at Lloyd and then take that Hayden kid. He's got everything."

"Those're things you can't help, so what's the use of worrying? . . . Did Mrs. Spratt leave that prescription in to be filled? Good! She burned the last one. Then gimme a quarter's worth of Nancy Hanks. I've got to drive over to see Mrs. Thomas and will be gone all day. Her asthma is worse. The way that old woman hangs on is a caution."

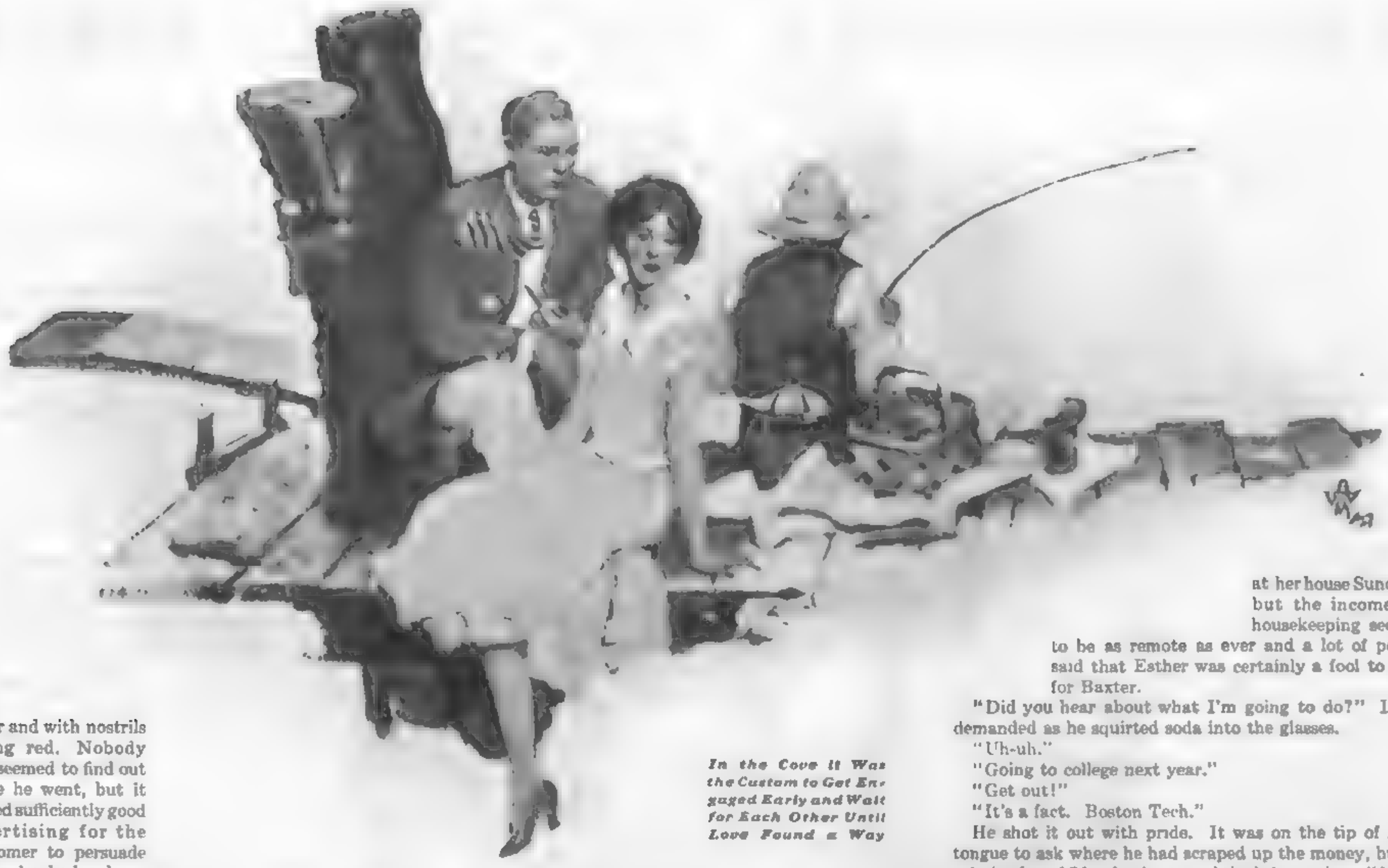
"Couldn't kill her with an ax," agreed the druggist.

As the doctor was going along a country road, he espied Lloyd Shumway emerging from a farmhouse at which he had just delivered a bottle of tonic. He watched him trudge through the snow and slush toward the village, dragging one leg as was his wont when tired.

"You bet it's tough," muttered the doctor, thinking of Art Hayden and what the druggist had said. While young Shumway was braving icy sleet and all sorts of weather, and later sitting up over his lessons long after a boy of his age ought to have been in bed, the banker's son was away at a fashionable prep school.

"Born with a silver spoon," reflected the doctor, and then both boys were banished from mind by the spectacle of Doctor Skinner tearing along a crossroad in a shiny new cutter.

It was a spectacle too. Once every day Skinner would dash out of the driveway from his barn and go up the street at a gallop, as though answering a death call in the country; a couple of hours later he would return, his horse in a



In the Cove It Was the Custom to Get Engaged Early and Wait for Each Other Until Love Found a Way

lather and with nostrils gaping red. Nobody ever seemed to find out where he went, but it proved sufficiently good advertising for the newcomer to persuade people he had a large practice and Somers had lost some patients to Skinner.

"Exercising his horse, I reckon," he sneered at his rival. "Well, I always knew he ought to've been a vet."

A fortnight after his talk with the druggist, Somers inquired, "How's Lloyd getting along?"

"Doing fine. I raised him fifty cents last week."

"Aren't you afraid of spoiling him?"

"No," said the druggist, without suspicion. "What worries me about him, doc, is he ain't like other boys. Sometimes I think he'll never amount to much."

"How? What's he been up to now?"

"Well, he's all the time fooling round with wires and boxes and coils and junk like that, and twice he's nearly blowed the roof off of this place, mixing acids. Seems he's just crazy about e-lectricity, Lloyd is. Why, every time the telephone gets out of order, Lloyd wants to fix it himself, 'stead of sending to town. Somehow it doesn't seem natural for a kid of his age. I feel awful sorry for Mrs. Shumway. It'd be just like her luck to have him turn out an inventor or something—his dad was pretty near useless, you know."

The doctor abandoned an effort to make a Nancy Hanks draw without whistling, and said, "Is that so? Tell him I want to see him, will you, Alf?"

After that, young Shumway had a workshop in the doctor's stove-heated study, and often the two stayed up until all hours of the night, fooling with retorts and concocting terrible smells and minor explosions. There was nobody in Somers' house to say them nay, he being a widower, and Lloyd's mother seemed grateful for the help. To be sure, she put her foot down on the late hours, but she did not share the druggist's skepticism toward her boy's tendencies.

Lloyd was working full time in the drug store when Art Hayden came home for the summer vacation. Art was still pioneering—he sported a blazer with the school crest on it and was able to cut the other fellows out with Ruth Glendenning in one short evening's work. For that matter he could have had his pick of the girls.

"Gee, Art," exclaimed Lloyd, when he and Ruth dropped in for ice-cream sodas, "did you make the team?"

"I didn't go out for it. But I will next year."

"Sure! It'll be a cinch for you." Art was still his hero. Perhaps physical perfection had something to do with that.

For some reason or other Art did not make the team, but he learned to play the mandolin and his tennis game showed up the local experts as novices. Then he graduated and went to college and brought back with him a pair of knickerbockers and a curved pipe. At nineteen Art had developed into a broad-shouldered, shapely man and the girls admired his legs and wavy gold hair extravagantly.

"He looks such a man of the world," they declared. "I just adore seeing a man smoke a pipe, don't you?"

It was a prideful sight to see Art lounging bareheaded on the pier, in white ducks and blazer, smoking his pipe, when the yachts put in at the Cove during the warm weather. He had an air, there's no denying that. Many of the women who came ashore eyed the boy with favor and audibly commented on his looks. Some of these people paid visits to friends who maintained summer homes somewhere along the Cliff; others were idling the time away and landed just to see the quaint village whose slender white spire they could glimpse amid the trees from the dock.

With these visitors Art felt he had much in common. The residents of the Cove were wont to refer to them as big bugs, and held aloof, but not from any sense of social superiority in the strangers—not by a long shot. To them, everybody not born in that vicinity was a parvenu, and in their hearts they rather looked down on the cottagers. Their trade was worth while, however; otherwise it is doubtful if the Cove dwellers would have troubled to be civil at all.

Not so with Art. When these fashionable women glanced at him and he at them, young Hayden sensed a bond of understanding. Yes, it was class talking to class above the heads of the yokels.

"Got your letter?" inquired Lloyd eagerly when Hayden came home from college over a week-end in his final year.

"No, but I'm going to get it—practically certain of it. . . . Say, Lloyd, mix us up a couple of good chocolate ice-cream sodas, will you? Lots of cream in mine and chocolate in Ruth's."

He was still rushing Ruth during his visits home. Their friends took it for granted they were engaged. In the Cove it was the custom to get engaged early and wait for each other until love found a way. Esther Tindall had been waiting for Sam Baxter twenty-two years. Sam went to see her every night and took her to church and ate dinner at her house Sundays, but the income for housekeeping seemed to be as remote as ever and a lot of people said that Esther was certainly a fool to wait for Baxter.

"Did you hear about what I'm going to do?" Lloyd demanded as he squirted soda into the glasses.

"Uh-uh."

"Going to college next year."

"Get out!"

"It's a fact. Boston Tech."

He shot it out with pride. It was on the tip of Art's tongue to ask where he had scraped up the money, but he refrained, and Lloyd volunteered the information: "Mamma's sold the house, and Doctor Somers has fixed it up to get me a job on the side for my spare time."

"Gee, that's great, Lloyd!" said Art, but his tone was rather patronizing.

"Why, Lloyd," Ruth put in, "I never knew that. The place won't seem a bit the same without you. Who's going to mix our sodas for us now?"

Young Shumway turned red and fumbled among his bottles. "Oh, he'll find a good man to take my job. And of

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Young Shumway Had a Workshop in the Doctor's Stove-Heated Study

THE PORTER MISSING MEN

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

EPIC PETERS, immaculate in his blue uniform, stood beaming beside his Pullman. He was all smiles and eagerness. "Yas-suh, this heah is the New Yawk car. What space, please, suh? Take yo' grips? Lawsy, boss man, tha's the one thing I ain't goin' to do nothin' else but."

The great train shed of the Birmingham Terminal Station rang with a cacophony of escaping steam, fussy switch engines, baggage trucks and chattering passengers. Through the haze of steam and smoke the elongated porter glimpsed the sunshine which streamed down over Jones Valley. He dipped inquisitive fingers into his trousers pockets and fingered the loose change he had already received.

Epic Peters, who was known to his associates as Hop Sure, felt that this was to be a profitable trip. How much better it was to be running on the Birmingham Special than on the midnight train which had been the field of his labors for so many years. Plenty of day travel here and greater likelihood of the casual tip. Daytime people wanted favors; at night they merely wished to sleep, and by morning seemed usually to have forgotten that their berths had been made up by a human being.

Seven minutes before train time Cap'n Garrison, the gray-mustached Pullman conductor, walked the length of the train with his reservation cards. He moved past Epic's car back to the observation, and so only Epic saw the two men who walked toward him from the stairway leading up from the passage connecting the station itself with the train platform.

"Boss Man, Please Don't Git So Loose With Yo' Threats"

The men were strikingly dissimilar. One was short, slender, wiry and somewhat furtive-eyed. The other was perhaps thirty pounds heavier, flat of face and feature, and he wore a black derby hat and heavy square-toed shoes. They approached Epic, walking very close together. Each man carried a suitcase. One might have judged that they were intimate friends, provided one did not observe too closely. But Mr. Peters was trained to appraise his passengers. He could size them up with uncanny accuracy. He catalogued them in terms of money. An acid-faced maiden lady usually was classified as a dime, single gentlemen of middle age rated anywhere from one to two dollars.

But these men puzzled the veteran Epic. The gangling porter could not quite place them. The smaller of the two walked with a light, catlike tread. His eyes shifted constantly, as though in search of something which he was not particularly anxious to find. The big man, on the other hand, seemed blandly indifferent to everything.

Epic leaned forward and seized their luggage. They followed him up the steps of the Pullman. They announced that they were berthed in Section 6. The porter placed one suitcase under each seat; and as he rose from his knees after the second painstaking operation, he verified a horrid suspicion which had been born the moment he first glimpsed the strangers on the platform. The men were handcuffed to each other!

Epic felt a cold chill run up and down his spine. Somehow he was opposed to the sight of criminal and detective, and the thought that they were traveling on his car was not at all appealing. He was determined to have nothing whatever to do with either of them. But he was too filled with his news to keep it long to himself, and he sought the very squat and black person who portered on the observation.

"Keezie, what you reckon I got on my car?"

Keezie was sad. "All the money they is on the train. Honest, Hop Sure, it's gittin' so that a thin dime looks as big to me as a hund'ed-dollar bill."

"Silliment you talks with yo' mouf. You gits all the tips in the world."

"Humph! Reckon you ain't never run on no observation car. Folks tips you fellers on the reg'lar Pullmans, then comes back in my car an' observates. I does all the waitin' on they wants an' you-all pockets the money. Seems to me ——"

"Hush expostulatin' so constant, Keezie, an' give me ear. I ast you what you reckon I got on my car?"

"Well, what?"

Hop Sure lowered his voice. "A detective an' a crook!"

Keezie was impressed. "Golla!" he gasped.

"Uh-huh. They is han'cuffed each one to the other."

"Honest?"

"Cross my heart an' hope to be bawn a tripe! You come back after us pulls out an' take a look in Section 6. You sees 'em sittin' awful close together. An' b'lieve me, black boy, the most thing I is gwine leave them two fellers is alone!"

The air was tested, the bell of the monster locomotive clanged a warning, the conductor gave his "A-a-a-ll abo-o-ord!" and Epic flung his portable step into the car, mounted the steps and closed his vestibule. The train quivered and moved slowly from the murk of the shed into the brilliant sunshine of a perfect May day.

Epic opened his locker, doffed blue coat and official cap and arrayed himself in the serviceable white coat prescribed by regulations. Ordinarily, he would have settled himself with professional languor to the first stages of this lengthy trip to New York, but now his interest was keened to the highest pitch by the strange pair in Section 6.

There were, perhaps, fifteen passengers in the car, some few of whom held tickets only to Anniston or Atlanta. Through passengers would undoubtedly board the train at both those cities. Meanwhile, aside from fixing pillows for three travelers, Epic had nothing to do. But he did it with an energy which carried him past Section 6 several times.

Shortly after passing Irondale the two men rose and walked down the aisle of the car toward the smoking room. Epic stared in amazement. The handcuffs had disappeared.

The train was moving at a good forty-mile clip. Epic saw the big man enter the smoking room and the little man lounged nervously in the doorway. The porter made it his business to walk back to the vestibule. The handcuffs were certainly gone. Hop Sure edged his tall figure past the little man in the doorway and experienced a start of terror as five steely fingers closed about his arm.

"George!" snapped a voice, amazingly crisp and harsh for so small a man.

"Y-y-yas-suh, boss?"

"Listen to me, George ——"

"My name is Epic, boss man. They calls me Hop Sure."

The ghost of a smile flitted bleakly over the thin face of the thin man. "Very well. Now tell me this: Did you notice anything when we got on the train?"

Epic's eyes rolled. "Gosh, mistuh, you asks such funny questions! Co'se I noticed somethin'."

"What?" The word fairly crackled.

"Well," evaded Hop Sure, "I noticed that you was short an' that other gemmun was tall, an' that you-all bofe was in Section 6, an' ——"

"Quit stalling! Did you notice the handcuffs?"

"Oh, lawsy! Y-y-yas-suh, I sort of remember obsevin' somethin' of that nature."

"Well"—the words of the little man fell like icicles—"I'll just tell you this much: I'm a detective and I'm carrying that man to Danville, Virginia. If you see him make a move to get away, call me!"

"O-o-o-e-e! Mistuh Cap'n Detective, I reckon you better not trus' me too much. I ain't crazy about criminal gemmun, an' ——"

"You do what I say! I can't keep him handcuffed every minute, and I've known of men jumping from a train while it was moving."

Epic was not at all pleased. It was no part of his scheme to interfere with the law. He hastily made an excuse and departed; but when he returned to that end of the car a few minutes later the little man was in the washroom and the big man was standing near the doorway.

Hop Sure was not quite certain which of the two men he liked better. Perhaps the big one. He at least didn't heave words at one as though they were brickbats. He jerked his head toward Epic. "Hey, porter!"

Mr. Peters was certain that this was an interview he did not crave. Talking to captured criminals was most distinctly not one of his most enjoyable pastimes. "Y-y-yas-suh?"

The big gentleman nodded toward the washroom. "That chap been talking to you?"

"Well, suh ——"

"Come on now!" There was a twinkle in the big man's eyes. "I'm sure he has been."

"Y-y-yas-suh." Certainly there was no harm in admitting the unvarnished truth.

"I thought so." The speaker seemed to find something vastly amusing in the situation. "He's a clever one, he is."

"Ain't it the truth, boss?"

"It certainly is. I suppose he told you he was a detective, carrying me back to Danville, didn't he?"

Epic was embarrassed. "Boss, honest to Gawd, I di'n't ask him nothin'."

"You wouldn't have to ask him that, porter. He tried that racket once before. I merely want to warn you not to be fooled—that's all."

Mr. Peters blinked violently. "What you mean—fooled?"

The white gentleman shrugged. "Good Lord, boy, haven't you got a lick of sense? I mean don't let him kid you into thinking he's a detective."

"Huh? He said ——"

"Of course he did. He probably told you to keep an eye on me too. Smart boy, Joe is. Then perhaps if you see him getting up in the middle of the night you won't think anything of it, and ——"

"I never think when Ise wukkin', cap'n."

"Good enough! But it also is better that you should understand the truth."

He turned away and Epic vanished. The dazed porter progressed the length of the car and stationed himself in the forward vestibule, where he might do a bit of thinking. There was a great deal to consider and very little chance to adjust his thoughts. Both men claimed to be

His Eye Sought the Little Man and Noticed That He Was Staring at the Drawing-Room

detectives; each said the other was a crook. Mr. Peters frowned as he bent himself to the task of considering the proposition.

One thing was sure, if he was forced to choose between the pretensions of the two men, his choice would favor the big one. For one thing, that person looked more like a detective. He was broad-shouldered and confident and he didn't exhibit the nervous jumpiness which marked the little fellow. And besides —— Well, what was more natural than that the little man was a captured criminal and that his first move would be to create the impression that he was the detective? The more Epic pondered on the matter, the more convinced he became that it was the big man who represented the law. No bluster there, no harsh commands; just a smiling, easy-going statement of fact. The little man, on the other hand, had been rather unpleasant.

Epic was satisfied –in favor of the big man. There seemed to be no other answer. But the more thought he gave the situation the more rapt became his admiration for the clever little criminal who had made first move in the game. Quite a scheme—this creation of the impression that he was a detective. Epic voiced a fervent resolve: "There's just two things I ain't gwine do—an' bofe of 'em is mixin' up with them fellers!"

The train reached Anniston and stopped there for about ten minutes. Shortly after it rolled out of the city, a waiter came through from the diner sounding the first call for luncheon. He was stopped at Section 6 and invited to send a menu card back. Later, the meal was served to large man and small. Epic noticed particularly that they sat side by side and chatted amiably while they ate. They were not handcuffed, but after the meal had been removed and the check paid the handcuffs once again appeared.

Between Anniston and Atlanta the porter had more time to crystallize his conclusions, and there was one fact of which he became absolutely certain—he didn't like the little man. The fellow had bright, ratlike eyes which followed Epic all over the car and made him jumpy. The elongated Pullman servitor wondered what manner of crime he had committed. Bank robbery, most likely, with perhaps a dash of manslaughter. The very thought made Epic shivery and jumpy.

He wandered back to the observation car and discussed the matter with his friend Keezie. That person surveyed Epic superciliously.

"Shuh! Hop Sure, I could of tol' you fum the fust that the big feller was the detective."

"How come you to know so much?"

"I got brains, tha's all. Which of them two is nervous?"

"The li'l' one."

"Which tried hardest to make you think he was the law?"

"Li'l' feller."

"Which acts mos' like a crook?"

"Same one."

"Sholy!" Keezie rubbed the palms of his hands together. "An' there's yo' answer. Fum what you tell me, the big one don't give a good gosh-durn what you think. But the li'l' one does. Them small guys is clever, an' if I was you ——"

"I wish to goodness you was. Hangin' roun' with detectives an' crooks ain't the fondest thing I is of."

"Cain't say I blames you." Keezie's eyes narrowed and he stared at his friend. "S'posin' that li'l' feller tried to escape, what would you do?"

"Me?" Epic's jaw sagged. "Did you say what would I do?"

"Uh-huh."

"Sweet sufferin' tripe! Troubles what you talk! Man, I woul'n't do nothin' an' I'd keep right on doin' it. Pullman comp'ny don't pay me to catch folks; I gits paid fo' carryin' 'em."

"I know." Keezie was argumentative. "But you coul'n't just sit down an' watch a crim'nal escape."

"The thunder I coul'n't!"

"Well, I woul'n't git no law mad at me."

"No, nor I don't want no crooks mad at me neither. Livin' is the most thing I craves to keep on doin', an' somethin' tells me that li'l' feller is terrible bad medicine."

Epic returned to his own car. The interview with his friend had not proved at all soothing. Keezie always had such foolish thoughts and discussed them so freely! Where did he get the idea that Epic was mixed up in this? What right had he to suggest that the little man might try to escape or that in such a contingency it would be Epic's duty to stop him?

Besides, how would Epic stop the man even if he was so inclined? Gosh! The smile disappeared from the face of the genial porter. He wished that he might have been stricken ill before the start of the run. He even considered claiming illness and insisting on a substitute north of Atlanta. They were close to the Georgia metropolis now; already the train had passed Austell. Pretty soon they'd

"Man, Did I Ever Tell the Truth, Ise Doin' It Now"

be in the Atlanta yards, cutting out one car and adding another. Then a brief stop at the Peachtree station. Epic was excruciatingly unhappy.

Many passengers left the train in Atlanta; many more boarded it. The stop consumed ten minutes, during which time there was considerable rush and bustle and excitement; but not so much excitement that Epic Peters failed to see a bit of interesting byplay.

Among those waiting on the platform for the Birmingham Special were two large gentlemen. One was dressed in brown and the other in blue. Their eyes were hard and their faces were harder. Each carried a cheap paper suitcase, and they announced that they held the drawing-room.

Now gentlemen with cheap clothes, loud socks and paper suitcases do not often travel in drawing-rooms. Neither do they, when they enter the Pullman, stare through the car in the obvious effort to catch the eye of someone else. These men did. And Epic saw that they were gazing straight at Section 6.

Epic also noticed that the large man and the small man in Section 6 both stared at the newcomers, and as he settled them in the drawing-room he heard them address a few cryptic remarks to each other:

"See 'em?"

"Yep."

"O. K.?"

"You said it!"

That was all. A thoroughly innocuous exchange of meaningless comment—provided, of course, that it was innocuous. But Mr. Peters was firmly convinced that in some way the new arrivals had boarded the train for no good purpose. He was shaking his head as he returned to the platform.

"Fust it's bad," he murmured, "an' then it gits terrible. Durned if this porterin' business ain't too much fo' me."

His curiosity, however, was overpowering; and so, shortly after the train left Atlanta, he sounded the buzzer at the drawing-room door. It was flung open by one of the evil-visaged men.

"You-all gemmun crave some pillows?"

"No!"

The door slammed in Epic's face and that colored person backed away abruptly. Things weren't what they ought to be, that was certain. Trouble was brewing and Epic entertained a profound and uncomfortable hunch that he was destined to be not very far from the middle thereof.

He settled in Section 12, which was vacant, and gave himself over to moody and disconcerting thought. Ordinarily the clackety-clack-clack of the wheels soothed him to slumber, but not this afternoon. His senses were very much alert and his nerves jumpy. His mind dwelt upon the detective and his captive, who sat in handcuffed intimacy in Section 6, and then upon the two strangers in Drawing-Room A. There was some sinister connection —— Epic had not been a student of human nature for years without learning to read character at a glance.

His speculation drifted in one direction, and Epic didn't relish the direction. Instinct informed him that the two dour-faced men who had boarded the car in Atlanta were there for the express purpose of delivering the ratty little crook from the clutches of the detective. That sounded to him pretty much like action, and Pullman melodrama was one thing toward which Epic entertained a complete and lasting aversion.

His eye sought the little man and noticed that he was staring at the drawing-room. Mr. Peters wondered when the gun play would commence. So long as he admitted trouble to himself, he went the whole route and confessed that he believed it would be awful. He was awakened from his trance by the voice of the waiter from the dining car:

"First call for dinner! First call for dinner in the dining car!"

Detective and criminal ate in their section. The two men from the drawing-room went into the diner. They avoided the eyes of the men in Section 6, but they did so obstrusively. Epic shuddered.

Night was falling; the sun was dropping below the western horizon in a great red ball. Toward the east, the first gray finger of approaching night was manifest and from the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains a bit of chill crept into the atmosphere. At 9:30 the train paused briefly at the little town of Seneca, and half an hour later Epic discerned the pale yellow lights from the barracks of Clemson College. Already half the berths in the car had been made down and were occupied by those who sought to while away the tedium of the journey by a lengthy sleep.

The Pullman conductor came through the car and paused to speak with the two men from Section 6, who had gone back to the smoking room while Epic prepared upper and lower berths.

The porter motioned to the conductor. "Cap'n," he asked, "where is them two fellers in Section 6 gwine git off at?"

"Danville, Virginia," came the response. "Why?"

"No reason," evaded Epic. "'Ceptin' on'y I never knowed befo' how far Danville was."

No need to consult his time-table. Epic knew the schedule by heart. Train due in Danville at 5:30 in the morning.

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FROM THE BRIDGE

The Royal Mail Screw Steamship "Galia"

The Royal Mail Paddle Steamship "Asia"

By Capt. Sir Arthur H. Rostron

In Collaboration With James R. Crowell

EVERY ship has its own feel. It is not an intangible, but a definable thing. To use a modern form of speech, one does not have to have the sailor complex to experience it. Sailors merely get it in more accentuated form. And this is quite natural, since they have so much more opportunity to find out all about it.

If you think about it you really get the feel of most things with which you are brought into intimate contact. Charles Lindbergh's serene confidence in the ability of the Spirit of St. Louis to carry him across the ocean was based on the feel he had of his airplane; the fact that he spoke of himself and it as "we" shows how much a part of him it was and how much a part of it he was. Segraves' attitude was this toward the automobile which enabled him to make more than two hundred miles an hour on the Daytona Beach. You get it in the pick-up of the motor car you drive through traffic; jockeys become successful by cultivating the feel of their mounts. All sports are striking illustrations of this psychological phenomenon; try, for example, to separate the golfer from the clubs of which he has the feel. In fact you find it everywhere.

Running the Gantlet

I HAVE always had a keen affection for the Mauretania, fastest of the ocean liners, which was under my command during the war. It is not her physical qualities alone which have developed this strong attachment. If she typified the last word in technical perfection she might still lack that bond of understanding between the skipper and his ship which only comes from weathering vicissitude together. During her wartime service I had ample opportunity to learn all about her excellent habits. She was first used as a hospital ship in the Mediterranean, starting in September of 1915, and later commissioned as a transport for American troops. From March of 1918 until November of the same year she carried a total of 35,000 fighters overseas with the loss of only one man; and for this she was in no way responsible. On one of the trips across a soldier of German parentage shot himself rather than go to war against the fatherland of his people. The most troops she ever carried on a single voyage were 5200. She made eight trips all told, and the morale of the men bound on this grim mission was splendid. There was never any trouble.

The Ship's Gardener Waters His Plants

Throughout the war, but particularly during the period the Mauretania was in commission as a troopship, the German submarines were a grave menace to Allied shipping. Most transports insured the safety of the fighting men they had aboard by making the perilous voyage under convoy of destroyers. To my knowledge only three ships were an exception to this rule—the Mauretania, the Aquitania and the Olympic. These vessels went out alone and escaped unscathed, thanks primarily to their speed and secondarily to their camouflage and their equipment of six-inch guns to repel the U-boats. The purpose of camouflage has been extensively misunderstood. It does not make a ship invisible at sea, but simply hides the direction she is taking, which will be recognized as a vital function when it is recalled that the speed and direction of the moving target are highly important factors in timing torpedoes. Once or twice we were fired upon by submarines, only to see the torpedo cut the water several hundred yards off from us.

It was during this time that the Mauretania went through one of those trying affairs which have the effect of bringing a ship and the men who navigate it into closer touch with each other. We were bound from New York to England, with every available inch of sleeping space occupied by the troops. The weather was foggy when we nosed our way out of New York Harbor, and remained that way throughout the entire passage, except for a single day of fair visibility.

By Dead Reckoning

FOGGY weather means just one thing to the captain of a passenger-carrying vessel: He goes to the bridge and stays there, except for the few hours of sleep he is able to snatch when physical exhaustion requires that he obtain some rest. Owing to the thick weather, it was necessary to determine our bearings on dead reckoning which is to measure speed and thus gauge position by the revolutions of the propellers. The utmost precision is needed to prevent error in such calculations, together with knowledge of the capabilities of your ship and with confidence that she will do what is expected of her.

I was on the bridge when we neared Land's End, the extreme southwestern point of England, to the east of which is the English Channel and to the west St. George's Channel. Our destination was Liverpool, which is reached by altering the course to a more northerly direction here and proceeding through St. George's to the Irish Sea, of which Liverpool is an important port.

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MY LIFE — By HERMINE

The Victoria Rose Garden in Doorn, in Memory of the Late Empress

POSTWAR Germany deliberately ignored the exile in Doorn. We who loved the Emperor were completely paralyzed by the blow that had turned our world topsy-turvy. Mindful of the example of Russia, we feared that Germany would pass through the last inferno of Bolshevism before achieving economic or political stabilization. With the ghastly fate of the Romanoffs still vivid in our memory, we were glad to see the Emperor and his consort, Empress Augusta Victoria, safely installed at Amerongen, in Count Bentinck's picturesque castle overlooking the Rhine. The ancient double moat of the castle, antiquated for purpose of defense, still barred unwelcome intruders. Our good wishes followed the Emperor when, unwilling to trespass indefinitely upon the hospitality of Count Bentinck, he purchased House Doorn, a few miles from Amerongen. Holland, we were convinced, would never surrender the Kaiser to his enemies.

I often thought of Emperor William in the black days that followed the revolution, but I did not write to him. I had no message of cheer. To condole with him would have seemed at best an impertinence. We all dwelt in a fog of uncertainty. Life was a nightmare.

"Surely," I asked myself, "I shall wake up from this dream?"

Holland and the Emperor seemed far away, almost as far as Barbarossa in his mythical cavern. Then something happened that completely altered the situation. On April 11, 1921, all Germany was shaken by the news that Her Imperial Majesty, the Empress Augusta Victoria, had passed away at House Doorn. The death of the Empress pierced the cloak of inertia that concealed our wounds. The tragedy of the Kaiser became once more our tragedy.

With Thoughts of the Future

THE disaster of his fall and betrayal was too great to be grasped by lesser men; it still left him a figure towering on Olympian heights. The death of his wife made him one of us, sharing with us the afflictions of all mankind. He was no longer merely the monarch deprived of his throne, but a man, gray-haired and lonesome, bereft by a cruel and incomprehensible fate of the most faithful, the most beloved of wives.

William II disdained to exploit the universal grief for his wife to improve his political fortunes.

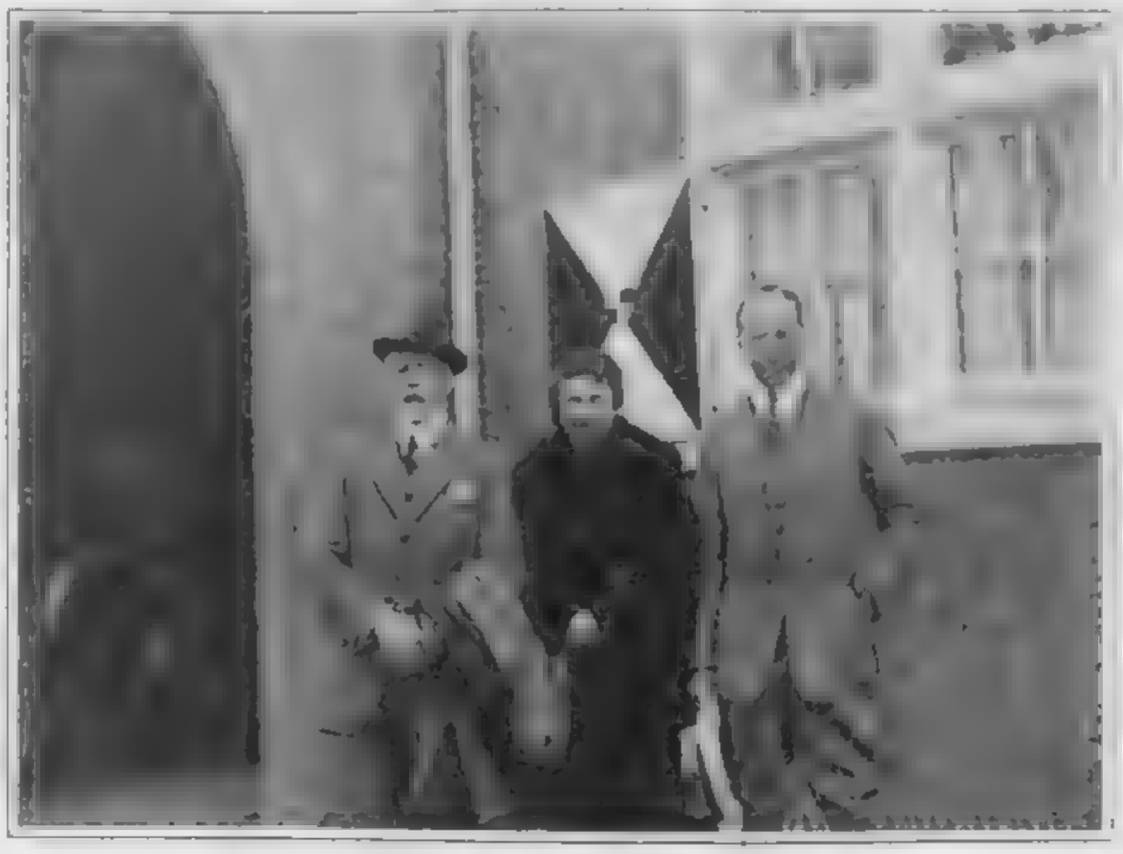
"Feeling that my people have wronged me, I would not," he remarked to me, "return to the throne unless they asked for me. Under no circumstances would I wish to regain the crown if my restoration placed my country in jeopardy."

The Dutch climate, the campaign of Lloyd George to hang the Kaiser, the shock of the revolution, solicitude for her children, pitilessly combined to assail the ailing heart of Empress Augusta Victoria. Possibly a visit to Nauheim would have saved her life. Such relief was denied her. A proud woman, as well as a loving wife, she suffered intensely under the humiliations to which her husband had been subjected. The Emperor manifested the tenderness of his affection for Augusta Victoria in every possible manner. Her sons adored her. Her ladies in waiting would have gone through hell-fire for her. She was surrounded by love.

Toward the end of her life Empress Augusta Victoria was confined to a wheel chair. She accompanied the Kaiser on his walks through the park of House Doorn, whenever possible, in her chair. I wonder if she expected to see the roses in the rose garden named in her honor bear blossom once more. If so, her hope was vain. Although she realized the imminence of her death, she did not speak of it to the Kaiser, fearful of increasing his melancholy. But with her ladies in waiting she often discussed the future. She was especially frank with her mistress of the robes, Countess Brockdorff. She never gave a thought to herself. The only thing that pinioned her brave soul to her frail body was love — love for her children and for her husband. The fate of the Kaiser and of her eldest son worried her most of all.

The children were mature and married. They had households of their own. Confronted with economic difficulties, harassed by many annoyances, they at least breathed the air of their own country.

The Crown Prince alone, like his father, was living in exile. He vegetated in Wieringen, in a wretched little hut, but his wife Cecilie was waiting for him at home.



Prince Henry of Prussia, the Duchess of Brunswick and Crown Prince William at the Gatehouse in Doorn

Posthumous Unselfishness

THE Kaiser had no one to whom he could turn after the death of the Empress. The Kaiser, the Empress knew, needed someone to mother him. All men, after all, are children to their wives. The strongest man, in certain moods, is only an overgrown boy. Emperors are no exception.

Augusta Victoria was the incarnation of motherhood. Proudly as she had worn the crown, she missed the pomp of the empire less than the privilege of being a mother to all her people. This sublimation of motherhood, stronger than the jealousy sprouting in every feminine heart, prompted her to urge the Kaiser's remarriage. Without bitterness she envisaged another woman at the side of her husband. Greater love hath no woman. Few daughters of Eve can rise to such heights of posthumous unselfishness.

It was in 1918, a few months before the fall of the empire, when her heart trouble became acute, that the Empress confided to Countess Brockdorff her wish for the Kaiser to marry as soon as possible after her death. "He must not be alone," she said to the countess.

This conversation took place at Wilhelmshöhe, the castle at Cassel in Hesse, where the Kaiser had gone to school as a boy. Wilhelmshöhe, by the way, is known to history as the residence designated by the Germans for Napoleon III after his surrender.

Countess Brockdorff reported the last wish of Augusta Victoria to the Kaiser

(Continued on Page 94)

ME—GANGSTER

By Charles Francis Coe

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

WE DID not have any trouble getting all the fellows we wanted for the gang. Danny took care of most of that, but we gave a lot of thought to who we could trust, and we were mighty sure that we did not get men with chins that stuck out or eyes that were too close together. Fletch had taught us that lesson. We did our best, but, of course, we could not be too particular. All the fellows in the lower part of town were anxious to come in with us. We worked on the quiet, but somehow they found out that we were forming a gang. They seemed to find out everything.

Danny did all the talking, because I was going to be the leader of the gang on account of my old man being a politician. All the fellows we talked to knew that they would be pretty safe if they played with me, and they all felt pretty sure that we would try some kind of a comeback at the gang from uptown. That is the big trouble with gangsters; they do foolish things just to make people think they are game. They have very little real brains. I often laugh at what the papers say about master crooks and the great minds of the underworld. Take it from me, they are all stupid, and most of them are suckers. But that will come along a little later when I tell you how smart we were and yet how foolish and how dumb.

As I say, just as soon as the uptown gang started that shooting, all the crooks in our district figured I would come back at them so that I would not look yellow. I fell for that, too, though Danny wanted to do it even more than me. So Danny talked with the guys we wanted, or thought we wanted, and pretty soon we had six fellows we were sure we could trust. It was not only trusting them that counted; we had to trust their nerve too. Nobody can ever tell what will happen in a gun fight like we were planning. You bet that uptown gang was keeping its eyes open for us. They were pretty sure we would show up in their district and show them what "tough" really meant, and they were going to be ready for us. One night you might catch them when they were willing to beat it without too stiff a fight. The very next night they might fight like soldiers because they were full of hop.

She Just Stood There for a Long Time, and I Reached Out and Caught Her Hand and Tried to Say Something, But Could Not

I found out later that 90 per cent of the gun shooters are dope fiends and they do their shooting when they are all hopped up with dope.

That stuff gives them false courage and false strength, just like it did Coky Nott when he killed that cop. We had to watch that

Six Regular Fellows

WHEN we had our six fellows all picked out, I asked Danny what he really knew about them, and it was little enough. They were all game, as far as that goes, and they were ready for anything as long as we led the way; but I wanted to know about their records. I was afraid that maybe some of them were wanted for killing somebody, and if they got collared later they might make me talk to the police or to the old man and save them from being convicted. I did not want to protect them for something they did before they played with me, and I knew I would have to if they really got anything on me.

Danny said he would find out. I never knew for six months where he went to find out, but after that time, when my old man had to protect the detective that was our friend for grafting, I learned that Danny went to him and wanted to know if any of the six we had picked were stool pigeons. Can you beat that? The dick said they were not and he thought they were "regular" and could be trusted. Danny did not tell him why he wanted to know, but just as soon as we pulled the raid he did not have to be told. He knew.

The six men were Dutch Weldt, Nick Capos, Twist Burke, Dandy Farr, Gat Malone and Slug Dolan. Gat and Slug we let in because they were tough and used to fighting. Nick was a wop, and we let him in because we were afraid that the other wops might turn against us if we did not have one of them in on the gang profits as much as we were. Dutch and Twist were dead game and cunning. With Danny and me to lead, I figured we were pretty strong for anybody.

I always pitied poor Slug Dolan. When I was a little kid he was a fighter, and I guess he was pretty good. He won a few fights and finally got a chance at the big clubs, but after he had made good he got in a scrape about a woman, and the woman's husband shot at him and broke his right arm with the bullet. After that Slug was no good for fighting and he never had been any good for anything else, so he turned crook. He was not smart, and he got caught and was sent away. After he did his time, he got caught again and went for seven years. Now he was a stir bug that is, a guy that has served more than ten years. They call them stir bugs because being in prison is being in stir, and after you have been there ten years or more you are sure to be nutty. When a guy goes nutty in stir he does not show it much, but it is inside of him. He never believes anybody and all he thinks of is a way to fool people. He gets that way from trying to fool screws in the can. Screws are keepers. Up in prison a guy meets pretty nearly all stir bugs, and you should hear the ideas they give you.

Now that I know what prison is like, I know what I am talking about. But I will not be a stir bug. As long as Mary Dix is waiting for me, that fixes everything. But being in stir, I'll say, is a bad place to reform! Every time guys hear how much of a stretch I got to do, they know about when I am going to get out, and you should hear the schemes they put up to me on crooked jobs that I can work when I am free. That is the way prisoners get their money, and keepers like money the same as everybody else. A prisoner with money can buy a pretty easy stretch for himself.

A Life Sentence

ABOUT a month ago a stir bug finished his bit and got out. He went right to town and got there about dinnertime in the afternoon. He ate his dinner in a restaurant and before eight o'clock he was pinched again for sticking up an old guy that was supposed to have plenty of dough. For that he got ten years more, and that means life for him. He has got a funny cough—the kind guys do not get over. I never said a word, but I know the inside story on the whole deal. There is a man not more than ten cells from me that did it all. He did it out of sheer spite. Just before the stir bug was to get out he was a trusty, and he did something this other guy did not like. So the other guy tipped him off that this old man always carried about $5000 or $6000 on him.

When a guy is let out with a criminal record, five bucks and a prison suit that everybody recognizes, to say nothing of a haircut that is about as popular as that big chair with the wires on it, he has tough picking to get a new suit and get straightened around for a fresh start. You can lay a bet he never will get a job.

So the poor stir bug thanked this other prisoner and went after the old man. All on the quiet, the guy still in prison tipped a screw, and the screw tipped a city dick who was on the job waiting for the stick-up. The dick got a lot of credit and the stir bug got what is the same as life for him. But the guy within ten cells from me got his revenge and so squared it with the trusty for refusing him that little favor. That is what stir bugs are. They hate everything in the world, and I guess I do not blame them.

But if I had known what they were when Slug was let into our gang, we would have avoided him. He was a quiet guy and never said what he felt, but I found out

She Was a Bashful Kid and it Was a Long Time Before I Learned That She Really Loved Me, All Right

afterward that he had made up his mind never to do time again and had decided to shoot his way out if he ever got cornered. Him and Gat Malone always carried rods. That was where Gat got his nickname. But we took them all into the gang and had them meet us in an upstairs room at Clancy's and talk things all over. We sent Twist uptown to watch the gang we were after and see how they acted and where and when we could locate the same bunch that came after us. It took him a week, but he finally learned that the best chance we had was to drop down on them about two in the morning outside a little saloon that he named. We set the raid for the very next night, and when we left Clancy's everybody looked at us very quiet and never said a word. I guess they knew who we were all right, and that they had better keep their mouths shut.

A Visit to the Gang Uptown

THE next night we went uptown separately. Twist knew a place where automobiles were for hire and he went over and got one. He had the driver pick us up at different places, and when we were all aboard he told him to drive us around a while. Automobiles were still fairly new then and people used to take them out just to ride in.

When two o'clock in the morning came, we told the guy to drive us to the little saloon. He pulled up and we got out. Every one of us had a rod in his pocket and, if we had to, we were all ready to start shooting through our coats. I got to admit my heart was jumping worse than it did that night we rolled the dock foreman. But, too, there was something that made me go ahead. I felt pretty big with such a gang behind me, and we had brought along a quart of whisky and drank it all as we rode in the automobile.

Slug Dolan we left outside to see that the driver kept his engine running so we could make a quick get-away. The rest of us just walked in the side door of the saloon and looked around. There were three or four customers at the bar and six men playing poker at a table in the corner. One of the men at the bar I knew right away. He had come down after us. He saw us and hollered something that sounded scared. Danny pulled his rod and let fly. Twist cut loose too. I saw the man at the bar fall down, and a funny look was on his face—just like he had forgot everything he ever knew, and did not care if he had.

The man behind the bar cursed as loud as he could, and you should have seen the men at the table. There were poker chips all over the room. Of course, the saloon was supposed to be closed and the curtains were drawn across the front windows.

That helped us a little. For just a couple of minutes, I can tell you, there was a lot of shooting in that place. Then all the men were gone except two that lay still on the floor.

Gat Malone went right over the top of the bar and broke open the cash register. Twist took a couple of bottles of whisky and we beat it. We knew the papers would be full of the thing in the morning and felt pretty sure that gangs would keep out of our district after that.

Anything to Keep Out of Prison

WHEN we got out to the automobile Slug was having a hard time with the driver. He was standing on the running board and holding his gun square on the driver's head. We all jumped in and Slug made the guy drive us away. It was easy to reach a different part of town. But we just got started in time, because a cop came running toward the saloon right after we got into the car. Slug made him duck into a doorway by shooting at him.

We took the driver across the town from where we were really going and then we drank most of Twist's whisky. We were feeling pretty desperate by that time, and Danny said we ought to get rid of the car right away because maybe it was being hunted by the police. When we got out we planned to separate and meet later at Clancy's. But I never expected Slug to do what he did. The driver was pretty scared, but he never put up a fight. He looked mighty glad, at last, to see us going. I told him if he knew what was good for him he would keep his mouth shut. He said he would, but Slug slid in close and shot him three times. I almost fainted away, I guess, but it was done before I could stop it.

"You ain't never been in stir," Slug growled when I bawled him out. "I have. I ain't never goin' back neither! Not if I can shoot my way out! That guy would know us if we ever git jammed up over this, an' I ain't takin' chances!"

You can see for yourself what a stir bug is! They are crazy. If I had my way, knowing what I know now, I would sentence all men to death if they deserved more than ten years. I mean, after ten years in stir, guys are crazy and should never be let out. If they are not killed, they should get life. Either a ten-year limit or life, because they will be bad actors when they get out if they do a ten stretch. I suppose that sounds funny coming from me, but I really mean it. I know what prisoners talk about and what they plan and what it means to be in stir and see life going by you like a parade of hard knocks and dirty tricks. After a guy gets smart enough to do something that will get him ten years, he is too smart to take much stock in what the police and the courts call justice.

Right in this prison, as I talk to you, there is as much graft going on as I ever pulled off when I was out. Maybe you think us guys in stir ain't wise to it too! I have got a soft job in the library now because I learned a few things when I first came up here.

Always after that I was afraid of Slug Dolan. You never knew just what he might do. All the rest of the gang were a little quiet too. I mean it is one thing to go gun fighting like we did, but it is another just to kill a poor sap that is working hard for his living.

We separated and went back to Clancy's place. I knew the minute I walked in that Clancy was wise to what had happened, but nobody cracked a thing. I went upstairs and Slug and Twist and Gat were there. Right after me Danny breezed in. Not one of our gang had been hurt a bit. But we all looked pretty white and nobody had much of anything to say. I can remember, now, that all of them looked at Slug kind of funny from time to time, and all of them were a little queer and jumpy. We drank a lot of whisky that night and none of us left Clancy's until it was breakfast time.

When Guns are Good Things Not to Have

FINALLY Nick Capos took all our guns and slipped out the back way and threw them into the river. It was a good thing we thought of that. Later on you will see what a fine mess would have come if we had kept them. Just after Nick came back, the detective from the station house came in. He was scared and nervous and I could see that he had not been sleeping any all night.

"A fine lot of mugs you are!" he snarled at us. "Why didn't you wear signs on your back with all your names on 'em?"

"Did somebody make us?" Gat asks, meaning did somebody know who we were.

"What did you expect?" the dick cracks back. "Certainly they made you! Who bumped that poor chump that was drivin' the car?"

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I Got Just What I Planted—a Dirty, Rotten, Crooked Little Rat!

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 20, 1927

The Income Tax Again

IF THE average citizen were asked how to improve and simplify the Federal income tax, he might reply with the story, told at a meeting of specialists to discuss this very subject, of the man who went to a store to buy calico for his wife. He said that his wife would object to the first piece shown him because the pattern was too big, and she would not like the second piece because the pattern was too small. He felt she would not care for the third sample because the color was too bright, and he scorned the next exhibit on the ground that his wife might find the color too dull.

"What you want is not calico," said the clerk; "it's a divorce."

But abolition of this distasteful, nerve-racking and futuristic combination of a thousand fine-spun legalities, together with all the higher mathematics, is not an immediate likelihood. Fortunately at the last session of Congress there was created a Joint Congressional Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation for the express purpose of improving and simplifying the law. For months now experts in employ of the committee have been at work, and any citizen with specific recommendations to make should forward them to Room 452 of the House Office Building in Washington.

The committee must have recommendations ready for Congress when it again convenes, and if taxpayers fail to present their views at this time it will ill behoove them to complain of the complexities of the law in the future.

It may well be that the busy man of affairs doubts if his views will receive much attention on their way through the official hopper. But representatives of the public and of business interests have been appointed to confer with the congressional committee, and these representatives are the type of men who are in close touch with the business world.

Such organizations as the American Manufacturers Association, United States Chamber of Commerce, and American Bankers Association have committees on taxation which will see that practical suggestions from members reach the proper channels.

The problem of simplifying the income tax may prove insoluble. That at least is a possibility. But if the tax is to be retained, there is widespread hope that the terrors of its complexities may be substantially abated. The law as it is enforced consists in reality of seven separate statutes, all adopted within a comparatively short period of years, and of rulings, regulations and court decisions almost beyond the counting. The whole is a nightmare not only to the business world but to several million individuals acting in a solely individual capacity.

The income tax started out with reasonable simplicity, but has grown complicated, first because of high rates, and second because of incessant demands for certainty and fairness—that is, a thousand and one cases had to be provided for to prevent hardship and injustice and to insure equal and like treatment of like situations. To attain even a modicum of fairness it has been necessary to sacrifice simplicity.

Yet those in closest touch with this form of taxation hold out a ray of hope. The great majority of taxpayers do not need to have thrust upon them intricate and endless provisions that apply only to exceptional individuals or to corporations of the type that employ lawyers and accountants in any case. There is no good reason why men and women who pay a few hundred dollars or less should be forced to wade through minute technicalities that do not concern them.

It may be possible to introduce an optional short-cut form whereby the taxpayer may avoid practically all computation through choosing a flat deduction of, say, twenty-five per cent, covering everything. In most cases it is common knowledge that the Government would gain rather than lose by throwing overboard a large part of the meticulous baggage now employed.

But it is not our purpose at this time to discuss the details of the income tax. Rather we urge upon the many citizens experienced in these matters to do more than inwardly sizzle with discontent. Let such feelings harden into definite suggestions for betterment.

Feeding the Mob

THE problems of transportation in New York City are extraordinarily complex and difficult. But they are not to be solved by political catchwords or overcome while there is abject fear of votes. Although nearly all other cities, large and small, have discovered that urban transit systems cannot operate on a five-cent fare, the nickel is still the sole unit in America's metropolis. The retention of such a low fare makes a simple, easy talking point for those who deal in political tactics, but serves, unfortunately, to restrict and limit municipal credit and thus prevent or postpone further construction of transit lines.

The beauties of a five-cent fare can be expounded to the most undeveloped mentality, whereas the intricacies of debt limits, dual contracts, preferentials, and the like, do not hold much of interest for the general populace. Yet the facts are clear and plain enough. One can only gape in astonishment that economic realities should so long be held in abeyance by political and personal legerdemain and obfuscations.

It appears that some years ago the city agreed with the two leading transit companies to invest several hundred million dollars of its own money in new subways to be operated by the companies. The two companies had previously furnished transportation in entirely different parts of the greater city, and had therefore not been in competition.

But apparently the city authorities felt that the companies should compete, and in return for this insistence the companies demanded and received a preferential payment out of earnings before the city received anything on its own great investment.

For a number of years now, since the tunnels were built, this agreement has been in effect, and all the time those in political control have prevented any increase in the fare, although the companies have begged and besought that such action be taken. The companies themselves have got along fairly well, for the obvious reason that they are practically guaranteed an income on property which they do not own, while with a five-cent fare the owner is prevented by contract from earning a penny.

Because the income at five cents a ride, often for distances of many miles, is not enough to pay more than the companies' preferentials, the city has an inert investment of some three hundred million dollars on which it receives no return. If a larger fare were charged, the city would naturally receive an income; under the terms of state law its great capital investment in subways would at once be released from the debt limit, and the city could then sell ample issues of bonds to build more subways on a scale befitting its colossal needs.

The city can no doubt increase its borrowing capacity through special legislative dispensation. But common sense does not approve of its having a dead, unyielding investment of three hundred million dollars in transit facilities as well patronized as are the New York subways, when the addition of two or, at the most, three cents to the fare would so greatly expand and strengthen both its legal and its actual financial condition.

Police and fire protection, parks and schools must come out of the taxpayers. But for the same taxpayers also to furnish the people with transportation for five cents, often for distances which under strictly commercial conditions would cost twenty-five cents or more, is altogether too reminiscent of throwing bread to the Roman mob.

It was once thought that the five-cent fare would distribute a great population and thus prevent residential and slum congestion. But the very cheapness of transit has probably influenced industries which should move to the outskirts to remain in the central areas, and by drawing labor to them has added to congestion.

The people would no doubt prefer to ride for nothing, if the matter ended there. There are always newspapers and politicians ready to show that great economic problems are as simple as that. It is easier to amuse the people with cartoons of traction lords wearing stripes, or at least pictured as bloated plutocrats, than it is to reason out the whys and wherefores of municipal credit or, by discriminating logic, to show the eventual evil of subsidies.

New York's transportation troubles should be of interest to other parts of the country, if for no other reason than because of the lesson taught. Too often the people prefer to be amused by a so-called campaign, or by an empty, flashy shibboleth, rather than to have their economic needs cared for.

What New York requires is circulation—that is, transportation. It has not been able to find the money to provide adequate transit facilities, for the simple reason that it has been choking its own credit, out of deference to a slogan. What could be sillier?

A New Idea For Sportsmen

ORGANIZATIONS of sportsmen all over the country may study with profit the novel idea originated by Capt. Paul Mason and his fellow members of the Central Ohio Anglers and Hunters Club and put into operation by them.

This plan, which has for its end the wider application of sound methods for the conservation of natural resources, is designed to encourage the study of outdoor life of all varieties. The method proposed is for sportsmen's organizations to inaugurate, as a permanent part of their programs, the awarding of scholarships in schools equipped to give thorough training in the scientific study of various conservation problems.

Many strong and wealthy associations can easily afford to give yearly scholarships, or complete scholarships, in forestry, fish culture, entomology or advanced biology to students desiring such courses as a basis for their life work. Those not so strong, numerically or financially, can give summer-school scholarships, as has already been done by Captain Mason's club. This summer the protégé of the club is making an intensive study of the marine life of Lake Erie. Next year the scholarship will cover a course in forestry.

In view of the variety of our natural resources and the diversity of our sportsmen's interests, the possibilities of this plan would appear unlimited. The way to make sound, progressive conservationists is to catch them young and give them the best training the country affords.

A MANUAL OF EDUCATION FOR THE EDUCATED — By Corra Harris

THE purpose of education in this country is to provide young people with an estate that cannot be lost or diminished by any misfortune. It is a sort of paid-up insurance against the meanest of all poverty—pauperism of mind and spirit—which begins with the public schools and includes other state institutions where tuition is free.

As an ideal it is without a flaw. Not even a communist can find fault with it, since the same instruction is provided for the children of men who pay no taxes as for those whose fathers pay all the taxes. And out of consideration for everybody's prejudices, whether radical, rational or religious, neither morals nor religion is taught, only literature, history, science and ethics. The latter being no more than speculation in the theory of morals, as easily construed to satisfy one kind of man as another.

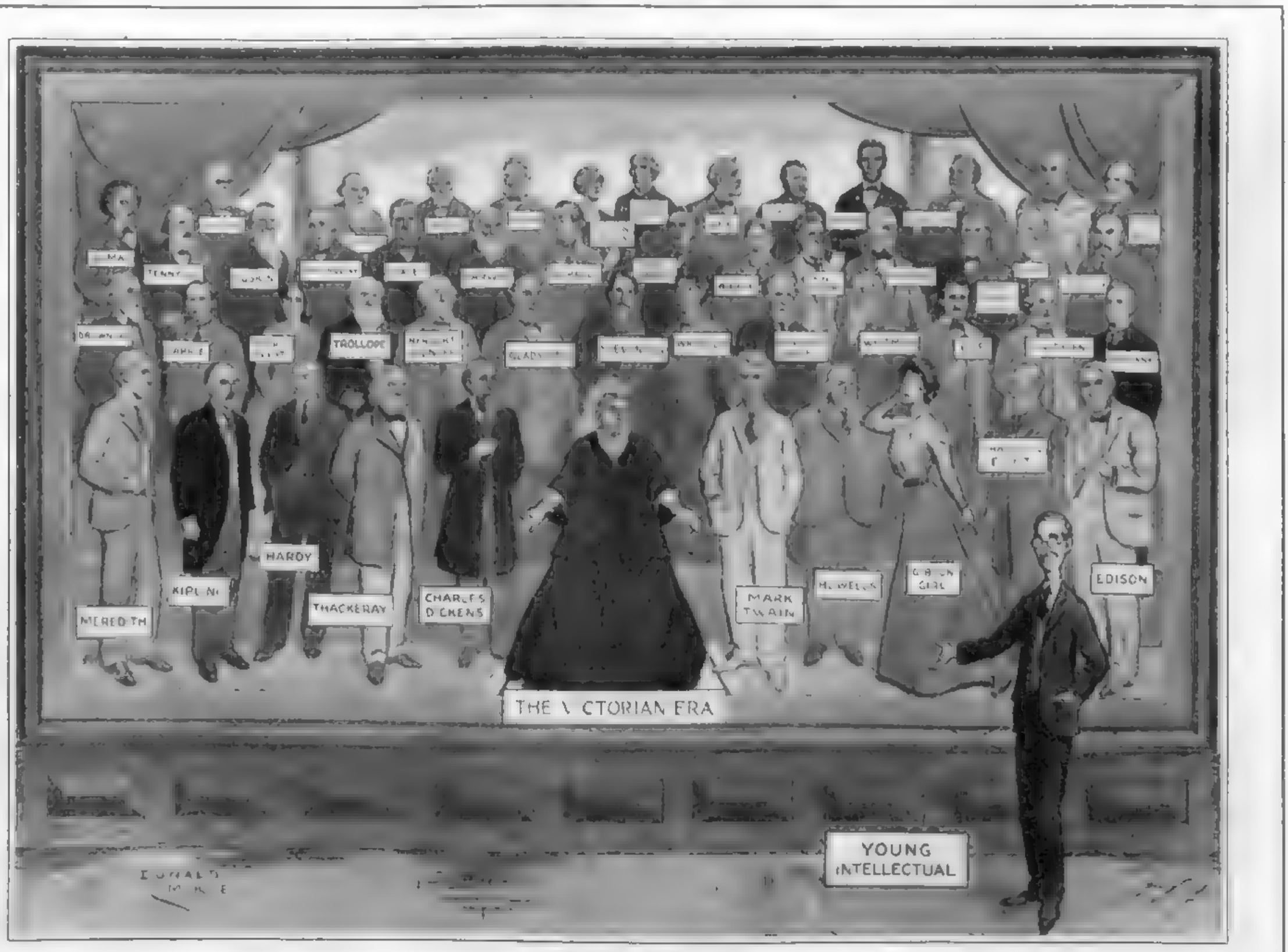
There is, however, something queer about ideals: They are conceivable, but never attainable. And something equally queer about us, poor literalists that we are of our own human nature, who do forever struggle to reach them. Thus the aspiring history of mankind is a record of damaged ideals, torn to shreds by our effort to adapt them to our mortal moods and tenses, our theories, creeds, politics and hand-to-hand conflicts with each other. What gods we have had, and discarded for nobler gods, and for One Great God—not to be changed by any of them, only lifted a little before the illusion fades. What towers and cities we have built, and left buried and forgotten in the desert sands. How many worlds we have conquered, only to bite the dust at last, and leave all worlds unconquered. How many systems of philosophy we have proved, but remain no wiser than usual, heirs still to the limitations of our nature which cut deeper than all wisdom. What epics we have written to the rhythm of the hero's stride, when there were no such heroes among us—myths created to transfigure our own conceits. We simply think it, write it, and then believe it, mortal children to the last, teased by great illusions, sightseers of ideals, sensible in all else, but by some sublime enchantment of the spirit forever striving to fit greatness to our littleness.

Endowed with a foreign quality of majesty which never concedes the immeasurable difference and distance between the real and the ideal, we are determined to join them together in the wedlock of our strictly human affairs. We are hybrids—partly spiritual and imperishable, partly carnal and totally perishable—the obvious missing link between mortality and immortality which no mere rationalist will recognize. But he digs up the foundations of the earth searching for that other missing link to prove his origin from a lower species and never finds it—some bone will be missing, or there is one bone too many—when the very beast from which he is evolved may walk by his side, braying to remind him of the fact!

I cannot see that it makes much difference how we came to pass; the significant thing is that we are carnally bred and have immortal minds. This accounts for the passion we have for ideals and the frightful damage we do to them, like mortal children trying on holy garments that drag in our dust. We wear them out. If we are ever destroyed, it will not be by our sins but by some ideal we have worn and torn until it becomes a vicious and entangling snare.

By some such process of the fading and brightening of our aspirations, education has become the consuming ideal of the noblest minds among us. To wipe out illiteracy and abolish ignorance is the slogan of our civilization. Teaching must bridge the chasm between classes and masses, one lofty level of intelligence, the same standards, one common mind to serve. This must bring adjustment, tolerance, the long-desired sanity of peace and power. Thus they set the bright mark of their faith upon the foreheads of American youth and pledged them the tuition fees of a great salvation.

(Continued on Page 127)



THE BIG LAUGH

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

"Did Ya Read in th' Papers About This Lindbergh an' Them Other Aviators Flyin' Across th' Ocean?"
"Nope. What Paper Was That In?"

Slander

LET slander mongers make their hatreds known,
But give them no reply, good son and daughter.
The filthy pool in which you cast a stone
Will surely spatter you with filthy water.

—Arthur Gutterman.

A Story of Philosophy

SITTING in the motor-bus, I conned the booksellers' advertisements. A history of philosophy was piling up colossal sales; the publishers boasted that ere long it would reach the half-million mark.

So the great public had discovered philosophy! What would be the effect of this craze, I pondered. Would philosophy bring peace and wisdom to the world?

The road was too rough for reading. I leaned forward and addressed the bus driver, "How far do you call it to Catatonk?"

"I couldn't rightly say. We used to call it six mile from Johnson's sugar bush." He sighed. "But conceptual space differs so greatly from the space of sense experience that a fellow can't tell very well if space as a category is valid for the external world. Space, after all, is only a mutual apartness of objects ——"

The Nose Dive

Have You Ever Considered They Were All Once Upon a Time——

To Lucasta, Returning From the Shore

(After Lovelace)

TELL me not, sweet, I am remiss,
That from your glowing cheek
And vivid neck no fervent kiss
Or warm caress I seek.

The skin I erstwhile loved to touch
Dissuades the fond go-getter;
I'll not philander, dear, too much,
Until your sunburn's better.

—Corinne Rockwell Swain.

"Let it go—let it go. What time do you figure we should hit Catatonk?"

"That there's a pretty big question. How do you cognize time? Is it the perceived sequence relation of individualized stages of change and the attendant aspect of duration? Then it is grounded in the relating activity of the mind. Hence the future, unperceived by the mind, cannot exist. If the future don't exist, why, I reckon we'll never get to Catatonk."

"But I've got to see the hay-and-feed dealer there at 10:15, and it's ten now!"

"It's ten now, is it? Then the present exists for you? You conceive time to be a thing-in-itself? I hold with Kant that it is only a phenomenon. Every occurrence is, however, a true realization of the absolute idea, the Universal."

The bus, halfway off the concrete, jounced over a culvert in the soft shoulder.

"Jim is gettin' to be a turrible Hegelian," commented a farmer's wife brightly.

"Is anything real? I often think that the world is only an idea in my mind. That bridge over Roaring Kill, ahead, for instance; does it exist? Supposing it exists, is it what it appears to be to my perception and what I conceive it to be in my mind? Do you exist? Probably not."

The bus, at forty miles an hour, grazed first the left side, then the right side, of the bridge. After a moment I concluded that I continued to exist.

The driver pursued, "You may call me a solipsist ——"

(Continued on Page 121)

Barber to Lady Customer (Absently): "Shave, Sir?"

~~How~~ Now you can vary the soups you serve!

We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination
And every single can contains
Our business reputation.

TWENTY-ONE different kinds of Campbell's Soups! A complete daily service to the housewives of America! Vegetable Purees. Meat Soups. Clear Soups. All the popular favorites, led by Tomato Soup and Vegetable Soup. In addition many unusual soups which will give freshness and novelty—"something different"—to your meals. Take full advantage of them. Let Campbell's Soups help you every day to vary your menus. Your grocer has them all, or will gladly get them for you. A complete list of these soups is printed on every label. 12 cents a can.

Campbell's Asparagus Soup
Puree of fresh young shoots of asparagus, blended with country butter and garnished with tender asparagus tips. Richer still served as a Cream of Asparagus Soup.

Campbell's Bean Soup
Choice beans are cooked, strained and combined with a puree of carrots and celery, a flavoring of other vegetables and temptingly seasoned.

Campbell's Beef Soup
For those who like an especially generous amount of meat, in solid pieces, in their soup. Besides these, are beef broth, diced carrots, potatoes and celery, tomatoes, barley, onion, parsley and seasoning. Real, nourishing food.

Campbell's Bouillon
A Clear Soup, remarkable for the strength of its invigorating beef broth. Flavored with celery, onion, leek, parsley, herbs and seasoning. More pronounced in flavor than Campbell's Consomme. Valuable for invalids also.

Campbell's Celery Soup
Wholesome, healthful vegetable food of great tonic [illegible] Snow white celery, nourishing butter, and deft seasoning produce a soup of delicate appetizing flavor. Popular, too, prepared as a Cream of Celery Soup.

Campbell's Chicken Soup
Chicken broth combined with blanched Patna head rice, diced chicken meat, celery, parsley, herbs and seasoning. Excellent also for children and invalids.

Campbell's Chicken-Gumbo Soup
Louisiana Creole dish. Chicken broth, tomato puree, celery, parsley, herbs, blended with diced chicken meat, blanched rice and okra.

Campbell's Clam Chowder
Cherrystone clams, direct from the sea, with pork, diced potatoes, tomatoes, fresh herbs and condiments. Especially delicious prepared with milk or cream.

Campbell's Consomme
A leader among the Clear Soups. *The* soup for the formal dinner. Invigorating broth of fine beef, delightfully flavored with carrots, celery, parsley, onion and seasoning. Clarified to a beautiful amber.

Campbell's Julienne Soup
The Clear Soup that is so often selected for the formal occasion. To the clarified beef broth are added whole small peas. Carrots, turnips, celery, Savoy cabbage and leek in shredded form lend additional charm, and there is a delicate flavoring of onion and parsley.

Campbell's Mock Turtle Soup
Its unusual flavor makes it an immediate success wherever it is served. Tempting pieces of calves' head meat are blended in a rich beef broth, with tomato puree, celery, herbs and a dash of the true European flavoring.

Campbell's Mulligatawny Soup
The Chicken Soup of the Orient. A rare treat for the family. Chicken and rice are the basis, combined with East India chutney and curry. Fresh fruits, carrots, turnips, leek, onion, citron, candied orange and lemon peel, cocoanut, tamarind, coriander, ginger—all are in this enticing soup.

Campbell's Mutton Soup
Strength-building food for children and invalids. With health-giving broth of choice mutton are combined diced mutton, potatoes, carrots, barley, celery, parsley and a touch of leek. Seasoning is mild. Salt and pepper may be added to taste.

Campbell's Ox Tail Soup
Men especially like this broth of selected ox tails and beef, blended with sliced ox tail joints, tomato puree, diced carrots, yellow turnips, celery, onion, leek, herbs, parsley and barley. A soup of world-famous flavor seldom made at home.

Campbell's Pea Soup
Rich in wholesome vegetable nutriment. Sweet nutritious peas, fresh country butter, the daintiest of seasoning. Here is a soup the hostess is proud of and the mother likes to serve to her children. Wonderful prepared as a Cream of Pea Soup.

Campbell's Pepper Pot
A man's soup. It's the real "Philadelphia Pepper Pot," famous since Colonial days. Beef broth, macaroni dumplings, honeycomb tripe, potatoes, onion, ground black pepper corns, marjoram, thyme, sweet pimientos—in a soup that delights the appetite.

Campbell's Printanier Soup
The Clear Soup named after Springtime because of its dainty young vegetables. Chicken and beef broth, with carrots and turnips in small fancy shapes, celery, cabbage, leek, parsley, peas and herbs. It jells when the can is placed on ice for four hours—a charming delicacy.

Campbell's Tomato Soup
The most popular soup in the world. Pure, tonic juices of sun-sweetened tomatoes, blended with golden butter, fresh herbs and skillful seasoning. Extra delicious prepared as a Cream of Tomato Soup. Widely used, also, as a sauce for meats, fish, rice, macaroni, salads, etc.

Campbell's Tomato-Okra Soup
Southern Gumbo style. Appetizing tomato puree, made additionally rich, smooth and tempting by the fresh sliced okra, nutritious butter, herbs and seasoning.

Campbell's Vegetable Soup
The favorite hearty soup. Considered by many as "a meal in itself." Its thirty-two different ingredients include beef broth, baby lima beans, peas, tomatoes, alphabet macaroni, sweet corn, white and sweet potatoes, turnips, carrots, celery, cabbage, barley, parsley, okra, sweet red pepper, onion and leek.

Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup
Growing faster in popularity than any other soup in America. A thick, filling vegetable soup that contains also tempting pieces of meat. In the blend are beef broth, vegetable puree, tomatoes, diced potatoes and carrots, peas, onion and selected barley.

Campbell's Soups
LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

WHITE HANDS

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

XIV

WINSLOW, as Casey Crowell maneuvered for a landing nearer the shore line, saw that another plane had preceded them in to Lake Wapanapi. He even resented its presence there as an intruder, an interloper, and the frown on his troubled face deepened perceptibly as he turned back to study it, riding so indolently on the open water, resting so confidently where it wasn't wanted.

Winslow thought at first that it was a press plane. But Casey, heeling down into the lake water and drifting to a stop along the low swells, soon put him right on that point. "That's a Laurentide Air Service machine," he explained. "They've a base at Remi Lake, about fifty miles west of Cochrane. But I imagine this bird's come in from the Haileybury base on Lake Temiscaming. They've been carrying supplies into the new Rouyn district. But they seem to have poked a finger in this pie. That's their canvas boat pulled up on the beach there."

Winslow proffered no immediate response to this information, and Casey made no further effort at explanation. Allowances, he knew, would have to be made for the Big Boss. That old fighter, Casey remembered, was staggering grim-willed across a new kind of battlefield. He wasn't a whiner, of course, but his face, to the discreet-eyed young flyer, had a worn and trampled look, rather like a strawberry patch after the pickers had worked it over. And Winslow even in those mellower moods when he had sometimes looked as large and benignant and delusively tender as a zoo lion shortly after feeding time, wasn't a man to be trifled with in his hour of trouble.

So Casey held his peace. He sat blinking out over the lonely saw-toothed edge of the pinelands until his passenger heaved a great sigh and began to unbuckle his seat straps.

"Let's get ashore," growled Winslow. That growl, the younger man knew, was merely a whistle to get past the graveyard. For they were both a little afraid of what might or might not be awaiting them just over the hill.

Yet when they were close enough to wade to land, Casey, for reasons entirely his own, preferred to remain with his flying boat. "There's still a leak in that water jacket," he announced. "I'll stick here and get things ready for a take-off."

Winslow said nothing. But his eyes were stern and his jaws were set tight as he climbed the broken slope toward the island cabin. He tried to walk calmly, even though the ache of unrest in his heart kept prompting him to hurry.

At the crest of the hill he came face to face with a man in a mottled gray golf suit.

This man, he saw, was Peter Summers. It was Peter Summers, looking absurdly spick-and-span and pallid-faced in the revealing white sunlight.

"What're you doing here?" demanded Winslow, trying to dissemble the shake in his knees.

"The same thing, I imagine, that you're doing," was Peter's deliberately curt retort. Yet one glance told him, plainly enough, the strain the older man was under. The rugged wide face looked gray and haggard and the heavy brows drooped, giving a wordless air of pathos to the eyes that seldom bore a look so stricken.

"You know what's happened?" asked Winslow, resenting the accusatory air which hung about the younger man.

Peter, for reply, handed him the roughly scrawled note that Paddy had left pinned to the door. Winslow's face hardened as he read it.

She Studied Him Once More—Studied Him With Eyes That Were Thoughtful and Honest and a Little Shadowed

"That means they're both out there," he said, with an all-too-betraying quaver in his voice. "You know that Jinny's lost somewhere in these woods?"

Peter said, "Yes."

Winslow, for some reason, found it hard to go on. He was staring at the deserted cabin. "We've got to get busy," he suddenly proclaimed. "Time counts in a case like this. We had a forced landing and lost a day." His eye was opaque as he turned back to Peter. "How 'd you get in here?"

"I hired that flying boat at Haileybury," explained Peter. "But Bodkin, my pilot, is none too sure of this country; and Jinny's letter didn't make things any too clear for me."

"Ah, you had a letter from Jinny?"

"That's what brought me here," was Peter's curt retort. Yet he regretted it, a moment later, when he observed the quivering underlip of the older man.

"And you intended to take her out?" asked Winslow.

"I still intend to take her out," proclaimed Peter, with an altogether new and steely note in his voice.

Winslow preferred not to meet his eye. He stared at the clothesline of braided rawhide from which swung a narrow-shouldered jacket of sack hemp.

"I thought I—I was doing the right thing," he said, trying his best to steady his voice. "But it's—it's turned out wrong. It's really an awful mix-up, Summers."

"Meeting emergencies is a part of my profession," Peter announced with unlooked-for quietness.

That seemed to steady the unhappy Winslow a little. But his brow remained clouded.

"How in God's name," he demanded in a none too steady voice, "is a man going to save them?"

"By finding them!"

But Peter's professional crispness was lost on the other. "It's not that. What I mean is save them from themselves, from this world that seems to have gone mad since we were young."

"It's no madder than it used to be."

"But your own flesh and blood: you've got to get them set straight set straight with honor and clean living and all that."

"I can't see any short cut to it," was Peter's slightly retarded reply. "You can't say 'Be pure in heart, girls, or I'll whale the hide off you!'" But even the acidulated smile faded from Peter's lips before he went on again. "About the best we can do, I think, is to keep them as close as we can in our loving-kindness—and trust to luck."

He moved uneasily, with the abashment of a reticent man emerging from a surrender to feeling.

"I want to save 'em," muttered the man with the tired eyes.

"Then let's get busy at it," proclaimed Peter.

But Winslow still hesitated. He compelled his heavy gaze to meet that of the younger man.

"But you don't understand this," he said, coercing himself to calmness. "My girl—Jinny—Jinny has gone away with an Indian named Black Arrow."

The silence was only a momentary one. "She won't go far," was Peter's quiet response.

"Do you know anything about Black Arrow?"

"No," said Peter: "but I know Jinny."

Still again a moment's silence hung between them. "I hope to God you're right!" And that cry seemed wrung from the depths of the older man's soul. "But it's too late for talking. What we want right now is action."

"I'm ready," proclaimed Peter. "It means a searching party, of course. How many men can we get?"

"Only what we've got right here."

"How about bloodhounds in a case like this?"

"Bloodhounds! This isn't Alabama!" Winslow cried with unexpected spirit. "What we've got to do is comb this country with our flying boats, and we've still got seven hours of daylight for dragging those hills."

"My pilot's ready when you are," announced Peter. "He told me, by the way, that he's been covering the trail into the Rouyn gold fields in less than one hour, where it used to take six or seven days of hard paddling. So having these boats ought to be something in our favor."

"We'll need 'em," was the older man's grim rejoinder. But he hesitated again, with the frown deepening between his bushy brows. Defensive gestures were not easy for him.

"This whole thing," he suddenly proclaimed, "would have come out all right if those outsiders had only left them alone."

"But that," retorted the cool-eyed Peter, "is just the point. Outsiders never will leave them alone. They're not made for being left alone."

Winslow made no reply to that. But when Casey came over the hill, a moment later, the older man silently handed Paddy's hurriedly scrawled message to the young flyer.

(Continued on Page 32)

Body by Fisher

Enriched in Beauty

Reduced in Price

Now, as a result of the surprising reduction in all Pontiac Six prices, two great motoring luxuries are combined at the lowest price in history. Now $745 is the world's lowest price for six-cylinder performance and Fisher body luxury—an achievement made possible by the manufacturing economies effected in the mammoth new Pontiac Six factory, recently completed at a cost of $12,000,000.

As never before, does the supremacy of Pontiac Six value reveal itself to cold logic and comparison. Now its beauty is enriched by fashionable new Duco color combinations. Marvelous smoothness and snap are achieved by the largest engine used in any six priced up to $1,000. Long life and high speed stamina are assured by an oiling system which forces 250 gallons of oil an hour through the engine at 35 m. p. h. Comfort and convenience are enhanced by tilting-beam headlights with foot control, VV windshield, luxury type cushions and numerous other important features.

These are vital factors of permanent satisfaction and high *resale value* which every buyer of a low-priced six is entitled to expect. They are but a few of the features which make today's Pontiac Six a triumph of efficient production and advanced engineering. Visit the nearest Oakland-Pontiac dealer. *Learn how much more you get for your money with the world famous Pontiac Six now enriched in beauty and reduced in price!*

$745
2-DOOR SEDAN

New low prices announced July 15th on all passenger cars.

Coupe	$745	Sport Cabriolet	$795
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Pontiac Six De Luxe Delivery, $585 to $770. The New Oakland All American Six, $1045 to $1265. All prices at factory. Delivered prices include minimum handling charges. Easy to pay on the General Motors Time Payment Plan

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN
General Motors Products of Canada, Ltd.—Pontiac Division—Oshawa, Ontario

The New and Finer

PONTIAC SIX

(Continued from Page 30)

Knowing what he knew, he waited for some sign of surprise, even some cry of alarm, from the lean-faced youth in the flying cap. But Casey's manner was singularly tranquil as he handed back the rumpled oblong of birch bark.

"She'll be all right," he quietly observed.

"What makes you so sure of that?" demanded Paddy's father, his nerves not entirely under control.

"Because she's so essentially the right sort," was Casey's confident answer.

"How do you know what sort she is?" barked Winslow.

"I know her much better than you imagine." And Casey stood straight-shouldered and slightly defiant before the thunderous glance of his employer.

"It seems to be only the outsiders who understand my family," proclaimed the none-too-happy Winslow.

"And I know one outsider," asserted Casey, as he tightened his belt, "who's going to find her."

"Then supposing we get busy," was Peter's slightly acid suggestion, as his own pilot, looking remarkably like an Eskimo in his unbuttoned fur-trimmed leather jacket, came over the hill and turned the trio into a quartet.

So, after a brief conference as to the best method of signaling and the best courses to follow and the best landing places in case of emergency, they set off. Almost in unison the turned propellers sprang into life and droned with speed, the two wide-winged bulks gathered headway, the two widening hull wakes became twin gushes of foam, and with a thunderous roar of sound the two gondolas lifted from the water, rose in the hot air and circled gently out over the subsiding shore line with its saw-tooth fringe of pine tops.

They flew in ever-widening arcs, dipping and veering and studying the broken country under their cockpits. They patrolled lonely valleys ribboned with waterways; they traversed deep green stretches of spruce land, wave by shadowy wave; they circled over desolate inland lakes where the water fowl scurried to cover at their approach; they banked and tacked and countertacked over muskegs and hogbacks and brush lands. Once, when they were over heavier timber, Casey spotted a gray plume of smoke going up from the side of a crooked lake of hooker green. He raced for it with a new light in his eyes, only to find, after an adroit landing in a narrow dog leg of water, a solitary and unloquacious old Indian drying whitefish on a smoke frame. Still again they saw smoke farther north, but when they zoomed over it Casey remembered it as a peat field that had been smoldering intermittently for a year and more. But they encountered nothing definite to reward their search. So when the late afternoon deepened into evening they flew wearily back to Wapanapi and taxied in under the lee of Adanak Island.

Winslow sat silent and heavy-eyed as the gondola drifted in toward the shore shadows. And a loon laughed derisively out in the lake as Casey, stiff-kneed and slow in his movements, got out the mooring line.

Casey turned and shook his fist at the unseen water fowl. Then he looked at the thick-shouldered man still seated in the cockpit. "I'll have to hop down to Elk Crossing for gas before breakfast tomorrow," he said with achieved matter-of-factness. "Then we can flip out far enough to pick 'em up."

But Winslow was not listening to him. "It's another day gone," he was muttering to himself.

"When we make Big Squaw Lake tomorrow," averred Casey, "we'll strike something worth while. My hunch is that we're going to hit 'em there."

Winslow's face twitched. But he managed a smile, though a wintry one, as he clambered ashore. "You're all right, Casey," he said with a listless sort of warmth.

"And they're all right," proclaimed Casey, as he stared out over the darkening horizon of the pinelands, infinitely wide and desolate in the paling light. He even fell to whistling, thinly but determinedly, as he preceded the lagging Winslow back to the empty island camp.

XV

BLACK ARROW, being an Indian, was obviously a good tracker. His woodaman's sense of direction was something more than dependable—it was infallible—and to follow a required trail, however tenuous, was with him little more than an instinct. Tracks talked to him with a radio all their own, and footprints had the habit of becoming garrulous.

So it was easy enough, once he had fought out his fight and reached his final decision, to pick up the trail of the wandering white woman. But a racial sagacity prompted him, on second thought, to paddle a mile upstream, cache his canoe deep in a poplar grove and rejoin the fugitive's trail a good two miles from his last camping spot. It might be a long time, he remembered, before he would come that way again, and he wanted no interference with his movements until he had rescued his lost companion. She had humiliated him, but she had to be found. She had used him, after the manner of her kind, but he had been glad enough to be with her. She had awakened him out of his wigwam lethargy, bringing back to him a breath of the world he had known and lost. But no man can ride two worlds, any more than he can ride two horses. He would always be foolish now in the older rôle, just as she was foolish in trusting herself to his world, to the forest which the outsider so seldom understood. She was absurd there, as helplessly bewildered there as he would be amid the pallid crowds of Broadway. The sooner he got her out of those surroundings, the better; and the sooner he delivered her back to Wapanapi, whatever the cost, the better for them both.

But he realized, as morning advanced and the sun streamed hot on those windless valleys, that he was not to catch up with her so easily as he had expected. She had struck through that wilderness with no uncertain step. She had made her flight from him a humiliatingly precipitate one. Yet the frown deepened on his stoic face as he followed her footprints down to a wide and forbidding muskeg. He could see where she had hesitated, had gone on again, had struggled and stumbled from tundra ledge to tundra ledge. Then all record of her vanished.

He remained thoughtful as he circled the more open spaces of the marshland. It was easy enough for him then to make a crossing, but his brow was cloudy as he studied the rising ground beyond the morass that bubbled in the hot air with its marsh gas. It was, he knew, no safe playground for a child of the city. He even feared at first that she had not emerged from that clutter of sink holes. Then he came up with her trail, unmistakable, eloquent of terror and exhaustion, and his face clouded again as he studied it. He knew by this time precisely what had happened. From that moment forward she was a lost woman. She was

(Continued on Page 114)

Black Arrow Threw Himself Over the Lip of Rock and Went Tumbling and Staggering and Sprawling Down a Long Slope of Loose Pebbles

Everything shines in the City of Sunbrite

Sunbrite *cleans and sweetens* the kitchen stove

Keeping the kitchen stove clean is one of the burdensome tasks of housekeeping.

It need not be. Here is an easy way to keep it spick and span.

As soon as the stove is cool, scour off the stains and grease film with **Sunbrite.** You will be surprised to find how little time it takes.

Sunbrite also destroys every trace of food odors. Its double action sweetens and purifies while it cleans and polishes. One simple cleansing process leaves your stove sanitary as well as surface clean.

Sunbrite saves hours of scrubbing and scouring in the kitchen. It combines economy with double efficiency, too. **Sunbrite** costs very little. Use it freely in all your household cleansing.

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USE QUICK NAPTHA WHITE SOAP CHIPS FOR A CLEANER-THAN-EVER WASH

THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

"What I Wish to Know First is This: Who Was the Old Man of the North? How Did He Come to Have Lynne Up Here? And Who is Lynne?"

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

XV

LYNNE, having bound Harrington to her by her ceremony under the northern lights, was now willing to accede to his request that they emerge from the sink hole and travel about the country. He explained that he could tunnel the snow-blocked defile with ease, or mount it and drive a slanting tunnel from the top near the far end to the level of the river. Lynne then revealed the existence of the other route to the top.

Taking the dogs up by this route was something of a feat, but they constructed a sling of caribou hide that would fit securely round the body of a dog. At each of the three difficult points Lynne adjusted this harness on each dog in turn, while Harrington, from the ledge above, hauled the animal up with a long rawhide rope. By means of this improvised elevator they transferred ten dogs and the sleigh to the top, thereafter leaving them in the dog corral between the first and second rims of the sink hole.

There followed glorious runs across the white landscape, when they traveled far and slept in their fur sleeping bags while the dogs curled up in the snow, each with his tender nose protected from the bitter cold by burying the member in a bushy tail. They set snares and took the skins of mink and sables, of ermine and an occasional fox. But always the cabin and the flickering fire on the big stone hearth was best; a haven of refuge—home.

The Arctic winter still held its grip, although there were increasing periods of light daily. Then came the sun, showing briefly at first, then hanging each day for a few hours above the horizon and shedding a cold brilliant light upon a frozen, snowbound world. Spring, with its first chinooks that thawed the drifts and sent surface water boiling across the ice. Most of the snow disappeared from the open. Hardy flowers pushed through at the very edge of the remaining drifts. Skunk cabbage thrust asparaguslike shoots through the dead leaves at the foot of the alders. Tips of willow and alder swelled with life, preparatory to extending their shoots. Bull moose had shed their massive antlers and their heads were now unadorned. A few bears had come from their winter's dens and were nibbling a few blades of grass and tender new willow shoots. And still the ice had not gone out of the streams.

Then one day Lynne gazed aloft as a few silvery notes drifted down from on high. A half dozen swans reflected the rays of the sun as if they shone on burnished silver. Clamorous honking mingled with the clarion notes of the swans and a long wedge of gray geese gabbled joyously as they pitched down from the skies and made a landing on the tundra. As if this were the signal, the gorgeous spring of the Northland claimed the country. The feathered hordes swept in from their mysterious migrations in countless millions. White banks of snow geese scurried through to nest in the tundra on the shores of the Arctic Ocean. Ducks of a dozen varieties came swishing up from the south, loons and grebes appeared, warblers and flycatchers flitted through the timber, plovers and curlews dropped down from the skies.

A gang of half a hundred sand-hill cranes made a landing on a little knoll some distance from Clay and Lynne, and the two of them watched a strange performance. Wildly clamorous, the tall gray-plumed fellows bowed and scraped, extending long necks and curtsying, leaping upon first one foot, then the other, moving forward and back in the wildest and most expressive quadrille in all Nature—the love dance of the sand-hill cranes.

New migrants appeared daily and still the scurrying feathered hosts rushed on. The hiss of wings filled the air of nights, and through the gabbling converse of geese and cranes an occasional clear piping note of a homing plover or the shrill call of a curlew dropped from on high, as a distant silver bugle note cleaving through the din of battle. But the clanging of the feathered hosts was not the music of battle. It was the music of pulsing life and love, come again to greet the spring when the ice king released his grip on the frozen North.

And Lynne and Clay reveled in the spring, as joyous and carefree as the creatures of the wild. They traveled far and swam in the streams that gurgled joyful release from the ice that had held them fettered for so long a time. And with the spring came Villiers, worn fine and thin at the end of a long, long journey.

He had come clear from Track's End since midwinter, having gone outside with the boats of the traders the previous fall at the request of Ruvierre, the priest.

"Laverne is up in here somewhere and he means no good," Villiers stated after a brief greeting. "Have you seen him?"

"A man who called himself McNair came here on no good errand," Harrington informed. "But he is resting comfortably in the arms of the devil, so his case can wait for the present. What I wish to know first is this: Who was the Old Man of the North? How did he come to have Lynne up here? And who is Lynne?"

"Perhaps you recall hearing the tale that almost half a century ago Judge Kilrain suddenly dropped from sight and was given up as lost. Then, perhaps ten years later, a party of explorers, penetrating the edge of the Barren Grounds northeast of Great Slave Lake, ran into a recluse and recognized him as Judge Kilrain, though few believed it." Harrington nodded to signify that he had heard of the occurrence, and Villiers resumed: "He shifted his range far to the west and was probably the first white man to penetrate this Liard country. He made his permanent home here at the big falls, but prowled all of the tributaries of the Liard. It was forty years ago that the few scattered natives of the country began whispering of the spirit of the North that dwelt in the phantom falls. The Nahané had never been up in this region, but held out along the main Liard. And even if they'd had the notion to come up this way later, the fear of the Old Man of the North would have halted the superstitious beggars. So much for Kilrain.

"He had been wandering the Liard country for somewhere round twenty years when one day he saw floating in a backwater eddy a small piece of white peeled log with a roll of birch bark round it, tied in place by two strips of cloth. The message sent him hurrying off upstream. He found a little hut of logs and mud in which a woman was dying.

"Now as to her part. She came of a very wealthy Eastern family and loved a young man named Lynnhaven, of considerable personal charm, but who lacked material resources. The family objected to his financial rating and vetoed the match. A similar affair on the part of another daughter was also blocked. Then suddenly, just after one sister had been married to a man of the family's selection, the other disappeared. The family never heard of her again, although a sizable fortune was spent in the search for her. The bulk of her father's estate, when he died a few years

(Continued on Page 37)

1927 brings new Ford economy

Science at last cuts carbon and band replacements at the same time

You say, "I'll spend so much this year for automobile expenses—and no more!" But a single unforeseen repair bill can set your well-laid plans at naught.

There's carbon deposit, for instance. And worn transmission bands. Carbon *will* come. Bands *will* wear out. How soon?

The new Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" swings the axe of science at the roots of these two commonest engine expenses.

It is the oil for your Ford car (Model T) that combines these two economies.

Smooth starts are cheap starts

The new Mobiloil "E" gives the smoothest imaginable starting and stopping. That is because the new Mobiloil "E" keeps the transmission bands soft and pliable. This greatly lessens wear.

You keep your bands longer than ever. This saving alone may amount to more than you spend for six months' supply of Mobiloil "E."

By reducing carbon you automatically increase power. You get fatter, hotter sparks from cleaner plugs. Your valves seat better. Full compression is maintained. Pistons are more completely sealed.

Less carbon reduces engine expense, on the one hand, and increases engine efficiency, on the other.

But the new Mobiloil "E" does not stop with these economies. There is an extra margin of safety to meet each demand of the Ford engine—the Ford splash lubricating system, the Ford bearing clearances and the Ford operating temperatures.

With Mobiloil "E" you have few engine repairs to pay for because you have less wear, less friction.

Easy to prove it—

Refill your crankcase with four quarts of the new Mobiloil "E" the next time you change oil.

The smoother starting and stopping will more than repay you for making the change.

As time passes you will find also a marked lowering in engine expenses—fewer carbon removals, fewer band replacements, longer life for spark plugs.

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as an ounce of prevention

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"Now you'll like Bran"

(Continued from Page 34)

ago, was left to the only child of the sister who had married according to family dictates. This child, a girl, was the only known living heir. A legacy of somewhat staggering proportions, however, was left in trust for the missing daughter or her heirs, in case she should reappear before a certain date. The father had never given up hope of her return. The fact that young Lynnhaven had disappeared also made it seem morally certain that the girl had eloped with him.

"And she had—going West to join him in the new settlements of Alberta. From there, with two Indian helpers, they started into the North by canoe. They reached a flat prairie region now known as the Hay River country. It is still largely unexplored. The streams thereabouts meander in all directions. They made a portage from the head of one stream to another, believing that the new piece of water would take them back south to the Koochigak, up which they had come in the early summer. They had one canoe and most of the equipment across, when the two natives, returning for the other canoe, failed to reappear. It is likely that they had doubts as to where the stream would take them and simply deserted as the safest expedient. The young couple shoved off. After two weeks of steady traveling the man knew what their northwest course presaged. They had crossed an almost imperceptible divide and this stream would continue to carry them into the North, and eventually into the Arctic. It was a tributary of the Liard, emptying into it from the south several hundred miles above where this stream flows into the Liard from the north. But he did not know that. Only the mouth of the Liard, where it flowed into the Mackenzie, was known to the white men at that time. An early winter swooped down and the freeze-up caught them. They were well supplied and there was an abundance of game in the hills, so they wintered through in relative comfort. The girl's baby was born in the spring. While the ice was still running after the break-up Lynnhaven was caught in a jam, wrecked the canoe and was drowned.

"At Last She Could No Longer Hunt for Meat. She Launched Messages, One of Which Kilrain Found"

"The girl was still weak. The shock and grief at losing him and the horror of her own situation weakened her still further. At last she could no longer hunt for meat. She launched messages, one of which Kilrain found. She died two days after he reached her. Kilrain started out with the infant, resorting to desperate expedients to keep it alive. The caribou were calving. He shot caribou cows and extracted the milk from their udders to keep life in the child. He crossed the main Liard and went up a tributary stream flowing in from the north that took him into the country of the Ikluts. They were shy as forest creatures and deserted their tepees and took to the bush when he approached. But he gained an interview with an ancient crone who was too decrepit to flee. He could not speak a word of her language, but he made signs that were very much to the point. The old squaw hobbled away into the bush. Later she returned with an old man and a young woman who had lost her own baby two days before, and she nursed the white babe. She was the daughter of a native named Klatakan and her man had died prior to her own infant's arrival. Kilrain purchased her from Klatakan to act as nurse for the white baby. That's about all of it. The Old Man of the North was Judge Kilrain, the nurse was Tanlika and the infant was Lynne. So there you are."

"So that's it," Harrington said. His mind's eye traveled back over that Northland tragedy. "I wonder how it happened that Kilrain did not inform her people. Do you know?"

"Yes," Villiers said. "He told me his reasons. He believed that every human mind was warped from birth by the superstitions, taboos, conventions and ready-made convictions foisted upon it by its elders—faulty knowledge, the most of it, yet stated as fact, the belief of which was instilled by reiteration and enforced by fear. Even a superior mind, handicapped in infancy by such training, was faced with the task of striking off the shackles of such erroneous mental processes before becoming capable of any clear and individual thinking. He had speculated at length as to the almost limitless possibilities of a keen mind that should start off free of prejudice, superstition and preconceived ideas. What would result if such an unfolding mind, instead of being impregnated with enforced convictions, should be placed in possession of the best thinking that the great minds of all ages had been able to devise and left free to render its own unbiased verdicts? Would not the tabulating of the decisions made by such a mind be a new contribution to the literature of the world? Kilrain thought that it would. So he decided to keep her here where he could provide her with the products of the best civilized minds, but where she would not be exposed to civilization's corroding influences. He made the experiment and faithfully chronicled the ideas that she evolved as her mind developed. You see?"

"Yes," said Harrington. "So that is what was in those manuscripts—the complete record of a unique mind. And now those thoughts are rotting beneath a hundred feet of débris where the snowslide engulfed the cabin—lost to the world."

"Not necessarily," Villiers dissented. "Those thoughts are still retained in the mind that formed them. Another historian could chronicle them as they come from her lips. Why not yourself?"

"But would I be able to commit all of her thoughts to paper as unreservedly as the Old Man of the North was capable of doing?" Harrington inquired doubtfully.

"No," Villiers replied frankly. "Not yet, for the reason that you have not yet cleared your own mind of the clutter of prejudice to the point that Kilrain had. Certain thoughts of hers would impress you as too startling for you to commit to paper without tempering them by your own conventional ideas, which would render them worthless as originals. You would consider her utterances as those of an individual who was very dear to you, not as the emanations of a mind that was the only one of its kind in existence. You would have to view it from the latter angle before you would be able to put down every expression with scientific accuracy. But it would come to you as it did to Kilrain."

Harrington nodded. "He tried the experiment and the end justified the means," he said. "But I still can't quite see how he felt privileged to arrogate to himself the shaping of the destiny of a human mind—how he felt that it was his right."

"There again is illustrated the difference between your mind as it is now and Kilrain's mind when he found Lynne," Villiers smiled. "Yours is the civilized mind speaking from conventional standards. Kilrain had long since discarded civilization and standardized modes of civilized thinking — which, of course, meant the complete scrapping of the duty complex. In a state of Nature duty consists, not of doing the things that you desire not to do but the reverse. There is no self-abnegation. The duty of a wild thing toward its young, its mate, its fellows and toward other denizens of the wild, rests solely upon inclinations, never upon ethical considerations that are artificial. Kilrain acted upon his natural inclinations."

"In other words, Kilrain, having reverted to a state of Nature, had no conscience in the matter. Is that it?" Harrington asked.

"Not quite," Villiers negatived, smiling. "Conscience is an artificial product, and no doubt a human infant reared alone on an uninhabited island without instruction would have no more conscience than a dicky bird, but once conscience has come into being in an individual, it never dies, though the direction of it may be altered by altering convictions as to right and wrong. Kilrain, let us say, was endowed with a conscience as active as any, but it was directed by his own individual intelligence rather than by the mass standards of the civilization that he had forsworn. Even upon ethical grounds he could have justified his act.

"We must consider first the absolute fact that the destiny of every human mind is shaped by some outside agency—parents, guardians, state or church. So in making his decision to shape the destiny of a human mind he was merely substituting himself for some other agency. As a matter of fact, he was actually launching the experiment of allowing a human mind to shape its own destiny, if you will, for perhaps the first time in history. Sitting in judgment upon the act that had occasioned the flight of a daughter from her father's roof, if the parental objection of the match had been based upon matters of family and race, if Lynnhaven had sprung from an inferior strain, Kilrain would have supported the objection, since he knew that superior humans are no more bred from inferior strains than race horses are bred from jackasses. But Lynnhaven, if anything, was of better strain than the

Continued on Page 60

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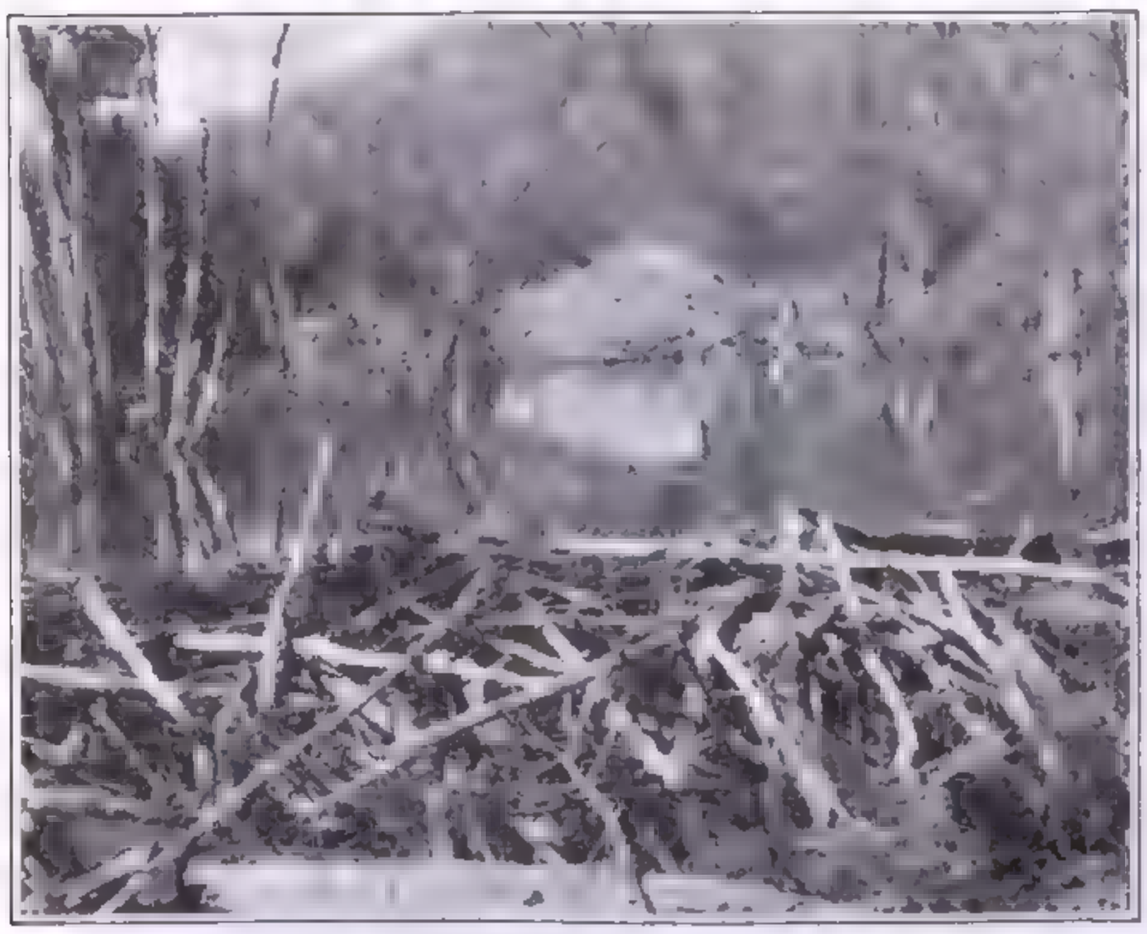

A Beaver Dam and House

A Close-Up of a Beaver Dam. Note How the Thin Ends of Sticks Point Up

By ROBERT B. VALE

THE beavers were becoming entirely too prevalent, not to say pestilent, in Fourteen-Mile Narrows. They were excessively enterprising in cutting down some young timber that landowners wanted to remain upright, so a state trapper was sent into the district with instructions to thin out the colonies—capture some adults and ship them into other regions where they could set up new establishments.

Every now and then this must be done in those states that are building up beaver populations, the scattering process being done gently; splitting up home ties, making new communities grow where none grew before and filling up the vacant spaces in the woodsy wilds

John Slautterback, of the game-commission staff, and State Trapper Logue worked out an ingenious rig to catch beavers alive—a sort of gadget that looks like a cross between a fish net and spring trap, transforming itself into a cage when a trigger is released. Properly set, it has a batting average of 100 per cent in taking beavers without hurting their feelings.

One morning a fine big female was found in this contrivance over at the beaver pond in Fourteen-Mile Narrows. She was handled most carefully, was shipped to a game refuge near by and placed in a private establishment with a cute handmade house, with a neat mesh-wire fence and a fine back yard through which ran a trout stream.

Beaver Night School

THREE days later, with the coming of six babies, there was the making of a fine beaver colony. It was an event—the first time beavers were born in captivity under favorable conditions. The tiny ones arrived with their eyes open, their teeth cut, and they weighed from thirteen to sixteen ounces. Three more days went by and they were swimming through the underwater channel from the house to the pond, out into the trout stream. At the end of twenty-five days they were eating twigs.

Every night they got instructions in tree chopping. A long aspen pole was set in the inclosure, and when darkness fell the mother started to cut off a fifteen-inch section while her admiring youngsters stood around studying technic. Vernon Bailey, naturalist of the Biological Survey in Washington, heard of it. He came up, camped on the job, studying the habits of the animals, while other specialists made trips to take notes on the important task of bringing back America's valuable fur-bearing animal.

Under the careful handling of Refuge Keeper Osenbaugh, the young beavers grew up, and later they were sent out into the isolated hill country and freedom. They were smart, alert, energetic, well-mannered young folks while they were guests of the state. During the day they remained in the house, where it was cool, dark and altogether lovely. If the door was opened slightly, letting streaks of sunlight filter in, the Billy and Bessie beavers sprang into action, carrying aspen branches, speedily building up a barrier that shut out the objectionable glare.

A Mother Beaver and Family of Six Reared in Captivity

Two Adult Beavers Repairing a Break in a Dam

Coming Back

WITHOUT sounding of trumpets or beating of tom-toms, many of the states of the nation are building up beaver colonies, to the end that the women folks may wear fine furs, that water flow can be better regulated, that natural trout ponds can be restored, and that an interesting as well as valuable form of wild life can be preserved.

The state of Minnesota estimates that it has more than 75,000 beavers. That's the minimum figure of Thaddeus Surber, of the Department of Conservation. New York has about 25,000 under its protecting care. Maine estimates anywhere from 15,000 to 25,000. In Michigan, a conservative survey showed about 10,000. Pennsylvania, which is new in the work, has something more than 4000.

A quarter of a century ago beavers were few and far between in the United States. There were less than a dozen in the entire Adirondack region of New York. It was the same old story of ruthless destruction by our unthinking forefathers; fine old codgers who laid to the task of building a nation with a will, but who gave small thought to Nature and Nature's creatures. To them the beaver was a source of revenue and there was little need for conservation. The policy of protecting

(Continued on Page 154)

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CLEANING UP

FROM GAGS TO RICHES

By JOHN GOLDEN
In Collaboration With Viola Brothers Shore

IT OFTEN happens but not so often as to become monotonous—that a play is an overnight success. In which cases the job of being a play producer can be handled by any high-grade car conductor. But when that fickle, uncertain, indeterminate quantity known as the public fails to appreciate the privilege of coming to see your offering, then the play producer has the chance to prove whether he is merely that, or an audience producer as well. I have had very few of the sure-fire overnight knock-out hits. But I have taken more delight in whipping into success one that even my friends thought hopeless than in any other part of the business of making money out of plays.

The first thing to determine is whether it is smarter to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous criticisms and close up shop, or to go on throwing the proverbial good money after the equally proverbial bad. I have produced my failures, and when it has been demonstrated to my complete dissatisfaction that there was no possible way to attract a public for a particular play, I've quit. In one case a play which the critics damned with the word "innocuous," ran at the Cohan Theater for four weeks and then I had the entire production taken to the Jersey meadows, where it was dumped.

How I have come to hate that word innocuous! I find it paradoxical that a word which according to the dictionary means "harmless and safe," can be used with such telling effect to damn a play. "Harmful and dangerous" would, in these iconoclastic days, be highly profitable criticism. But that word "innocuous," with its contemptuous host of connotations, has come to mean, to me, the clarion call to battle. When that something in me—instinct, or whatever it is—has whispered of a play: "It's there. You've got it. Now all you have to do is make people come to it," I've gone out to try.

Ex-Governor Davis, of Ohio, Ed Howe (Sage of Potato Hill Farm), John Golden and Harry Davis, Jr.

Asking the Audience Another

IN TRYING to get audiences, the question naturally presents itself: What brings people into a theater? It would be difficult for a producer to stop his audiences on the way out and ask them how they happened to drop in on his offering. And yet, it seemed to me important to determine just what did influence them. And so I hit upon the following test:

During the run of Pigs a questionnaire was handed to every member of the audience, reading as follows:

I decided to see Pigs for the reason marked X.

1. It was recommended by a friend.
2. John Golden's reputation.
3. I believed it to be clean and funny.
4. It was staged by Frank Craven.
5. Favorable newspaper critic.
6. Because of a paid newspaper ad.
7. Because of a display card or poster.
8. Doctor Cadman's approbation.
9. Because of radio exploitation.
10. Recommended by a ticket broker.

Realizing, of course, that the average theatergoer would not care to be bothered signing anything like that, it occurred to me to have Wallace Ford and Nydia Westman announce from the stage that they would collect the slips from the audience. And after every performance Miss Westman and Mr. Ford would run directly from the stage into the auditorium, meet the audiences, shake hands and collect the questionnaires.

After we had some 20,000 of these, Harry Kline went through them all and compiled the answer I was seeking. Seventy per cent of the people who had signed our slips had put their check next to Answer Number 1—It was recommended by a friend. I am convinced, therefore, that the thing which sends most people to the theater is a statement from a friend that he has seen the play and it is worth attending, or that the friend has a friend who has a friend ——

Newspaper stories; in fact, all sorts of printer's ink—and nowadays the radio—are of unquestionable value. But they have fulfilled their function when they have acquainted their readers or hearers with the fact that a certain play exists, or have induced them to talk about it.

The theaters spend for advertising a hundred times the amounts paid by sports advertisements, yet the free space given over to baseball and racing alone is many hundred times greater than that devoted to news of the more or less interesting dramatic world. The press agent who is not a genius finds it no simple matter to induce the dramatic editor to print his bit of news. The editor is daily swamped with such material from hundreds of theatrical and moving-picture offices. It is, therefore, becoming more and more difficult for the press representative to catch his editor's eye, particularly if his story does not concern an outstandingly beautiful girl, or hasn't the exciting qualities of extreme novelty or a tang of naughtiness. The public, it appears, is far less interested in reading about the innocuous type of play, struggling to work its way into a success.

When Three Wise Fools was fighting for existence at the Criterion Theater, I conceived the idea, since used in a far more lavish and magnificent manner by the moving-picture producers, of covering the entire front of the theater with a sign. The Famous Players people, who have controlled that theater since then, have spent from $25,000 to $40,000 on enormous electrical displays reaching from roof to cellar. In one instance, to exploit a Mary Pickford picture, they erected an entire new front on the building.

The origin of this mammoth advertising display was, I like to believe, in an idea that I conceived for bringing Three Wise Fools to the attention of the Broadway throngs. But whereas the picture people use steel, concrete and expensive electrical displays, my exhibition consisted of a large piece of oilcloth covering the front of the building. On it were drawn three circles, each thirty feet high, representing three faces, three pairs of eyeglasses to show that they were wise, three fool's caps to show that they were fools. And my magnificent electric effect was achieved by the theater electrician, who put a single electric bulb in one eye of each of the faces. This, if you looked hard, gave their countenances the effect of a wink.

Inverse Advertising

LOUIS DEFOE, dramatic editor of the New York World, stood gazing incredulously at it one day.

"John," he said, with charming candor, "that's the worst thing I ever saw."

"I take it you don't like the sign?" I asked him.

"I sure do not!" replied Defoe.

"You're sure it's the worst one you ever saw?"

"I'm sure," he answered with conviction.

"Well, then, do me a favor," I suggested. "Print that, will you?"

"You really mean that?" he inquired.

"I sure do," said I. And sure enough, he did. He gave us a full half column about the play, some mention of which we had been vainly trying to inject into his department for a month. Of course, this may appear to be rather inverse advertising, but the fact is that he did not roast our play, but only my sign. In fact, he mentioned that the play was much better than the sign. And so far as I was concerned, that was publicity for that play.

In the business of getting a play over, a great deal depends on the opening weeks, when a play on its road tryout may have to be entirely rewritten, or when a little deft manipulation will change it from a lukewarm bit of entertainment, or even a dire failure, to a roaring success.

No man can rest with any assurance on the reaction of his first audience. I remember when Henry Blossom was writing The Red Mill, he read me a joke he had written in for Fred Stone, followed by the actual business: "While the audience is laughing, Stone takes drink from pitcher." I argued with him to withdraw that line, for I knew that while you can write any instructions you like for your actors, with some possibility of having them carried out, you cannot write instructions for an audience. As it developed, that joke never went and there was no time for Stone to take his drink.

But on the other hand, once you have that mass in front of you, there are certain conclusions that may be definitely drawn. One audience can give you the answer, but not any single person in that audience. Sometimes a girl will loathe a whole play because the leading man is blond and slim, and she likes them dark and heavy. A chance remark overheard in the lobby means little or nothing. You must place yourself where you can watch the effect on that mass mind. The balcony, the spinal cord of the theater, is where you can get your averages.

Once an audience has responded to your play you will find that the second, the third, the thousandth audience will probably behave exactly as the first one did.

Laughs are only good if they belong in the story. Some managers advertise the number of laughs they get, but it isn't the number of laughs which count. It is the truth with which the audience takes the laughs. If your audience is laughing because of what an actor is doing, that has value. If they are laughing in spite of what he is doing, the value is, to put it mildly, negligible. There are other emotions to be aroused more important than continuous laughter.

I have known many a play full of laughs which failed.

There are many kinds of laughs, but two that are easily measurable. To obtain the first kind requires no skill on the part of the actor. It is what show people call a wow—a sudden explosion. But there is a more subtle variety, called "the growing laugh," which comes from a point of humor perceived only by the cleverer ones in the audience. They stop the actor for a second, these dozen people, by laughing. This causes a flash in the minds of others which might be translated: "What are they laughing at? Oh, I see." And a few more follow. Then the slow ones join in, and finally the total losses, because they hate to miss a laugh, even if they don't know what it's all about.

An actor will spoil a laugh by going right on with his lines. Or the other fellow may spoil it by going on with his cue. A laugh can be nipped in the bud by a slight gesture on the part of another actor, and the mean or jealous player, knowing he can kill his rival's laugh, will talk promptly on his cue, snapping up his lines with vivacity. I recall one instance when two characters actually came to blows because one made a face while the other was telling a joke. So that while on the stage they were the best pals in the world, offstage one chased the other with a gun—and all for no greater offense than "stepping on a laugh." I finally restored peace by pointing out that the laugh belonged to both of them, and it was to the best interests of both to feed it.

Sometimes an actor loses a laugh and the loss troubles him more than burglary. Nydia Westman, the lively youngster in Two Girls Wanted, came to me worried one night, and said, "I have lost one of my best laughs. What is happening? Are they tired of the joke, or is it something I am doing?"

"Is it entirely gone?" I asked.

"No, but it seems to be about half the volume. I've lost the big wow I used to get."

As I watched from the back of the theater, the answer was absurdly simple. I noticed that exactly half the auditorium—that is, the right side—were laughing, while the other half were not. And I observed that Miss Westman had developed a trick of turning toward Frank Monroe as she spoke, so that her face was away from the left side of the house and they simply couldn't hear her.

Hers is not the noisy, blatant form of comedy. She gets her points by underplaying, rather than by overplaying. I could not ask her to increase the volume of her voice, and I never did like the idea of having the actor, except in vaudeville, look straight at the audience as he tells his joke. So we placed her in another position, from which she could still be talking to Mr. Monroe and yet throw her voice toward the auditorium, with the result that she brought back her valued laugh.

Timing Keeps the Stars in Their Places

AFTER laughs are set, you can count on them so definitely that you can time them with a watch. If at five minutes after nine a laugh is due, at five minutes after nine, if you happen to be behind the scenes, you will hear an explosion. I once took a reporter backstage and showed him with a watch how I could call to the fraction of a second, not only the quality of the noise that would come from out front but its actual volume. And it never varied three seconds in the four performances that we watched.

Occasionally, listening in the dark back there, behind the scenery, you will run into dead silence; sometimes lasting so long that the visitor becomes startled and says, "Has anything happened? They're not talking. I don't hear anything."

Those dead silences are filled in by the actor building for a laugh. After what seems an interminable time the listeners backstage are invariably rewarded with the laugh at exactly the moment we predicted, and of exactly the quality.

Those laughs depend largely on the actor and his mastery of that difficult bit of stage technic called timing. I believe timing is the most important idea in the theater. Teachers of acting ought to spend whole courses on it. I doubt whether most of them even mention the word. All through life this factor of timing plays a vital part. Timing is, in music art, in phrase turning or speaking lines, the very essence of truth. And in the theater, as well as in the cosmic scheme, it is what keeps the stars in their places.

Frank Bacon, Laurette Taylor, Buster Keaton, Norma Talmadge, Tom Wise, Thomas Meighan, Charlie Chaplin, Walter Huston, Laura Hope Crews, Leila Bennett and Helen Hayes are a few of the masters of this art of timing whose names I recall offhand.

The actor who knows his art will feed a laugh by filling in time with a bit of stage business, perhaps no more than a turn of the eye—anything that will give the audience time to catch on. This is important, because audiences feel cheated if a laugh passes them. I have seen a laugh take as long as thirty seconds to go round a house, and it requires real technic to foster that kind of laugh.

Those two things—laughs and applause—can be easily figured by the veriest tyro. But there are more important indications to be observed. During the war I learned a great deal from knitting needles. At that time every woman knitted, and you could watch a whole row of needles flying almost in unison—stitch, purl, stitch, purl. Then something would happen. The tempo of the knitting needles would slow up—slow—slower—die down altogether and the knitting lie idle in the lap. That meant the scene was holding the knitters. The minute I saw them go back, like a line of soldiers—stitch, purl, stitch, purl—I knew something was wrong with that scene and that we must fix it. But when they dropped their knitting, when they forgot there was a war and those boys needed socks and wristlets, you could bet your scene was right.

But since I can no longer be a war profiteer, I have had to rely on other straws to show which way the wind was blowing. I watch the eyes, the mouth, the position of the body—whether they relax or sit forward eagerly. In a gripping scene the breathing comes hard, the mouth is left open, the eyes stare, the whole attitude is tense and rigid.

Coughs and the Coffer

ONE of the worst symptoms in the theater is coughing—that infectious cough which breaks out all over the place, like a series of incendiary fires. Suddenly a whole audience becomes stricken with laryngitis. It almost seems as though it were done intentionally. The audience doesn't know why it coughs. But we who diagnose plays recognize in that cough a sign that the audience is not absorbed in that part of the play. The actor hears it, and knowing what it means begins to lose his grip, which in turn reacts once more on that mass out front. Until a cough, which means only a slight inconvenience to the cougher, may mean absolute death to the coffer.

I have often been asked why I made my productions in such small theaters as the Gaiety, the Booth, the Republic, the Little, and the recently built John Golden Theater, holding less than 1000 people. That has been one of my secrets. People naturally assume that a big hit would have made more money in a larger playhouse.

One of my reasons is that I believe the more intimate type of theater gives better results for the actor and for the drama. Another is that I believe it wiser to play to capacity audiences in a small house, and turn 'em away, than to have even a few empty seats in a larger theater.

The psychological effect of empty seats upon the audience is deadly. In the first place, it suggests that he is witnessing an unpopular play. Moreover, his capacity for enjoyment is affected materially by crowds. People seldom have fun alone. They are happier in mass, nervier, less self-conscious.

A man alone in a row of empty seats is not impelled to laugh out loud; and if he is, something restrains him. Bolstered up by billows of sound around him, he relaxes and laughs too. The emotions of a mass of people roll up like a wave, sweeping along the stragglers. Audiences won't be bothered reasoning out these things. They either like the play or they don't, and that means thumbs up or thumbs down in the fate of our work.

There is a strange something in human nature which makes every patron of a theater a walking sandwich man for or against an entertainment. If he likes it, he is a constant advertisement for it. If he dislikes it, it is branded rotten, with conviction and frequency. But if he cannot get in at all, he goes about railing over the fact, and the longer he rails, the more eager he becomes—and so do his friends. If I used a larger auditorium which accommodated more people, I should miss that advertisement. I believe that every person who is turned away from the box office either comes back, or he talks about it so much that he sends ten others.

There is another secret I really ought not to tell, and so I shall. Don't you think it sounds great to hear that a production of John Golden's has run into its fourth consecutive year in New York City? He does. He thinks it sounds so well that you will find it on every twenty-four-sheet poster from Maine to Florida. And my little secret is that if the theater had been twice as large those four years might have read two. It is difficult to point out the one thing that turned the tide of what might have been a failure into long Broadway runs. If I hadn't had faith in Three Wise Fools it would have died in its first few weeks. I shall never forget the sick feeling every time I walked into the empty lobby of the Criterion Theater and saw no one at the box office except the ticket seller.

One day Winchell Smith and I stood before the theater and watched the thousands of people who hourly pour past the corner of Forty-fourth Street and Broadway. It looked to us, disconsolately praying for a few stragglers, as though 4,000,000 people were going by.

Now and then a passer-by, casting a curious glance into the lobby and seeing nobody there, drew his own conclusions and passed on. I remembered the old circus axiom that crowds draw crowds.

John Golden and Austin Strong, From a Photograph Taken During a Tryout Performance of "Seventh Heaven"

Luring 'Em In

SO THE next day Broadway saw the lobby of the Criterion Theater jammed with nicely dressed men and women standing in line trying to give their money to the man at the window. Sure enough, people passing were tempted to fall in with the line. Little did they know, as we villains say, that they stood behind supers made up as tired business men, elegant ladies and discriminating theatergoers, who went from the head of the line back again to the foot.

This ruse helped business a little.

Then we tried another scheme. For days a man sat at a telephone, with a society Blue Book directory, holding the following conversation:

"Hello! Is this the residence of J. P. Rockefeller?"

"No, this is John D. Rockefeller."

"Well, there are two seats at the Criterion Theater for Three Wise Fools, but we can't make out whether they are for Mr. J. D. or J. P. Rockefeller. Will you please have Mr. Rockefeller notify us whether he wants them or not, as the house is sold out and we will need the seats."

We sold only a few tickets that way, but at least we fixed it so that people began to learn that there was a Criterion that people were going by, and that something called Three Wise Fools was playing there.

After that I tried another scheme. I had found a simple way of measuring the efficacy of circular advertising in the theater. If a circular was thrown on the floor it was naturally not wanted by the person who had received it. But if the floor was clean, we knew we had a good advertising medium. And so, cudgeling my brains, it occurred to me that a cookbook would be something that men might take home and women might keep.

To the chefs in the biggest hotels in the city went a letter:

PIERRE GASTRITIS, CHEF DE CUISINE,
HOTEL ——, NEW YORK.

Dear Sir: I am editing a cookbook, and no cookbook would be complete without one of your famous dishes. We want to include your name and one of your favorite recipes. May we hear from you?

Every chef wanted to be represented in my famous cookbook. When I had collected about twenty recipes from the

(Continued on Page 47)

RADIO IS BETTER WITH *BATTERY* POWER

Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486, the Heavy-Duty battery that should be specified for all loud-speaker sets. Price $5.00.

The Layerbilt patented construction revealed. Each layer is an electrical cell, making automatic contact with its neighbors, and filling all available space inside the battery case

Here is *battery* power in its most economical form

BATTERY Power has many advantages possessed by no other source of electricity. Batteries give you pure DC, Direct Current, steady, quiet, noiseless, uniform, taking nothing from and adding nothing to radio reception.

B-power supply from batteries is reliable, for it is independent of all outside occurrences. No line troubles or blown-out fuses can stop your radio reception if you use batteries. After months of perfect service, batteries give you warning in plenty of time when new ones are needed. You need never miss a single concert from a battery-run receiver.

The reason that the Eveready Layerbilt has to be replaced so seldom lies in its construction. No other battery is like it. See the illustration above. It is built in layers of current-producing materials. This system packs more active materials in a given space, and makes those materials produce more electricity.

In laboratory tests and in actual home use during the last two years the Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486 has proved itself to be the longest-lasting and therefore most economical Eveready "B" Battery ever built. Because it is the longest-lasting it is also the most convenient.

For greatest economy, satisfaction and reliability in radio, choose the Eveready Layerbilt No. 486.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
New York San Francisco

UCC

Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

Tuesday night is Eveready Hour Night—
8 P. M., Eastern Standard Time

WEAF–*New York*
WJAR–*Providence*
WEEI–*Boston*
WFI–*Philadelphia*
WGR–*Buffalo*
WCAE–*Pittsburgh*
WSAI–*Cincinnati*
WTAM *Cleveland*
WWJ–*Detroit*
WGN–*Chicago*
WOC–*Davenport*
WCCO {*Minneapolis* / *St. Paul*}
KSD–*St. Louis*
WDAF–*Kansas City*
WRC–*Washington*
WGY–*Schenectady*
WHAS–*Louisville*
WSB–*Atlanta*
WSM–*Nashville*
WMC–*Memphis*

The air is full of things you shouldn't miss

New SMARTNESS LUXURY COLORS THRILLING

NOT ONLY dashing new smartness but dashing performance—in the latest, greatest Oldsmobile Six..

Thrilling—smoother—with sweeping acceleration and flowing power.

Oldsmobile engineering has kept step with new styling, new luxury and new colors.

See these features in the Oldsmobiles now on special showing by Oldsmobile dealers everywhere.

Then taste of the results—drive the car yourself.

Its new smartness is surprising. Its new luxury is delightful. Detail by detail the latest Oldsmobile will excite your praise.

And the features that make for this thrilling finer performance, greater economy and longer life add the final touch to an array of qualities almost incredible in a fine closed car at this new lower price—$875.

SMOOTHER PERFORMANCE

AT NEW LOWER PRICES

$875

TWO-DOOR SEDAN BODY BY FISHER

F. O. B. Lansing • • Spare Tire Extra

OLDSMOBILE SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Lifetime Beauty for Upholstered Furniture

LUXURIOUSLY soft and velvety, glorious in color and in patterning, Chase VELMO gives to the furniture in thousands of modern homes a beauty never dreamed of by princesses of the Far East who numbered among their treasures draperies and rugs woven of Mohair—the snowy fleece of Angora goats.

And that same marvelous resistance to the hardest wear—which made mohair fabrics seem so wonderful to the ancients—makes the beauty of VELMO Mohair enduring. Also, though VELMO does not soil easily, it may, when necessary, be vacuum cleaned, beaten with a rattan or scrubbed with pure soap and water.

Owing to its known superiority, VELMO is used by the makers of fine furniture—is recommended by upholsterers and interior decorators. But because there are many mohair velvets of inferior quality, when buying be sure to insist upon the genuine.

CHASE

Velmo

Upholstery Velvets of Mohair and Mohair Blends for Furniture and Enclosed Motor-Cars

MOHAIR *fabrics—a heritage from the Orient—are woven from the lustrous fleece of Angora goats. This remarkable Angora hair, when properly spun and woven, provides a rich pile surface of unequaled durability and beauty. Look for this label*

"VELMO UPHOLSTERY — AN INVESTMENT IN ENDURING LUXURY"

(Continued from Page 42)

best chefs in the best hotels in the city of New York, I sent for some soap people and inquired whether they wouldn't like to get out such an ingenious little cookbook or carry some joint advertising of their soap and my play, if I guaranteed to handle the distribution.

They saw the value of this ad—a value proved by the fact that not one of those cookbooks was ever left upon the floor of the theater. Many a man probably squared himself for coming home late by bringing his wife this unique little gift, and on many a kitchen table Pascale Grande, with his Pommes Grimalde, and Pierre Lafaye, with his Codfish Biscayenne, and Louis Diak were silently helping to bring to success a play which I was determined should be a hit.

But when five weeks had gone and the actors were still playing half-heartedly to row upon row of empty seats, I said to my business manager, "I must get people in here."

"Sell your seats to the cut-rate man," said he for about the thousandth time.

There is in New York a man who sells tickets at half their box-office rate. Of course, if a play producer has a real sure-fire hit for which he can get three dollars a ticket, he won't take less. But where he can't, this cut-rate man has helped many a production. He has done better than that. He has saved the lives of some—one of mine among them.

I had always resented a two-price scheme. But finally I admitted it was the only thing left. As the box office is entirely in the hands of the theater owner, and not the play producer, I went to the gentleman who controlled the theater and told him of my intention.

I hate to tell this, because it shows me up in a rather bad light against a man who never for a moment deviated from his fixed principles. This man had taken the institution known as the theater when booking was a hit-or-miss proposition, and through his genius and vision so organized all the playhouses throughout the country that producers are now able to route their productions efficiently from one point.

"You will do nothing of the sort," said Abraham Lincoln Erlanger. "Your attraction is at the theater temporarily, but I have to keep the house up to my established standards."

Erlanger was a great believer in a one-price deal with his patrons. On the other hand, I had to have audiences.

When I found my best arguments unavailing, I said, "But do you mind how many I give away? I can't stand those empty seats any longer."

"No, Johnnie," said he, kindly. "Give away as many as you like. But I don't think giving them away will do any good."

Swapping Gifts

"Will you call up your house manager," said I, "and ask him to give me all the balcony and gallery seats I may want?"

An hour later, with a pasteboard box containing all balcony and gallery tickets for two weeks, I staggered into the office of the cut-rate man.

"I understand you will buy anything at a price," said I. "How much would you say these were worth?"

I made a memorandum of the figure it took that expert five minutes to set on some thousands of dollars' worth of pasteboard, and put it in my pocket.

"Now," I said, "I want to give these tickets away, but I want to give them where they will do the most good. So I am going to give them to you, because you will get them into the hands of people who will come because they have paid something. However," I continued, "if you feel that you cannot be under such a tremendous obligation to me, and that you must send me a check, my address is the Hudson Theater Building."

That night the balcony and gallery were packed, and the laughs that reverberated through the house put heart into the actors and sent home a lot of people to say they had had a good time. And from then on the demand for the seats downstairs began to grow, until at the end of the two weeks I could give the cut-rate man no more tickets, for the balcony and gallery were sold out at honest prices.

Of course Erlanger was very much displeased, even though I explained to him how I had given the tickets away, and that if the cut-rate man chose to send me money it would be foolish of me to refuse or for him to decline to accept his share.

I admit that before the highest ethical tribunal my conduct might not be rated 100 per cent, but Austin Strong, the author, whose near failure was turned into an intimate acquaintance with royalties, and the actors, who were kept working for five years instead of five weeks, will probably offer some mitigating testimony for me.

Seventh Heaven Lane

A publicity stunt which came from my office without my knowledge, was born in the fertile brain of that brilliant word thrower, Joseph Drum. In my opinion, Joe, when he was at his best, was the greatest of them all. He came from a family of great ones. His younger brother is today a celebrated national figure—our own Gen. Hugh A. Drum of the United States Army. This particular trick of Joe's almost made my friends the Shuberts my bitter enemies.

These gentlemen and the Astor Estate had laid out at considerable expense a small lane running from Forty-fourth to Forty-fifth street, on one side of which are the Shubert and Booth Theaters, and on the other side the hotel property. My energetic press representative, knowing of my friendly relations with the chairman and other members of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, wrote a letter to Mr. Murray Hulbert, suggesting that since Seventh Heaven had been such a record breaker at the Booth Theater there was a demand on the part of the public to call that alley Seventh Heaven Lane.

I knew nothing of this scheme for a little newspaper space until I received a courteous letter from Mr. Hulbert to the effect that the matter of Seventh Heaven Lane was under consideration by the board. I called Drum to account for his nonsensical trick, of which I thought nothing more would come, since the property belonged to the Shuberts and the Astor Estate.

However, the next thing I saw was an announcement in the theater news, which Drum had arranged with the newspaper boys, that the street was to be named Seventh Heaven Lane.

Naturally, the gentlemen who had paid a heavy price for middle New York real estate had something to say about this, and they said it with lawyers. Their attorney got busy with the city authorities, with the net result that I had to raise my press agent's salary for getting a lot of trouble into the papers about Seventh Heaven.

The dream of the press agent is the news break—getting something about the show, or the star, or the troupe, into that part of the newspaper where the average man will read it.

One of the best news breaks we ever had came at a time when we were badly in need of something to stimulate interest in Seventh Heaven. One of the props in Seventh Heaven was Eloise, a taxicab. At the time of the German drive on Paris, it was the Parisian taxicabs which were said to have saved the city. And Austin Strong had written into his play the story of one of these heroic vehicles. Eloise was an old weather-beaten, rain-soaked, dilapidated remnant of a taxicab which lost its life gallantly—being blown to her eternal peace, not to mention pieces, in the attack on Paris.

Not entirely indifferent to its press value, I secured, through Solita Solano, a former press agent, in Paris at the time, one of the engines which actually took part in this historic episode. The French Government is preserving another as a relic. Our taxicab was a prop—that is, it only pretended to go, and was actually worked by electricity. But I could not resist the fun of having the original battle-scarred engine put inside the prop hood.

Bill Eagan heard about it. Bill is the big, handsome human being who personally escorts all the presidents, kings, princes, diplomats and other great folk who pass through the Pennsylvania Terminal. And it happened that, escorting Premier Clemenceau through the station, he thought—or perhaps somebody inspired him to think—that the Premier might be interested in this relic of the siege of Paris, and he mentioned it to one of his aides. The aide told the Old Man, and one of the best news stories we ever got was when M. Clemenceau came to the Booth Theater and saluted our prop taxicab, Eloise.

Direct advertising in the heart of the White Light District costs a lot of money, but we had an ad there during the run of Pigs which didn't cost us much; and it was a live ad too. We had a dozen little porkers brought to the theater for each performance and returned to the stables afterward. They could have been delivered in a closed, covered wagon. But not according to Harry Kline, my press agent. Consequently, every day a dozen squealing pigs were driven to the theater in a straw-covered open wagon, the driver of which had orders to spend an hour driving through the most congested part of Broadway, where my livestock company could perform the praiseworthy act of squealing attention to a notice on the wagon, which said:

THESE PIGS PERFORM NIGHTLY AT THE LITTLE THEATER

Forty-odd years ago Milton Nobles was almost as great a name in the theater as Edwin Booth. You may recognize the line "And the villain still pursued her" without knowing that it was written by Milton Nobles in a piece in which he starred, called The Phœnix. I had sat in the gallery regarding this great and famous star with worshiping eyes. I cannot describe the feeling that came over me when I was told one day that Milton Nobles was in the outside office asking for an interview.

Becoming a Star in Three Lessons

He hadn't long to wait. And though forty years had turned him from a young hero to a gray-haired old man and me from a boy in the gallery to a producer with a play in which I might give him a part, I had nothing to offer him equal to the thrill it gave me to meet the idol of my boyhood. We were looking for somebody to play Frank Bacon's rôle in a special company of Lightnin' to tour the South. Winchell Smith was at the office that day and I asked him to go over the Bacon rôle with Nobles. Shortly afterward Winchell came tumbling down from the rehearsal room to tell me, "He's wonderful! What a piece of luck to have him walk in!" For Nobles had not been on the legitimate stage in fourteen years.

But in spite of the fact that Milton Nobles was so fine an actor and made a splendid Lightnin', I was afraid that because of Bacon's fame, people out of town might regard him as a Number Two article. So I thought of a plan to overcome this disadvantage. Realizing the effect of the New York critics' approval stamp on the critic of the smaller town, I made of Milton Nobles a New York success, or what looked like one. My plan was simple. On a couple of Wednesday matinée performances of Lightnin', without any previous notice to the newspapers, just before the rise of the curtain at the Gaiety Theater the stage manager stepped forward and announced that Mr. Bacon would not appear, and those who wished might have their money returned. After Nobles had given two or three beautiful performances and Smith and I were sure he was fine in the part, I sent a letter to the dramatic critics of New York, about as follows:

Through my good fortune, because of the extraordinary run of Lightnin', it has been your good fortune not to have had to go to the Gaiety Theatre in your capacity as critic in three years. Now I am going to ask you, as a personal favor, to witness a performance of a new star in Frank Bacon's rôle—new only in the sense that he is new to Lightnin', but once one of the greatest stars in America—Milton Nobles. He will appear for a few performances prior to taking a special company on tour through the country.

May I ask you to come to the theatre next Wednesday night and base your criticism of his performance of a difficult rôle not in comparison with Mr. Bacon's, but more as you might a new Hamlet who might come before you.

Most of them were kind enough to grant my request. Their criticisms I had printed on a leaflet headed Opinions of New York Critics on Milton Nobles' Performance of Lightnin' During Its Long Run at the Gaiety Theater, New York. This leaflet I gave to my advance agents not for public circulation but for use exclusively in the newspaper offices in cities on Nobles' tour. I know that it had a strong psychological effect upon the small-town critics, for it was frequently quoted.

Tarkington to the Rescue

Sometimes an apparent failure can be turned into a success by hard work. Sometimes it is a break of luck which turns the tide. Sometimes somebody else steps in and supplies the idea, the twist or solution you have been seeking in vain. That happened to me once, and all the credit for changing what bade fair to be a bad flop into a good money-making play goes to a man who accepted no remuneration or even public acknowledgment—a man whose name is one of the foremost in American letters today.

My streak of luck had kept up so continuously that I couldn't accept failure, and after a play called Thunder had proved that New York didn't want it, I determined to lose more money or make a hit of it. With Chicago as my objective, I started to tour the country, making from day to day such changes in the play as occurred to me. Pearl Franklin, the authoress, and I were hard at work writing and rewriting scene after scene, and every morning and every afternoon when there was no matinée the cast would rehearse the new bits which we would try out that night, perhaps changing them again the next day or taking them out altogether. In particular, the ends of the second and third acts—the biggest moments in the piece—needed fixing. Which reminds me of a story about another show which needed an end. George Cohan once asked Willie Collier to witness a performance of a play he was trying out and which he was sure would be all right if they could only find the right ending for it.

After Willie had seen the show, George took him aside. "Don't you think I'm right, Willie? All that play needs is an end."

"Well," said Willie, "how about Saturday night?"

But to get back to Thunder, with its conferences in hotel rooms, backstage, on trains going from town to town, in the attempt to get things right for our opening in Chicago for success in that city means much in credit and dollars to every play producer. In due course we reached Indianapolis, where, in the midst of our fever of rewriting, redirecting and rehearsing, a lady called several times to see me personally. She carried under her arm a large envelope and was so determined to tell her story to nobody but me that my representative, George Kingsbury, knew she must be one of the vast army of unknown playwrights with a masterpiece which must be brought to the immediate and personal attention of the manager, and so Kingsbury, by all the black arts known to the trade, kept her from crossing my path.

But after two days, as there seemed no likelihood of discouraging her, he told me

about her persistence. The lady who was finally permitted to enter my sacred presence proved to be no less a person than Mrs. Booth Tarkington.

"We saw your play," said Mrs. Tarkington, "and my husband made some suggestions which he thought you might use, and I promised him that I would turn them over to you personally."

Pearl Franklin has to this day among her dearest treasures a fat batch of manuscript in Booth Tarkington's own longhand, together with the letter which accompanied it, and which said: "If you think you can use it, here's my idea of what might possibly be done with the end of your second and third acts." Tarkington, who would not even consider a printed acknowledgment, had rewritten with an entirely new angle, the most important and troublesome spots in our play. We tried out the new scenes just as our kind friend had turned them over to us, with the result that when we opened in Chicago we had a hit under the name of Howdy, Folks.

The thing which finally nailed the word "clean" to John Golden was a piece of exploitation connected with Thank-U. After Thank-U, where I used a particularly bold piece of showmanship in winning over my audiences to fight for clean productions, I found myself lined up on the public records with the forces of good—caught in a jam of my own making—a jam which, in the case of Thank-U, was my preserving.

In the beginning of Thank-U, all the old tricks and a lot of new ones were tried to get people into the theater.

Luckily for me, Lawrence Weber, that debonair exponent of what the well-dressed producer will wear, was willing to let the play continue its run, although his theater was making no money. I felt that, once under way, that play would catch on like a conflagration. Night after night I lay awake trying to think of some method whereby the public might be induced to come into that theater. Then one night I began to analyze the situation.

"Let's think this out," said I. "There is just one thing that sends an audience to a theater, and that is a statement from some other person that the play is worth seeing. But how can I make somebody tell them to go?" I asked myself. "I can't say, 'Won't you please tell somebody to go and see Thank-U,' can I?"

And then I remembered how Maude Adams, in Peter Pan, used to appeal to her audiences. "Do you believe in fairies?" and they could clap their hands.

"Why can't I ask them from the stage to say something good about our play?"

Won't You Step Into My Parlor?

"You mean," I argued with myself, "to get up on the stage and say, 'Won't you folks please tell your friends to come and see this play?' Obviously that won't do. You can't get people into the theater under pretext of being amused and then ask them to help you make money. Let's see—could we get the old minister to ask them to come because this play is based on a worthy idea?"

"No," I answered myself. "You might like the idea, but for the most part people aren't going to get enthusiastic over anything which does not personally touch them. How can I find something which concerns them, which fires them, which will draw them into our fight?"

And then it occurred to me that while I might not be able to rouse them in behalf of this particular offering, my experience had taught me there were many people who felt strongly disposed in favor of clean plays. Why not appeal to the feeling and line it up in behalf of our play? In the middle of the night I figured out the details of my scheme. The next day I outlined to Harry Davenport, who played the minister, my idea for a curtain speech.

"How am I going to make a curtain speech," asked Davenport, "if they don't call for me?"

"I'll attend to that," said I. "You just try to make the speech and you will get enough applause to justify it."

"From the ushers?" he demanded.

Harry belongs to that fine theatrical family of Davenports, related to the Drews and the Barrymores, and is a brother of the great Fanny Davenport. I was surprised that a man of his theatrical experience did not know the old trick. But like the good soldier he is, he carried out my orders literally. At the end of the second act, which received a fair amount of applause, Mr. Davenport walked down to the footlights and attempted to make his speech.

Tricked Into Applause

"Ladies and gentlemen ——" he began, but never got any further, because the man on the curtain had instructions to ring down. I have yet to encounter an audience without curiosity enough to start the applause again to see what that man was going to say. Many a time I have heard people going out of the theater remark about the wonderful ovation Mr. Davenport had received, without in the least realizing that they had been cajoled into making it themselves. What Mr. Davenport said was:

"If you will look around, you will see that one-half of this theater is empty. Now there are two types of plays—decent and indecent. The papers talk about the other type and people rush to see them. The very fact that you are here tonight is proof that you like this kind. But this kind has a hard uphill fight. Once the public realizes there is no preaching and plenty of fun, it will live longer. But until then it needs your help. The best form of advertising is a good word from the mouth of a good friend. You people sitting there can keep this type of play—decent, humorous American drama—alive. But you must help. Will you help?" There were cheers from the audience. And they did help. Within a few days our business started to climb and kept up for a year's successful run in New York, a season in Chicago, and three years on the road.

It was my young nephew, who, when not at school, conducted a flourishing radio business in the cellar of his Bayside home, who called my attention to that most brilliant, entertaining and erudite scholar and lecturer, Dr. S. Parkes Cadman. Curious to know whether my townspeople shared my enthusiasm, I asked my nephew, the radio expert, to make a canvass of the home territory, and I found that a large proportion of our population were going to church by radio, and going to Doctor Cadman's church.

His brilliant oratory and diction naturally excited my sense of the theater. But it was the rapidity, the sureness and the brilliance with which he replied to the hundreds of questions shot at him on all manner of subjects from algebra to zoology which made me a faithful listener every time this marvelous man discoursed, not like the casual preacher, but with a rare magnetism and a swift, sure comprehension of subjects embracing the lore of the world. Nothing ever stopped him. I recall that once somebody shot at him: "Do you think a woman should be President of the United States?"

"Yes," replied Doctor Cadman with his characteristic promptness, "and I think Mrs. Cadman would make a good one."

In a spirit of appreciation I wrote to tell him of the many happy, uplifting and informative hours he had given me and suggested that I should value the opportunity to give him a little reciprocal entertainment, guaranteeing that nothing in my play at the Little Theater would offend him.

I suppose the showman's sixth sense never sleeps, for the Sunday after Doctor Cadman and his daughter had seen my play, I listened in on my radio with more than my usual breathless anticipation. I trust I shall not be blamed too much for hoping he might say some word in favor of my play to his enormous and devoted radio audiences. And when the questions were read, among them there had found its way the following: "Are there any good plays in New York where one might take his daughter?"

And I was thrilled to hear in those clear, vibrant tones an answer which brought, on the Monday following, 100 people into the box office of the Little Theater.

The great Lightnin' parade and the demonstration which marked the closing of the record-breaking run of Lightnin' at the Gaiety Theater will probably not be forgotten by those who happened to be in the White Light District that night. Ten thousand people marched behind Frank Bacon and the Lightnin' company from the theater at Forty-sixth Street and Broadway to Thirty-fourth Street and west to the Pennsylvania Station, and 100,000 more lined the streets to watch and cheer and reach out to shake hands with dear old Frank.

Before the farewell parade there was a reception at the Gaiety Theater, which was packed with Bacon's friends and coworkers. On the stage sat Mr. and Mrs. Bacon and a score or two of stars. Augustus Thomas presided. Mayor Hylan arrived later.

De Wolf Hopper stirred up a storm of cheers when he said that the success of the Actors' Equity Association had been due mainly to two individuals—Ethel Barrymore and Frank Bacon. When he started to respond, Bacon was almost overcome. Then he voiced his regret at leaving New York and his hope that some day he and Lightnin' would be back.

After Mr. Thomas had concluded his speech with a poem—Lightnin', by Bliss Carman—and letters had been read from the mayor of the city, Will Hays, the Postmaster-General, and other famous men, there was the unique spectacle of a cabinet officer on the stage bearing a message from the President of the United States. After Secretary of Labor Davis had read President Harding's letter, he presented to Bacon, Winchell Smith and myself belts conferred by Bernard M. Baruch, for the champion long-distance actor, the champion writer of American successes, and the champion producer of clean, wholesome, American plays.

Lightnin's Great Send-Off

As Davis left the stage, scores of actors from every New York theater, some of them still in their make-up, numbering among their ranks the most famous names on Broadway, rushed on to bid Bacon and his company good-by. The crowds outside turned a reception and actors' parade into a great public demonstration that rocked the Rialto. The sidewalks from Broadway to Eighth Avenue were impassable, and when the police band arrived, Long Acre Square presented the appearance of a riot. Mounted police rode up and down trying to control one mob trying to get into the Gaiety Theater to say good-by to Bacon, and another one which wanted to see the theatrical and other celebrities going in.

Augustus Thomas said it reminded him of the departure of Jenny Lind, and pointed out to Bacon that although he had slipped into Broadway in gumshoes three years before, he was going out with a brass band—three or four, in fact. In the concourse of the Pennsylvania Station, where Bill Eagan, that well-known Pennsylvania Railroad host, had placarded the gates and cars with signs, the police band struck up Auld Lang Syne. And the crowd, which threatened to overwhelm Bacon with godspeeds, took up the refrain, so that when the company boarded the train the terminal echoed with Auld Lang Syne.

Certainly this was the most magnificent ovation ever tendered to any actor in the history of the theater. I know that this tremendous and touching tribute was a true demonstration of the genuine affection and esteem in which the public held dear old Frank Bacon and Lightnin'. I am certain that if what I am about to tell had never happened, this tribute might nevertheless have taken place as a spontaneous gesture from the world of the theater. But regardless of how people think that ovation was brought about, or how it might have been brought about, the truth is it actually did originate in the fertile brain of Silvio Hein, the composer, associated with me at the time.

Lightnin' was about to close at the Gaiety Theater and open in Chicago. Though it needed no particular exploitation after its spectacular run, still it occurred to Silvio Hein that the occasion of its exodus was too dramatic to pass without a little special beating of drums, and perhaps some stunt which would put us in the news all over the country.

"What about a big parade when Lightnin' leaves for Chicago?" he suggested.

"Great," said I. "How can we do it?"

The Corner Stone of the Parade

And together with Joe Drum, we evolved an idea which necessitated a small falsehood. So that one—but only one—of the stones on which that sensational ovation towered was a lie. But never have I perpetrated a lie which caused me less regret. All I did was to say to a certain member of the Equity Association, "The Lambs want to form a parade after the last performance of Lightnin' to escort the company to the Pennsylvania Terminal, and I wondered whether the Equity wouldn't like to participate."

A few days later this member reported that the Equity, not wishing to be outdone, hoped they might be included in the ovation. It was easy enough then to have a word dropped at the Lambs' Club about the proposed tribute of the Equity. And the Lambs, unwilling to be outdone, entered into the spirit of the thing to a man. When the Green Room Club heard that the Lambs and the Equity were going to parade with Bacon, they became interested. After which it was no task to enlist other organizations.

When the matter had grown to significant proportions I took it up with my friend Grover Whalen, then closely allied with the Hylan forces. Through his influence, Mayor Hylan agreed to march at the head of this imposing parade. The mayor went further, and gave us the full complement of the New York Police Band. In time we had several bands, one headed by Victor Herbert, that prince of American composers. I provided standards and badges and everything that goes to make bigger and better parades.

I arranged with the authorities to have a line of police, perhaps 100 feet apart, stationed along the route. Crowds of curious people began to wonder what the policemen were doing there. Everybody knows what happens when a knot of people collect on a New York sidewalk. Multiply that knot by the number of knots it takes to form a mile and you will have some idea of the condition in the heart of New York's most crowded thoroughfare. When they found out why they were there, they remained, thousands upon thousands of them, to render their tribute to their favorite. Moving-picture cameras at every few blocks promised that movie audiences throughout the country would see our parade. Reporters sent out enough news material to get into the papers in every city.

I cannot feel even a pang of guilt for that one dishonest stone in the building of this gigantic affair, when I recall the joy it gave to one sweet old man. As we marched through the streets at the head of thousands of his loving, loyal friends, he remarked to me that this was the happiest moment of his life. As I look back and realize that this good-by to New York was his real and last good-by to the city he loved and which loved him, I am glad I made it possible for so many people to reach out a hand and say good-by to Frank Bacon on his last walk down Broadway.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by John Golden, written in collaboration with Viola Brothers Shore. The next will appear in an early issue.

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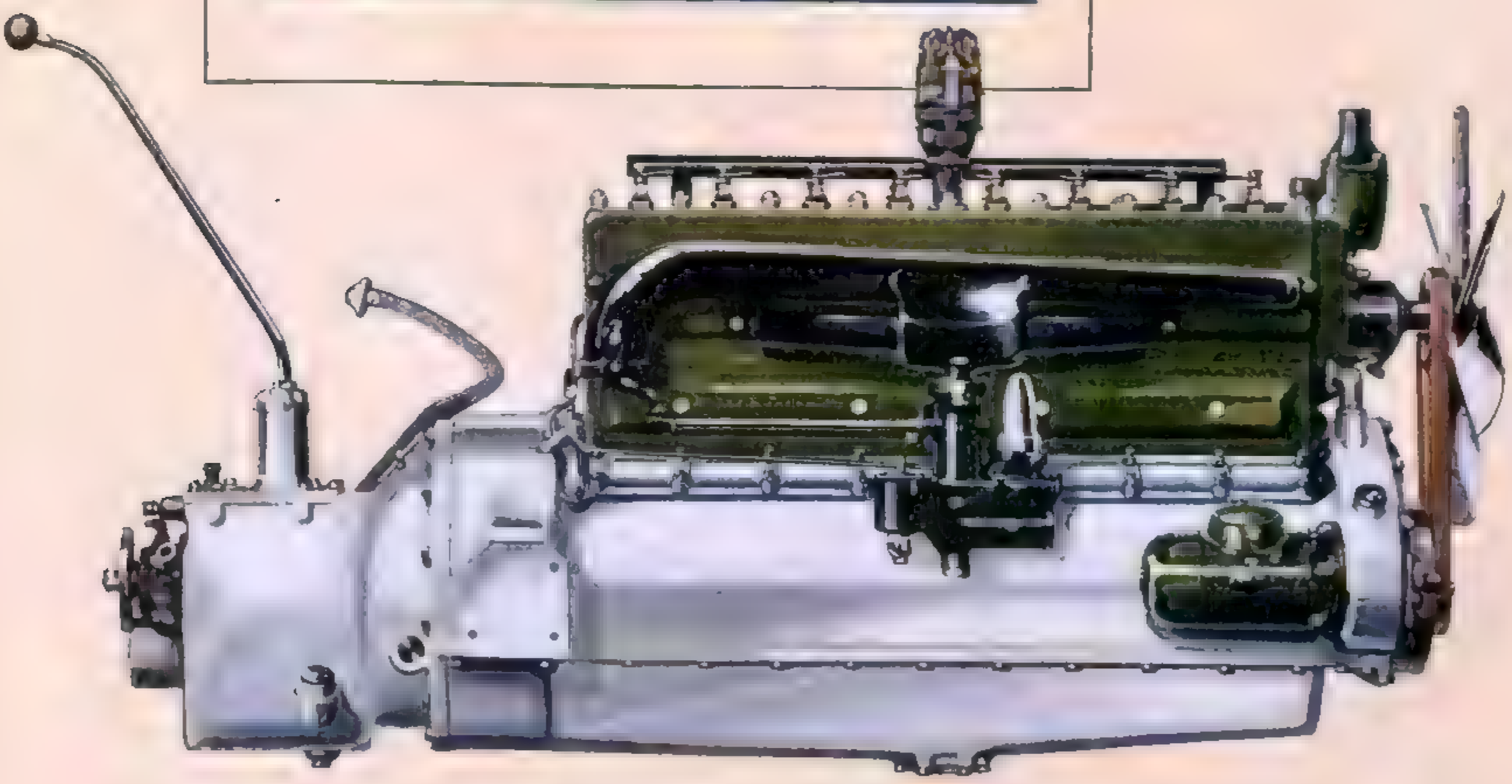
The Restful Car

The Supreme Combination of all that is fine in Motor Cars



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ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

PACKARD

THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

(Continued from Page 37)

objecting parties. The objection had been based purely upon financial consideration. So Kilrain, from his judgment seat in the North, handed down a verdict that the family had forfeited its right to this infant and that his own right to it should be substituted."

"Well, however he arrived at the conclusion," Harrington said, "I repeat that the outcome of the experiment justified the means. And just how did you know all this?"

"Kilrain had to confide in someone to make sure that his plans would be carried out. I rambled the North alone and both of us entertained similar ideas in many lines. I was his one friend. He confided in Ruvierre, because the priest, then stationed at a post in Alberta, had married Lynne's parents and had a record of it. The mother wrote her own story on the flyleaf and on the margins of the pages of a book that Kilrain had among his effects when he found her. She signed every page. Then there were her own personal trinkets. These, along with a statement from Kilrain, are all in the hands of Ruvierre—or were, until I took them outside last fall. The expiration date upon that provisional legacy left in trust for Lynne's mother or her heirs comes soon now. Kilrain had told Ruvierre that he would bring Lynne to him last year, but he failed to appear. Books, supplies, and so on, were brought in annually to Ruvierre when the traders came downriver. In midwinter Kilrain would travel to the Mackenzie to get them. Sometimes, however, he missed a year, traveling to some isolated trading post far across the divide to the Yukon slope. You've heard of the mysterious bearded stranger who drove a team of Mackenzie huskies and outdistanced all pursuers, who suspected him of having made a big gold strike in the interior and attempted to follow him. That was the Old Man of the North."

"I had divined the connection," Harrington informed.

"So Ruvierre was not given to worrying if Kilrain missed one winter. But the expiration date was drawing near and the Old One had not been to the Mackenzie in over two years. The priest was headed outside to place the proofs of identity before representatives of Lynne's family. I saved him the trip and took them outside myself when the traders went upriver to Track's End last fall. I did not know, until I returned to Simpson post just before break-up time, that you had not returned last year. Upon hearing it I kept on traveling to learn the cause of the delay; which brings us back to Laverne—or McNair."

"I know of Laverne," Harrington said. "On the Yukon side he is reported to make long trips over into this Liard country, but farther to the west and south. What leads you to believe that Laverne, more than any other, would have knowledge of the gold here?"

"Lynnhaven found gold on the creek on which they wintered. It was merely a pocket, rich but of no considerable extent. I worked it out myself many years ago, after the Old Man of the North told me of it. But Lynnhaven believed it to be fabulously rich—a Golconda. Lynne's mother did not launch one message but scores of them, in any way she could devise. In each one she related the news of the strike and offered to share it with the one who would come to her rescue. Some eight or nine years ago a native of the Mackenzie—one Anatak—found a bottle containing five slabs of birch bark on which there was writing. The white man to whom he showed it proceeded to keep it, evidence that he considered it of probable value to himself. Anatak knew that the drift pile in which he had found the message had been left there by the high water of ten years or so before, so it was very old.

"When he related the incident to me I thought it likely that the message was one of the many launched by Lynne's mother; its possible value resting on the mention of the gold strike. No doubt the man who had stolen it from Anatak believed that the discoverers had perished and that it was open to the one who would locate it. As I had already worked out that pocket of gold years before, I knew that the man would have his trouble for nothing, even if he should find the spot, which was unlikely, so thought little of it. For years Laverne has been coming over the divide and prospecting the various tributaries of the Liard. Klatakan told me that Laverne sat for hours studying five little slabs of birch bark.

"Then it occurred to me that Laverne was the man who had purloined five similar slabs of bark from Anatak eight or nine years before. Also I gathered that the long hunt had become an obsession and had probably affected his mind. Klatakan told him of the Old Man of the North and of the infant girl he had brought to the Iklut camp twenty years back, and that they now lived at the phantom falls. Laverne had had no way of determining on what tributary of the Liard the message had been launched, so he had been prospecting in the dark, so to speak. You may judge what effect Klatakan's story would have upon him. He decided that he knew where the gold was at last, but it was not deserted as he had believed, so he planned to get it anyway. He headed back westward across the divide as usual. But that same winter a man came in from the West by dog team, made a canoe and put off down the Liard after the break-up. I saw him at long range, but he didn't answer my hail. Subsequent inquiry proved that he had not been seen passing any Nahané camp below where this stream empties into the Liard. So I conclude that your McNair was Laverne. In any event, it doesn't matter greatly who he was, so long as he failed. If Laverne does not reappear, then we may assume that he was the one. But whoever he was his purpose was the same."

"And we will never know whether the Old Man of the North passed out from fatigue and exposure on the trail or whether Laverne bushwhacked him before coming here to finish the job," Harrington said reflectively.

"No. The North seldom gives up her secrets," Villiers agreed.

This new knowedge of Lynne's affairs, linking her with a family and with civilization, caused Harrington's civilized mind to reassert itself once more. A legacy of startling dimensions awaited her, once her identity was established.

Again that troublesome voice whispered to him of duty; that it was his duty to insist that she go outside and take possession of what rightfully belonged to her; that he had no right to keep her here so that she would sacrifice it.

"The devil!" he exploded to Villiers. "I'll never be able to strike off the shackles of standardized civilized thought. Here is enough gold to keep a dozen families in luxury for a lifetime—and their heirs after them. I am a comparatively rich man myself. It is my one wish to live on here with Lynne. It is her wish to live on here with me. In that case such wealth as we already have will be ten times what we need. What could it possibly benefit either of us, then, to possess still more wealth? Nothing! But I'm too much a product of civilization—too steeped in its standards to escape the religion of wealth. My reason and inclination cry out to stay here and to keep Lynne here with me. Then up crops that infernal duty complex again. It insists that I cannot assume the responsibility of allowing Lynne to sacrifice her inheritance. How can you account for a mind like mine? I know how the Old Man of the North would have acted in the face of such a situation as this. He'd have snapped his fingers, followed his inclination and told the whole wide world to go to hell if it didn't approve. But I can't do that. My conscience still reacts to standards that my reasoning intelligence refuses longer to recognize. She has made her decision to remain on here from lack of experience. She must go outside and decide from experience. Otherwise I would always reproach myself with having deprived her of much that she might otherwise have enjoyed."

"Yes, you would never know," Villiers agreed. "Also, there is one thing, I believe, of which she herself would never be quite sure until it is demonstrated before her own eyes. Yes. By all means, we must take her outside."

XVI

AT FIRST it had been very exciting. There were so many new things to see. Also there were so many new things to learn; thousands of little details, seemingly trivial, yet apparently very essential. Not so much in matters of apparel. Once she had had lovely things—things that Pan had brought in for her through Ruvierre, the priest. And every night she had discarded her buckskins and dressed up in her imported finery for dinner with him while Tanlika had served them. Pan had insisted upon that. So it had not been difficult to accustom herself to the loose flowing skirts that flapped round her ankles and impeded free movement. The Old Man of the North had trained her to all that. But there were so many other things, for example, about when and where one should or should not sleep. At home Lynne had never quite acquired full regularity in the custom of dividing her days into the long alternating periods of wakefulness and of slumber into which modern man apportions his time.

Instead, she possessed the faculty of sleeping for brief periods whenever and wherever drowsiness assailed her, conditions being propitious; with the consequence that she had cat-napped all over the landscape throughout the twenty-four hours when she wished. Perhaps that tendency had been fostered by the seasonal peculiarities of her northern habitat, where the time of day means little, the time of year everything. With the long winters of perpetual twilight and the brief summers when the North seemed bathed in everlasting light, there were but two short periods annually when days and nights recurred with sufficient regularity to render it feasible for one to apportion his time into alternating periods best adapted for activity and for somnolence as accommodated to the swing of the sun.

Rushing eastward across the continent by train, Lynne had gloried in the speed of their progress, was fascinated by the flashing panorama of countryside that unrolled before her eyes. Then, suddenly, she had become very drowsy, and so she had curled up in her seat and slept. Others about her also were napping in their seats. Then the trip had been broken by a three-day stopover in a large Midwestern city. And one day, in the luxurious lobby of the best hotel that the place afforded, Lynne had tired of watching the passing throngs and had draped her lovely young self upon a couch and slept. Men had stopped and stared, while women elevated their eyebrows expressively, and the clerk, believing her ill, had been on the point of summoning the house physician when Villiers and Harrington came in. Harrington had waked her gently and explained that one did not sleep in the hotel lobbies.

"And why not?" she had asked.

"Because there are people all about, Lovely," he had explained.

"But there were people all about in the train, and they slept. So did I," she argued. "Where is the difference?"

"No difference actually," Harrington had confessed. "It is merely custom. The one is sanctioned, the other is not."

Lynne had thought that extremely silly and Harrington could not dispute the basic absurdity of the fact that it was permissible for a woman to sleep at will in the seat of a crowded Pullman yet could not stretch out for a comfortable nap in the lobby of a hotel.

And also there was the fact that when one retired to one's room in a hotel for the night it was for the purpose of remaining there until a prescribed hour, not too early, the following morning. Whether or not one was sleepy seemed to have no bearing on the matter. It simply was not down in the cards that one might rise and prowl about hotel corridors and the silent dark streets of cities between midnight and dawn, without rousing active suspicion.

And so it seemed in all other matters of life. There were a thousand things like that, minor taboos prescribed by the conventions of civilized society. But Lynne did not resent them in the least. There were certain parallels that she might draw, and her native intelligence worked out each equation, no matter how absurd and inconsistent it might seem at first glance.

And Harrington, who had been filled with apprehension lest the bloom of her charming naturalness should be rubbed off by contact with civilization, to be replaced by artificial mannerisms, now sardonically accused himself of becoming her tutor in artificiality. Still, he recognized the necessity for the observance of certain conventions. Conduct must be more or less standardized even to the lesser details in those parts of the earth where human kind forgathers in teeming millions. Otherwise the civilized world would become a madhouse of individualism.

All men turned to look at Lynne a second time, and all women appraised her from toe to crown, wistfully some of them, others enviously, and not a few resentfully. Aside from her breath-taking beauty, there was some odd arresting quality about her that commanded attention and inspired in others a vague and envious longing for something that seemed beyond their comprehension. All this affected Lynne not at all. She was unself-conscious to a high degree. The truth was that Lynne, though no doubt inheriting from a thousand generations the gregarious instincts of the human race, had been reared in such isolation that the instinct had become atrophied in her to a great extent. Lynne most positively was not gregarious in the sense of wishing to associate intimately with crowds. Inherited instincts, in all life from plants to man, are plastic, not to be uprooted, but responsive to the process of being molded by environment. By years of association with but two humans—Kilrain and Tanlika—Lynne's inherited instincts of gregariousness had become adapted to limited contact with her kind. That had become a positive and well-developed trait. It was now too late for her to adapt herself to intimate association with many, except by conscious effort to subordinate the dictates of her own nature. Always it would seem natural to her to associate intimately with but very few individuals and to accord to those few her entire interest.

Her present association with Clay and Villiers seemed to her the most natural of all, a subconscious return to the all-satisfying trio of her infancy—Pan, Tanlika and herself. To Harrington she accorded not only the vast love that she had felt for the Old Man of the North but the added intensity of the love of mate for mate. To Villiers she gave that same generous measure of affection that she had once bestowed upon Tanlika. Thus the demands of every avenue of her nature were completely satisfied by these contacts—gloriously so—and the thronging crowds were but a background. She was pleasant to all others whom she met, but her interest in them was destined to be mild. Even in civilized society there are many individuals so constituted—to a lesser degree, of course, and

(Continued on Page 55)

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See Next Page

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Full rubber engine mounting insulates frame and body from the least tremor of engine operation—even at speeds of 65, 70, 72 and more miles an hour.

Longer, handsomer bodies—luxuriously roomy—and fully equipped with saddle-spring seat cushions, give the "feel" of your favorite easy chair.

And such performance!

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That flashes from 5 to 25 miles an hour in 7 seconds—

That takes even mountain grades at constant acceleration, and makes you totally unconscious of all ordinary hills—

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Four thousand seven hundred Chrysler dealers are today exhibiting the new "72". Any one of them will gladly afford you the opportunity of driving this phenomenal new Chrysler product.

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EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 50)

modified by necessary contacts; a harking back, no doubt, to that pretribal time when mankind prowled the jungles in family groups. Reflecting thus, Harrington was well content. Also he was glad that her thoughts often reverted to that far northern cabin that stood near the phantom falls; to their dogs, left in the care of a trader near Track's End. Even the excitement of viewing new scenes daily could not drive those things wholly from her thoughts. "The deer will be coming down from the north now," she said once. And another time: "Queen will be wondering why we do not come to praise her new puppies. They should be two months old by now."

But her mention of things northern became less frequent as the months wore on, and Harrington wondered regretfully if she was becoming entirely weaned away from it all. Lynne, on the other hand, was endeavoring to adapt herself to this new life which she thought Clay wished to live. But after four months, during which they had traveled extensively and tasted to the full the delights of civilization, home was calling her, and she mentioned the North less frequently for the reason that mention of it occasioned a wave of homesickness. She wanted her dogs, felt the urge to run with them across the open plains and through the forests—to be gone from this clang and clatter of train and traffic and the press of swarming humanity. But she said nothing of all this to Harrington. This was his life and she must learn to live it. And Harrington, himself longing for the vast peace and quiet of that far northern cabin and for the wilderness where a man might know himself intimately, felt that to deprive Lynne of all this which she was now experiencing for the first time and to take her back to a life of isolation would be an act of base selfishness.

Lynne observed the scurrying multitudes with considerable interest.

"Their faces are so different—no two the same, yet there is something of the same quality in every face," she remarked to Villiers and Harrington. "They want something—every one of them. . . . What is it that they want, Clay?"

"Happiness," Harrington said. "They are seeking it without knowing what they seek. They set some goal and strain toward it, only to find when they have attained it that it was not what they sought. That's the composite face of civilization, Lovely, that you're seeing behind the mask of each individual face."

"Will they ever find it—what they're looking for?"

"No," said Harrington. "It is doubtful. A very few of them perhaps."

"It is tragic, someway," she said reflectively. "Pan didn't have that look, nor Tanlika. You had it when you first came into my country. That was the first time I had seen it. It puzzled me." She regarded him closely. "You haven't that look about you now."

"No," he said. "I have found what I wanted—you."

Her expressive gray eyes said things to him that caused a stranger who had looked into them in passing to blunder against three successive pedestrians while he gazed over his shoulder at her retreating back. And as her eyes peered behind the surface expression of the faces about her and detected the strained spirits underneath, so her ears caught the hidden inflections and undercurrents in the voices that were modulated for concealment.

"They say what they do not mean," she announced. "And they laugh when they are neither happy nor amused. It is only a gesture."

She realized now the immensity of the world of men and the relatively small likelihood that Clay would meet that other woman, the thought of whom had occasioned her such mental travail. Still the thought of it persisted in the background of her mind. That was the eternal feminine in her. Always there would be that feeling that the next woman encountered might prove to be the one to whom Clay's allegiance had once been given. Would he give it to her still if they should chance to meet? How could she be quite sure? That was the one little apprehension that seemed destined to persist, a grain of sand on the mental eyeball of her happiness.

Of the delights of civilization, in the main, she had seen quite enough for the present. It did not bore her exactly, but there was a certain amount of sameness, of repetition, to it all after the novelty had worn off. But there was one thing with which she was never satiated—music. It spoke to her, telling her things that it did not seem to convey to others. She would linger to listen even to the clang of a mechanical piano in a penny arcade or to the drums and cymbals of religious enthusiasts on street corners, in preference to visiting some famous edifice that stood as a monument to man's constructive ingenuity. The very thing that she adored above all other delights of civilization was, strangely enough, the very thing that occasioned the sharpest pangs of homesickness. Music, of whatever variety, while intoxicating her, tugged her heartstrings and led her spirit back to her Northland home.

They were dressing for the opera—the last time, incidentally that Harrington would take her to the opera for many a moon; though he did not know it then—when a band of sorts paraded through the streets below and the strains of a march rose to their windows. She came to him swiftly, all pink-and-white loveliness, and twined her arms round his neck.

"I wish I could express it, Clay, dear—what it does to me," she said. "It seems as if it were trying to recall things to my mind that have been forgotten—strange things that I should remember, but cannot. I can't get it."

"Music affects you in the same way that you affect me," he said. "And that's as near as I can define it myself."

At the opera she gave herself up unreservedly to the strains that swept from wild physical, barbaric rhythm to heights of pure intellectual delight. At one period, during a heavy throbbing reiteration that was almost monotony, yet draggingly compelling, she clutched Harrington's arm and whispered, "The falls! The falls! Don't you hear them?" And again: "Listen, the huskies are beginning to howl. Don't you hear their voices lifting above the boom of the falls? It all blends in." Throughout she commented in whispers as to what it told her. She heard the sustained screeching voice of the storm king riding an Arctic blizzard, suddenly subdued to the hiss of wings as millions of migrants returned to greet the loving spring, with here and there the silvery fluting notes of a returning plover sprinkled in; and through, above and below it all the booming rhythmic throb of the falls. The music dripped to a close. The lights came on.

Lynne turned suddenly to Harrington and rested both hands on his arm. "I have it now!" She was utterly unconscious of the close-packed hundreds seated round them. "Music carries you back. This takes me back until I hear every note in the North—the wind in the trees, the rapids, the birds and insects—everything. When I go back there the music of the falls and the screech of the storms will bring me back to this. Don't you see?"

Villiers was leaning toward Harrington and a trifle forward, to catch her low-voiced hurried flow of words. A hundred pairs of eyes were riveted on this oddly assorted but arresting trio. She was so obviously unconscious of any but the three of them that no observer even suspected that her sudden sidewise pose was a play to the gallery, a bid for attention. For it was also obvious that the whole wide world would always accord her notice without an effort on her part. And many ears were strained, with little success, to catch the substance of her low-pitched words.

"It carries every individual back consciously for as far as his recollection goes," she said. "But so much farther than that. This sort of music is the rhythm of all Nature, beautifully expressed. Men who compose it must necessarily do it by feeling it; they couldn't possibly think it out. Conscious recollection doesn't reach back that far. That's why it is difficult to define music intelligently. You feel it but cannot express it adequately in words."

Villiers and Harrington nodded smiling agreement and understanding. She sat back, delighted at having been able to grasp a partial definition of the thing toward which her mind had been groping. She laughed contentedly, and in that laugh were all the beautiful things that she had just endeavored to express in words. Those who were sufficiently near to hear it felt someway that the world was a far better place in which to live than they had previously suspected.

"If we could only take that back home with us—music," she said dreamily after a space. "All the rest of it doesn't matter. Still, I can always hear it in the falls after this."

Then, after another interval of silence, just as the lights were dimmed, "That's the larger, the universal aspect of music, that carries all life, unconsciously, back to the beginning. Consciously it carries each individual back somewhere along the line within scope of his recollection. With me, all music will always recall that day when you came paddling up the river, singing. . . . Do you remember, Clay?"

XVII

THE final matters of Lynne's inheritance seemed in a fair way to be settled before noon. On several occasions she had gone with Villiers to confer with Allison, a representative of her mother's family who had assured them that there would be no difficulty. Long since, her cousin, daughter of her mother's sister and chief beneficiary of her grandfather's vast estate, had been summoned from a far part of the world. But Alice Chatham Vane had seen no reason why she should discommode herself by leaving and hurrying home before the season ended. After all, the claimant was the one who would benefit, not herself, so if there were to be inconvenience on either side, surely it should be borne by this long-lost relative. So she had tarried, but at last she had returned and they were to meet in Allison's presence at ten o'clock.

Harrington had attended none of the few previous meetings nor did he know the bare names of any of the principals save Lynne's. Villiers, for reasons of his own, had requested that he should be allowed to carry on negotiations alone. And Harrington, with more confidence in the judgment of this man than in that of any other of his acquaintance, had acceded to the request without a question. As Lynne and Villiers were about to enter the cab that waited to convey them to the conference, Villiers handed the girl into the conveyance and returned briefly to Harrington.

"Join us at eleven," he instructed, telling him the appointed place. "Your presence may be necessary." Then he was gone.

Those who convened in Allison's office constituted an oddly assorted group. There was Allison himself, a man of vast affairs. There was Ruvierre, the bearded priest of the North, his voluminous brown and white beard almost concealing the front of his flowing black cassock. There was Villiers, the product of mixed races. Lynne's loveliness shed a radiance over this motley gathering, upon which presently Alice Chatham Vane, one of the half-dozen wealthiest women in the world, entered composedly.

Lynne, at the moment, was gazing absorbedly at a picture of her mother, whom she had never seen to remember. Lynne had evinced little interest in this meeting with her cousin. And Alice Vane had anticipated little but boredom while hastening through the necessary details of the transaction. But at first glimpse each cousin knew a swift hot pride that the other was of her own blood. Each recognized in the other the stamp of the world's royalty. The one, schooled to conceal emotion to the point where casualness was almost a religion, greeted her long-lost relative composedly. But Lynne, child of natural expression, gazed with manifest delight upon the glorious creature that was Alice Vane.

"I didn't know you would be like this," she said.

"You approve of me then?" Alice Vane inquired, smiling upon her.

"Oh, yes!" Lynne murmured, appraising her frankly.

"You must come to me at once, my dear; as soon as we conclude the few necessary details here," said Alice Vane. "It should not take long. Mr. Allison tells me that everything is quite in order and that there can be no doubt of your identity. If there were any doubt it would have been dispelled in my mind immediately after one glance at you. You come of Chatham stock unquestionably."

With characteristic abruptness, Lynne turned to Allison. "Will it inconvenience her in the least if I should take this—this bequest?" she demanded.

"Not in the very least," Alice Vane answered for him. "It has been waiting for you, untouched, and it is really very little, in comparison."

It was very little, perhaps, as compared to Alice Vane's holdings, yet Villiers had told her that it constituted a really tremendous fortune. Alice Vane, of course, was one of the very few of the world's favorites. She had everything that any human might desire, Lynne reflected. But did she? Beneath her cousin's exterior air of happiness and vast self-possession Lynne detected that same specter that she had sensed lurking behind all faces in this world of civilization—that ceaseless want of something that seemed always unfulfilled. What more could Alice Vane require to make her life complete? Yet she wanted something desperately. The signs were there for Lynne to read, however effectually they might be concealed from others. But it was certain that she did not want Lynne's legacy. That would mean nothing to her. It was something that wealth could not purchase. That much was certain, else Alice Vane would have acquired it long since. No. It was something else.

An attorney whom Allison had called in cleared his throat and read sonorously from a lengthy document. Lynne was not much interested in it. Her mind was probing for the secret of that shade of sadness, that desperate want of something that rested just beneath the charming external serenity of her cousin's face. Alice Vane smiled at her. But the eyes did not smile. Just then the door opened and Harrington stepped in. Lynne had not expected him and her eyes widened with swift pleasure. Looking into them, Harrington felt himself drawn to her as if she had opened her arms to him. Then, his eyes straying from one to another of the group, his startled glance focused upon Alice Vane. Lynne, following the direction of his gaze, saw the veiled light come to the eyes of her cousin at the sight of his towering form. Instantly, unerringly, Lynne knew what it was that Alice Vane wanted—the one thing further that she asked of life. This, then—this glorious cousin of hers—was the girl of the story. Alice Vane rose easily and advanced to Harrington. "Why, Clay—Clay Harrington! This is almost like seeing the ghost of a dear departed one after a lapse of years. Your friends had just about given you up as lost," she said. "I'm so glad to see you again, Clay. Where in the world have you been hiding all these years?"

Beneath the casual manner of address Lynne detected the hidden vibrations of an interest that was anything but casual; intense, rather—almost breathless. Of all the others present none save Villiers read into that meeting anything save a cordial greeting between two old friends. Villiers had deliberately arranged this meeting. In all of her life Lynne had known but one great apprehension. Always some vestige of it would linger with her unless the very root of the thought that occasioned it should be

(Continued on Page 57)

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A Roof for Every Building

BIRD'S ROOFS DEFY WATER AND WEAR

(Continued from Page 55)

eliminated. She must prove the groundlessness of her apprehension to herself. So Villiers sat imperturbably and waited while Harrington and Alice Vane exchanged the customary casual greetings between two valued friends who have not met for long. Alice Vane rested her hand in friendly fashion on Harrington's arm.

Then Lynne rose and crossed to them, moving with that wild free grace of hers. She lifted the hand from Clay's arm and placed her own there in its stead. Alice Vane, looking into the gray eyes of her newfound cousin, saw a hint of sorrow there, and deep beneath it an odd flare, as if greenish lightning, held in leash, lurked there ready to leap forth. From some dim inner recess of her being the thought sprang to her consciousness that for a fraction of a second death had stared her grimly in the face. But her reasoning intelligence discarded the thought as instantly, for Lynne had turned her eyes to Harrington.

"Clay, this matter will all be settled within an hour. I'm tired of all this and want to go home. Will you take me home, Clay, at once?"

A glad light leaped into Harrington's eyes as swift pictures of that far northern cabin, of a girl running at the head of a swarm of wolfish dogs, of tens of thousands of caribou migrating across the tundra, of many allied scenes, flitted kaleidoscopically across the negative of his mind.

"Any minute, Lovely, that you say the word," he responded instantly.

"Could you make the arrangements to start today?" she asked.

"This very day," he assured her.

Alice Vane, who had dominated every situation in which she had figured even slightly since her infancy, divined that she was now a mere spectator, forgotten by these two.

"Then would you mind going now to make the arrangements while I conclude this matter alone?" Lynne asked. "Then I will join you and we will start at once."

Harrington lifted his eyes to Villiers, who had told him that his presence here might be necessary. Villiers nodded slightly. Harrington had already accomplished all that Villiers had desired of him, though he did not know it.

"It might be well," Villiers acquiesced softly.

"All right, Lynne. I'm on my way," Harrington announced. He indulged in the formula of a brief cordial leave-taking of Alice Vane, some pleasant meaningless phrases to the effect that it was devastating to have met only to part again so swiftly. He voiced a polite hope that they would meet again soon, though both of them knew that they would never meet again—the polite inanities without which life would be hideous in the crowded centers of civilization. Then the door closed behind him. Lynne turned slowly back and resumed her seat. The attorney cleared his throat again, preparatory to resuming his reading of the lengthy document. Then Lynne spoke:

"I should like this—this bequest to go to her, to my cousin," she announced. "Will you take it—from me?" she urged of Alice Vane.

Her cousin smiled at the entreaty, the hint of tragedy, in Lynne's expressive eyes.

"Sporting of you, my dear," she said, divining the source of this generous impulse. "But I have so much as it is. I'd far rather you should have it."

"But I can't take it," Lynne declared, rising. "Someway I just cannot."

"If I might suggest," Allison intervened, "it is probably lack of experience as to what wealth can do for you—or an impulsive piece of altruism." Then, as Lynne shook her head decisively and announced "I'll not take it," she turned to Villiers for support. This careless disregard for so large an amount seemed to Allison's financial mind to border on the irreligious. At least it was evidence of immature judgment. He recalled the weeks of careful investigation to make sure that this claimant was not an impostor. This sudden turn in events was something quite outside the bounds of his previous experience. It upset all his ideas of balance.

"But since it was left to you ——" he began.

"Since it was," Lynne interrupted, "I should be entitled to do with it as I please. There are reasons why I cannot take it."

This time it was Allison who turned to Villiers for support.

"Why not?" Villiers murmured. "Why not—if she doesn't wish it? I would suggest that she be permitted to do as she thinks best. I can assure you that she will do as she chooses in any event."

"I leave the disposition of it to you," Lynne said to Villiers, "so long as none of it comes to me. I am going now." She crossed to her cousin and extended both hands. "I'm sorry," she said in a low voice, her words inaudible to the others. "I would share anything with you—give you anything I could—but that."

"Yes, my dear," said Alice Vane. "I quite understand."

Then Lynne was gone. Straight as a homing bird she was going to the man that she would never lose. She knew that now.

XVIII

THE gold camps of Alaska and the Yukon ran their course, as all gold camps do. The population departed from many a once-thriving town, leaving behind only the deserted buildings echoing with the hollow futility of dead ambitions. Many gold seekers linger on. It is still predicted among the prospecting fraternity that the greatest strike in all history will be made one day in the unknown regions to the east of the divide that separates the Yukon and Mackenzie watersheds. But the interior still guards its secrets, and that one little group of intrepid souls who once sought to unravel its mysteries is gone. They are all gone and no man knows how they passed. One and all, they headed into the unknown regions to the eastward, and the North that they knew and loved claimed them in the end. It is always so. Perhaps Harrington's name lingered longer than the others in the annals of the mining camps, for in his detached and careless way he had grubstaked many a prospector. Some of them struck it rich and waited for Harrington to return and claim his share of the golden flood. But he never did. One particularly—Al Reese; grubstaked with Harrington's winnings in a poker game, so it was said—made a big strike on the very spring after Harrington had disappeared. He named the creek after his benefactor. The diggings on Harrington Creek are deserted now. Only the scars remain as evidence of the swarming activity of days gone by. But many a million in yellow metal was harvested from the placer workings of that stream before the gold played out.

Occasionally, in one part of the world or another, at some resort or on board a ship, a tall man and a lovely woman, accompanied by a swarm of lovable youngsters, make their appearance. There is about them an air of consequence not arrogance, but rather a suggestion that they own the world and know it. Usually a very swarthy individual accompanies them—an Oriental prince perhaps. An arresting group. Observers know instantly that these people are somehow different. They seem possessed of some quality baffling analysis, but which rouses a wistful envy in the breasts of all who see them. One feels vaguely that they have attained to some definite goal toward which all others are vainly striving but which seems ever to recede. No one can give it a name. Possibly it is a state of absolute serenity, the tranquillity of spirit that comes only to those who have found what they want on earth, who have nothing more to ask of life and know it. None know whence they come or to where they journey when once they disappear.

After the lapse of a quarter of a century the Moccasin Telegraph is clicking again about the country of the big falls that no man has seen. Isolated tribes throughout almost a million square miles of wilderness have strange tales to tell. Versions vary greatly, but there is a germ of the same idea in each. It is said that back in there where the ground burns near the phantom falls there exists a race of tall fair people of great strength and much magic. All agree that this race rules the wild things. It is related that great wolves herd bands of caribou for them on the tundra and that wild ducks, geese and ptarmigans lay fresh eggs in their dooryard

Now the North is a land of odd rumors, any of which may prove to be true, for there are vast areas that have never known the tread of a white man, and it is from these unknown regions that most of the strange tales emanate. It may be that these things are true. In any event, those who have lived long in the North do not turn a deaf ear when the Moccasin Telegraph is rumbling.

(THE END)

JACOB'S LADDER

(Continued from Page 5)

"The point is you're not interested either," said Jacob. "If I thought that you two really cared about each other, do you think I'd be fool enough to try to stand in the way? But you don't give a darn about her, and she's impressed and a little fascinated."

"Sure," agreed Farrelly, bored. "I wouldn't touch her for anything."

Jacob laughed. "Yes, you would. Just for something to do. That's what I object to—anything—anything casual happening to her."

"I see what you mean. I'll let her alone."

Jacob was forced to be content with that. He had no faith in Billy Farrelly, but he guessed that Farrelly liked him and wouldn't offend him unless stronger feelings were involved. But the holding hands under the table tonight had annoyed him. Jenny lied about it when he reproached her; she offered to let him take her home immediately, offered not to speak to Farrelly again all evening. Then he had seemed silly and pointless to himself. It would have been easier, when Farrelly said "So you're in love with this baby," to have been able to answer simply, "I am."

But he wasn't. He valued her now more than he had ever thought possible. He watched in her the awakening of a sharply individual temperament. She liked quiet and simple things. She was developing the capacity to discriminate and shut the trivial and the unessential out of her life. He tried giving her books; then wisely he gave up that and brought her into contact with a variety of men. He made situations and then explained them to her, and he was pleased, as appreciation and politeness began to blossom before his eyes. He valued, too, her utter trust in him and the fact that she used him as a standard for judgments on other men.

Before the Farrelly picture was released, she was offered a two-year contract on the strength of her work in it—four hundred a week for six months and an increase on a sliding scale. But she would have to go to the Coast.

"Wouldn't you rather have me wait?" she said, as they drove in from the country one afternoon. "Wouldn't you rather have me stay here in New York—near you?"

"You've got to go where your work takes you. You ought to be able to look out for yourself. You're seventeen."

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Letter

HARRY POLLARD

who directed Universal's Spectacle

"Uncle Tom's Cabin"

Universal's magnificent production of ***"Uncle Tom's Cabin"*** is destined to create a sensation throughout America, if not the entire world. Unless it does so, then I am no prophet. It will have its première in New York City this month and if you or your friends are in New York at that time I feel certain it will be one of the big treats of your visit.

The production has been almost two years in the making and has already cost over two million dollars. I mention the amount to give you an idea of the elaborateness and immensity of the production. I believe it is the biggest picture-spectacle ever made and I hope will prove the best.

Another Universal picture which I am confident will win the plaudits of the fans is ***"The Cat and the Canary,"*** adapted from the stage play by John Willard, with LAURA LA PLANTE, ARTHUR EDMUND CAREW, CREIGHTON HALE and other stars. It's a Paul Leni Production.

Still another is ***"The Irresistible Lover,"*** featuring NORMAN KERRY and LOIS MORAN supported by these sterling players: MYRTLE STEDMAN, GERTRUDE ASTOR, PHILLIPS SMALLEY and LEE MORAN.

I have received several letters saying, "I suppose this letter will never reach you personally and will be thrown in the waste-basket." Let me say that none of your letters are ever waste-basketed, and I do see and answer every one. Write and see.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

Seventeen—she was as old as he; she was ageless. Her dark eyes under a yellow straw hat were as full of destiny as though she had not just offered to toss destiny away.

"I wonder if you hadn't come along, someone else would of," she said—"to make me do things, I mean."

"You'd have done them yourself. Get it out of your head that you're dependent on me."

"I am. Everything is, thanks to you."

"It isn't, though," he said emphatically, but he brought no reasons; he liked her to think that.

"I don't know what I'll do without you. You're my only friend"—and she added—"that I care about. You see? You understand what I mean?"

He laughed at her, enjoying the birth of her egotism implied in her right to be understood. She was lovelier that afternoon than he had ever seen her, delicate, resonant and, for him, undesirable. But sometimes he wondered if that sexlessness wasn't for him alone, wasn't a side that, perhaps purposely, she turned toward him. She was happiest of all with younger men, though she pretended to despise them. Billy Farrelly, obligingly and somewhat to her mild chagrin, had left her alone.

"When will you come out to Hollywood?"

"Soon," he promised. "And you'll be coming back to New York."

She began to cry. "Oh, I'll miss you so much! I'll miss you so much!" Large tears of distress ran down her warm ivory cheeks. "Oh, geeze!" she cried softly. "You been good to me! Where's your hand? Where's your hand? You been the best friend anybody ever had. Where am I ever going to find a friend like you?"

She was acting now, but a lump arose in his throat and for a moment a wild idea ran back and forth in his mind, like a blind man, knocking over its solid furniture—to marry her. He had only to make the suggestion, he knew, and she would come close to him and know no one else, because he would understand her forever.

Next day, in the station, she was pleased with her flowers, her compartment, with the prospect of a longer trip than she had ever taken before. When she kissed him good-by her deep eyes came close to his again and she pressed against him as if in protest against the separation. Again she cried, but he knew that behind her tears lay the happiness of adventure in new fields. As he walked out of the station, New York was curiously empty. Through her eyes he had seen old colors once more; now they had faded back into the gray tapestry of the past. The next day he went to an office high in a building on Park Avenue and talked to a famous specialist he had not visited for a decade.

"I want you to examine the larynx again," he said. "There's not much hope, but something might have changed the situation."

He swallowed a complicated system of mirrors. He breathed in and out, made high and low sounds, coughed at a word of command. The specialist fussed and touched. Then he sat back and took out his eyeglass. "There's no change," he said. "The cords are not diseased they're simply worn out. It isn't anything that can be treated."

"I thought so," said Jacob, humbly, as if he had been guilty of an impertinence. "That's practically what you told me before. I wasn't sure how permanent it was."

He had lost something when he came out of the building on Park Avenue—a half hope, the love child of a wish, that some day ——

"New York desolate," he wired her. "The night clubs all closed. Black wreaths on the Statue of Civic Virtue. Please work hard and be remarkably happy."

"Dear Jacob," she wired back, "miss you so. You are the nicest man that ever lived and I mean it, dear. Please don't forget me. Love from Jenny."

Winter came. The picture Jenny had made in the East was released, together with preliminary interviews and articles in the fan magazines. Jacob sat in his apartment, playing the Kreutzer Sonata over and over on his new phonograph, and read her meager and stilted but affectionate letters and the articles which said she was a discovery of Billy Farrelly's. In February he became engaged to an old friend, now a widow.

They went to Florida and were suddenly snarling at each other in hotel corridors and over bridge games, so they decided not to go through with it after all. In the spring he took a stateroom on the Paris, but three days before sailing he disposed of it and went to California.

IV

JENNY met him at the station, kissed him and clung to his arm in the car all the way to the Ambassador Hotel. "Well, the man came," she cried. "I never thought I'd get him to come. I never did."

Her accent betrayed an effort at control. The emphatic "Geeze!" with all the wonder, horror, disgust or admiration she could put in it was gone, but there was no mild substitute, no "swell" or "grand." If her mood required expletives outside her repertoire, she kept silent.

But at seventeen, months are years and Jacob perceived a change in her; in no sense was she a child any longer. There were fixed things in her mind—not distractions, for she was instinctively too polite for that, but simply things there. No longer was the studio a lark and a wonder and a divine accident; no longer "for a nickel I wouldn't turn up tomorrow." It was part of her life. Circumstances were stiffening into a career which went on independently of her casual hours.

"If this picture is as good as the other—I mean if I make a personal hit again, Hecksher'll break the contract. Everybody that's seen the rushes says it's the first one I've had sex appeal in."

"What are the rushes?"

"When they run off what they took the day before. They say it's the first time I've had sex appeal."

"I don't notice it," he teased her.

"You wouldn't. But I have."

"I know you have," he said, and, moved by an ill-considered impulse, he took her hand.

She glanced quickly at him. He smiled—half a second too late. Then she smiled and her glowing warmth veiled his mistake.

"Jake," she cried, "I could bawl, I'm so glad you're here! I got you a room at the Ambassador. They were full, but they kicked out somebody because I said I had to have a room. I'll send my car back for you in half an hour. It's good you came on Sunday, because I got all day free."

They had luncheon in the furnished apartment she had leased for the winter. It was 1920 Moorish, taken over complete from a favorite of yesterday. Someone had told her it was horrible, for she joked about it; but when he pursued the matter he found that she didn't know why.

"I wish they had more nice men out here," she said once during luncheon. "Of course there's a lot of nice ones, but I mean —— Oh, you know, like in New York—men that know even more than a girl does, like you."

After luncheon he learned that they were going to tea. "Not today," he objected. "I want to see you alone."

"All right," she agreed doubtfully. "I suppose I could telephone. I thought It's a lady that writes for a lot of newspapers and I've never been asked there before. Still, if you don't want to ——"

Her face had fallen a little and Jacob assured her that he couldn't be more willing. Gradually he found that they were going not to one party but to three.

"In my position, it's sort of the thing to do," she explained. "Otherwise you don't see anybody except the people on your own lot, and that's narrow." He smiled. "Well, anyhow," she finished—"anyhow, you smart Aleck, that's what everybody does on Sunday afternoon."

At the first tea, Jacob noticed that there was an enormous preponderance of women over men, and of supernumeraries—lady journalists, cameramen's daughters, cutters' wives—over people of importance. A young Latin named Raffino appeared for a brief moment, spoke to Jenny and departed; several stars passed through, asking about children's health with a domesticity that was somewhat overpowering. Another group of celebrities posed immobile, statue-like, in a corner. There was a somewhat inebriated and very much excited author apparently trying to make engagements with one girl after another. As the afternoon waned, more people were suddenly a little tight; the communal voice was higher in pitch and greater in volume as Jacob and Jenny went out the door.

At the second tea, young Raffino—he was an actor, one of innumerable hopeful Valentinos—appeared again for a minute, talked to Jenny a little longer, a little more attentively this time, and went out. Jacob gathered that this party was not considered to have quite the swagger of the other. There was a bigger crowd around the cocktail table. There was more sitting down.

Jenny, he saw, drank only lemonade. He was surprised and pleased at her distinction and good manners. She talked to one person, never to everyone within hearing; then she listened, without finding it necessary to shift her eyes about. Deliberate or not on her part, he noticed that at both teas she was sooner or later talking to the guest of most consequence. Her seriousness, her air of saying "This is my opportunity of learning something," beckoned their egotism imperatively near.

When they left to drive to the last party, a buffet supper, it was dark and the electric legends of hopeful real-estate brokers were gleaming to some vague purpose on Beverly Hills. Outside Graumans' Theater a crowd was already gathered in the thin, warm rain.

"Look! Look!" she cried. It was the picture she had finished a month before.

They slid out of the thin Rialto of Hollywood Boulevard and into the deep gloom of a side street; he put his arm about her and kissed her.

"Dear Jake." She smiled up at him.

"Jenny, you're so lovely; I didn't know you were so lovely."

She looked straight ahead, her face mild and quiet. A wave of annoyance passed over him and he pulled her toward him urgently, just as the car stopped at a lighted door.

They went into a bungalow crowded with people and smoke. The impetus of the formality which had begun the afternoon was long exhausted; everything had become at once vague and strident.

"This is Hollywood," explained an alert, talkative lady who had been in his vicinity all day. "No airs on Sunday afternoon." She indicated the hostess. "Just a plain, simple, sweet girl." She raised her voice: "Isn't that so, darling—just a plain, simple, sweet girl?"

The hostess said, "Yeah. Who is?" And Jacob's informant lowered her voice again. "But that little girl of yours is the wisest one of the lot."

The totality of the cocktails Jacob had swallowed was affecting him pleasantly, but try as he might, the plot of the party—the key on which he could find ease and tranquillity—eluded him. There was something tense in the air—something competitive and insecure. Conversations with the men had a way of becoming empty and overjovial, or else melting off into a sort of suspicion. The women were nicer. At eleven o'clock, in the pantry, he suddenly realized that he hadn't seen Jenny for an hour. Returning to the living room, he saw her come in, evidently from outside, for she tossed a raincoat from her shoulders. She was with Raffino. When she came up, Jacob saw that she was out of breath and her eyes were very bright. Raffino smiled at Jacob pleasantly and negligently; a few moments later, as he turned to go, he bent and whispered in Jenny's ear and she looked at him without smiling as she said good night.

"I got to be on the lot at eight o'clock," she told Jacob presently. "I'll look like an old umbrella unless I go home. Do you mind, dear?"

"Heavens, no!"

Their car drove over one of the interminable distances of the thin, stretched city.

"Jenny," he said, "you've never looked like you were tonight. Put your head on my shoulder."

"I'd like to. I'm tired."

"I can't tell you how radiant you've got to be."

"I'm just the same."

"No; you're not." His voice suddenly became a whisper, trembling with emotion. "Jenny, I'm in love with you."

"Jacob, don't be silly."

"I'm in love with you. Isn't it strange, Jenny? It happened just like that."

"You're not in love with me."

"You mean the fact doesn't interest you." He was conscious of a faint twinge of fear.

She sat up out of the circle of his arm. "Of course it interests me; you know I care more about you than anything in the world."

"More than about Mr. Raffino?"

"Oh—my—gosh!" she protested scornfully. "Raffino's nothing but a baby."

"I love you, Jenny."

"No, you don't."

He tightened his arm. Was it his imagination or was there a small instinctive resistance in her body? But she came close to him and he kissed her.

"You know that's crazy about Raffino."

"I suppose I'm jealous." Feeling insistent and unattractive, he released her. But the twinge of fear had become an ache. Though he knew that she was tired and that she felt strange at this new mood in him, he was unable to let the matter alone. "I didn't realize how much a part of my life you were. I didn't know what it was I missed—but I know now. I wanted you near."

"Well, here I am."

He took her words as an invitation, but this time she relaxed wearily in his arms. He held her thus for the rest of the way, her eyes closed, her short hair falling straight back, like a girl drowned.

"The car'll take you to the hotel," she said when they reached the apartment. "Remember, you're having lunch with me at the studio tomorrow."

Suddenly they were in a discussion that was almost an argument, as to whether it was too late for him to come in. Neither could yet appreciate the change that his declaration had made in the other. Abruptly they had become like different people, as Jacob tried desperately to turn back the clock to that night in New York six months before, and Jenny watched this mood, which was more than jealousy and less than love, snow under, one by one, the qualities of consideration and understanding which she knew in him and with which she felt at home.

"But I don't love you like that," she cried. "How can you come to me all at once and ask me to love you like that?"

"You love Raffino like that!"

"I swear I don't! I never even kissed him—not really!"

"H'm!" He was a gruff white bird now. He could scarcely credit his own unpleasantness, but something illogical as love itself urged him on. "An actor!"

"Oh, Jake," she cried, "please lemme go. I never felt so terrible and mixed up in my life."

"I'll go," he said suddenly. "I don't know what's the matter, except that I'm so mad about you that I don't know what I'm saying. I love you and you don't love me. Once you did, or thought you did, but that's evidently over."

"But I do love you." She thought for a moment; the red-and-green glow of a filling

(Continued on Page 67)

Hundreds of Alemite Service Stations are now equipped with the new Alemite Airline Lubrigun. Operates by compressed air. A big time and labor saver. Motorists quickly appreciate its speedy, thorough service.

A Warning— to 11,000,000 Motorists!

If your car is equipped with Alemite please read this!

THERE are 11,000,000 cars in America today that are equipped with the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System. Motor car manufacturers have equipped your car with Alemite because, if properly used, it is the means of eliminating 80% of ordinary repair bills.

It is to you, who have Alemite already on your car, that we issue this warning: It has come to our attention, from a great many sources, that cheap greases are being used in lubricating cars with the Alemite System.

Now, the best lubricating system in the world will not offset the use of cheap grease. Cheap greases will literally burn up if a bearing becomes heated. They freeze solid in winter. Loaded with fillers, they get lumpy and rancid, and corrode the bearings. That is why hundreds of conscientious service stations and garages have asked us to produce a reliable lubricant. They knew we had an interest to protect, outside of merely making some grease.

Because of this insistent demand, we have finally developed Alemite Chassis Lubricant. It will stand up under 3,000 pounds pressure. [Average grease breaks down at 200 pounds pressure.] It resists heat up to 400° Fahrenheit. It will lubricate your car properly at 30° below zero.

We do not wish to infer that this is the only good brand of chassis lubricant. There are others. But unless you already know a brand *that you can absolutely rely upon*, we urge you to specify genuine Alemite Chassis Lubricant.

If you lubricate your own car you can purchase this lubricant in 5 lb. cans at your dealer's. Service stations using genuine Alemite Chassis Lubricant are easily identified by the display sign shown above.

We are making this statement for our own interest as well as yours. For our main interest is to see that the Alemite System which we manufacture gives you complete satisfaction.

To further protect your interests and ours, every dealer using genuine Alemite Chassis and Gear Lubricants displays the yellow sign shown above. Look for it. Engineers say you should have this lubrication "every 500 miles."

THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING COMPANY
DIVISION OF STEWART-WARNER
2678 N. Crawford Avenue Chicago, Ill.

Canadian Address
Alemite Products Co., of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ont

The bolts pictured above show the difference between the use of good and bad lubricants. The one on the left was improperly lubricated and after 1,500,000 oscillations (equal to 10,000 miles of driving) was worn to the danger point. The one on the right, lubricated with Alemite Chassis Lubricant, tested the same way, showed no perceptible wear. Replacement of this one bolt would cost a motor car owner anywhere from $1.50 to $5.00.

ALEMITE

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THE COMBINED STRENGTH OF THESE TWO NAMES—REPRESENTING THE LARGEST ACCESSORY MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD—IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF *QUALITY*.

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From days when the ancients conceived the sun as a chariot of fire sped by steeds of flame, men have dreamed and striven to harness heat to useful power.

Companion Invention to the Super-Six Principle

turns waste heat to power

This new companion invention to the Super-Six Principle converts heat, heretofore wasted, into useful power.

Together they combine the highest efficiency in power generation, and the maximum efficiency in power transmission ever achieved within our knowledge. It makes Hudson the most economical car per pound weight in the world.

The new Hudson motor delivers a flood of rugged power

HUDSON

Hudson Also Builds 118-Inch Super-Six

In response to the demand of thousands Hudson has added to the line a new Super-Six of 118-inch wheel base, while continuing the 127-inch Super-Six that everyone knows. In every detail of motor, transmission axles and four-wheel brakes both the 118-inch and 127-inch are identical. While shorter it has long car riding ease and roadability. While compact it is roomy. Being lighter, it is more economical. It is quicker in traffic, easier to park and nimbler in controls. Two body types—the Coach and Standard Sedan are available on the 118-inch chassis. Dealers are now showing it.

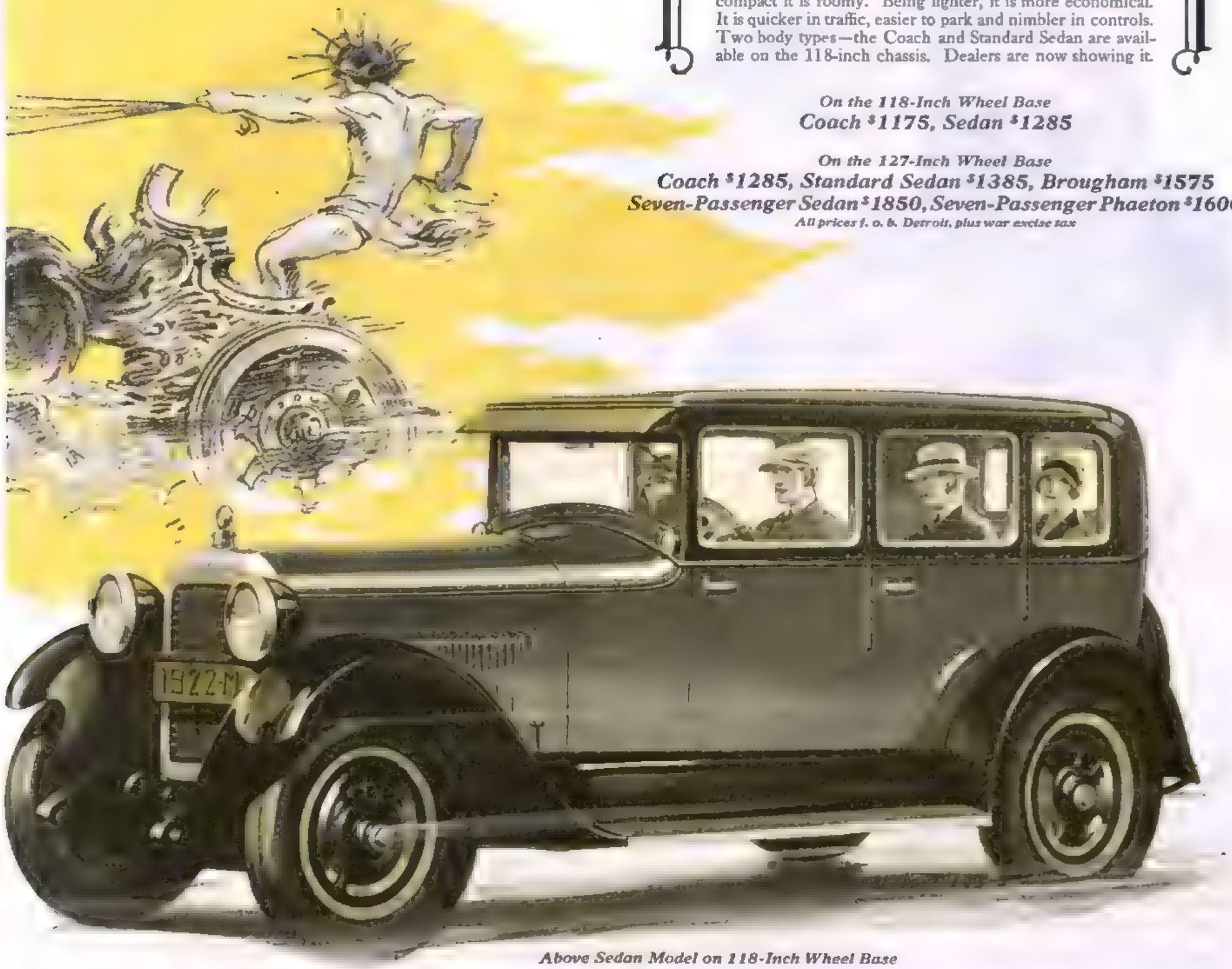
On the 118-Inch Wheel Base

Coach $1175, Sedan $1285

On the 127-Inch Wheel Base

Coach $1285, Standard Sedan $1385, Brougham $1575
Seven-Passenger Sedan $1850, Seven-Passenger Phaeton $1600

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, plus war excise tax



Above Sedan Model on 118-Inch Wheel Base

from standing start closely resembling the mighty and elastic power of the steam engine. Yet at all speeds this power is vivacious and instantly answerable to the lightest touch of the throttle. In it are combined all advantages of speed, snap and performance of the high-compression motor, with the smooth flexibility of low-compression type.

Spark knock heretofore characteristic of the high-compression motor is eliminated. Ordinary gasoline gives the performance results sought through special and higher-priced fuels. By Hudson's method of vaporizing raw gasoline that enters the combustion chamber, oil dilution is prevented, and heat formerly wasted through the exhaust becomes useful power.

In all ways today's Hudson is the greatest ever produced. And it is natural that its public reception surpasses anything in Hudson history.

Super-Six

TO TACTFUL HUSBANDS

We suggest that you open the Saturday Evening Post at this page and leave it where your wife can't help seeing it. Then confidently await results.

A word to the WIVES is sufficient *on the care of the family car*

In this country, today, the woman who does not drive a car and understand its operation is almost as out of date as the hoop-skirt and the bustle. For the automobile has become a necessity in most American homes—and indispensable to the capable women who manage them.

In shopping, in getting the children to school, in her social activities, the modern woman uses the family car to conserve her time and energy. It is only natural that she should take pride in driving the car well—and caring for it equally well.

And thousands of women have learned that motor oil is by far the most important item in the care of the family car. They are quietly making it a point to see that the car not only has oil but the *right kind of oil.*

The right oil is so important

It is a lubricating oil's job to protect your motor by forming a thin film over all the vital parts. As long as that film remains unbroken, your motor is protected. But the instant the film breaks, scorching heat beats upon unprotected surfaces. And tearing grinding friction attacks raw unguarded metal.

The result, sooner or later, is a burned-out bearing, a scored cylinder or a seized piston, a dismal trip to a repair shop and big bills to pay. That is why the responsibility of a motor oil is so great. That is why it pays to choose your motor oil with the same care that you choose your car.

For years, Tide Water Oil technologists studied and tested not only oils but oil *films*. Finally in Veedol, they perfected an oil which gives the "film of protection," *thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel.* A film that resists deadly heat and friction. A film that does not fail.

Let the "film of protection" guard your motor

Car owners all over the world have learned by experience that the "film of protection" means a smoother running car, more power, more mileage and greater freedom from repairs.

Wherever you see the orange and black Veedol sign you will find a dealer who believes in, and recommends the Veedol "film of protection." Tell the dealer that you want the crankcase drained and refilled with the correct Veedol oil for your car. He will be glad to render this service for you.

Always ask for Veedol Lubricants by name. If you drive a Ford, ask for Veedol Forzol, the oil that gives eight definite economies in operation.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, Eleven Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities.

The FILM of PROTECTION

STOPS THE WEARING THAT RUINS THE BEARING.

Copyright 1927 by Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation

(Continued from Page 58)

station on the corner lit up the struggle in her face. "If you love me that much, I'll marry you tomorrow."

"Marry me!" he exclaimed. She was so absorbed in what she had just said that she did not notice.

"I'll marry you tomorrow," she repeated. "I like you better than anybody in the world and I guess I'll get to love you the way you want me to." She uttered a single half-broken sob. "But—I didn't know this was going to happen. Please let me alone tonight."

Jacob didn't sleep. There was music from the Ambassador grill till late and a fringe of working girls hung about the carriage entrance waiting for their favorites to come out. Then a long-protracted quarrel between a man and a woman began in the hall outside, moved into the next room and continued as a low two-toned mumble through the intervening door. He went to the window sometime toward three o'clock and stared out into the clear splendor of the California night. Her beauty rested outside on the grass, on the damp, gleaming roofs of the bungalows, all around him, borne up like music on the night. It was in the room, on the white pillow, it rustled ghostlike in the curtains. His desire recreated her until she lost all vestiges of the old Jenny, even of the girl who had met him at the train that morning. Silently, as the night hours went by, he molded her over into an image of love—an image that would endure as long as love itself, or even longer—not to perish till he could say, "I never really loved her." Slowly he created it with this and that illusion from his youth, this and that sad old yearning, until she stood before him identical with her old self only by name.

Later, when he drifted off into a few hours' sleep, the image he had made stood near him, lingering in the room, joined in mystic marriage to his heart.

V

"I WON'T marry you unless you love me," he said, driving back from the studio. She waited, her hands folded tranquilly in her lap. "Do you think I'd want you if you were unhappy and unresponsive, Jenny—knowing all the time you didn't love me?"

"I do love you. But not that way."

"What's 'that way'?"

She hesitated, her eyes were far off. "You don't—thrill me, Jake. I don't know—there have been some men that sort of thrilled me when they touched me, dancing or anything. I know it's crazy, but ——"

"Does Raffino thrill you?"

"Sort of, but not so much."

"And I don't at all?"

"I just feel comfortable and happy with you."

He should have urged her that that was best, but he couldn't say it, whether it was an old truth or an old lie.

"Anyhow, I told you I'll marry you; perhaps you might thrill me later."

He laughed, stopped suddenly. "If I didn't thrill you, as you call it, why did you seem to care so much last summer?"

"I don't know. I guess I was young. You never know how you once felt, do you?"

She had become elusive to him, with that elusiveness that gives a hidden significance to the least significant remarks. And with the clumsy tools of jealousy and desire, he was trying to create the spell that is ethereal and delicate as the dust on a moth's wing.

"Listen, Jake," she said suddenly. "That lawyer my sister had—that Scharnhorst—called up the studio this afternoon."

"Your sister's all right," he said absently, and he added: "So a lot of men thrill you."

"Well, if I've felt it with a lot of men, it couldn't have anything to do with real love, could it?" she said hopefully.

"But your theory is that love couldn't come without it."

"I haven't got any theories or anything. I just told you how I felt. You know more than me."

"I don't know anything at all."

There was a man waiting in the lower hall of the apartment house. Jenny went up and spoke to him; then, turning back to Jake, said in a low voice: "It's Scharnhorst. Would you mind waiting downstairs while he talks to me? He says it won't take half an hour."

He waited, smoking innumerable cigarettes. Ten minutes passed. Then the telephone operator beckoned him.

"Quick!" she said. "Miss Prince wants you on the telephone."

Jenny's voice was tense and frightened. "Don't let Scharnhorst get out," she said. "He's on the stairs, maybe in the elevator. Make him come back here."

Jacob put down the receiver just as the elevator clicked. He stood in front of the elevator door, barring the man inside. "Mr. Scharnhorst?"

"Yeah." The face was keen and suspicious.

"Will you come up to Miss Prince's apartment again? There's something she forgot to say."

"I can see her later." He attempted to push past Jacob. Seizing him by the shoulders, Jacob shoved him back into the cage, slammed the door and pressed the button for the eighth floor.

"I'll have you arrested for this!" Scharnhorst remarked. "Put into jail for assault!"

Jacob held him firmly by the arms. Upstairs, Jenny, with panic in her eyes, was holding open her door. After a slight struggle, the lawyer went inside.

"What is it?" demanded Jacob.

"Tell him, you," she said. "Oh, Jake, he wants twenty thousand dollars!"

"What for?"

"To get my sister a new trial."

"But she hasn't a chance!" exclaimed Jacob. He turned to Scharnhorst. "You ought to know she hasn't a chance."

"There are some technicalities," said the lawyer uneasily—"things that nobody but an attorney would understand. She's very unhappy there, and her sister so rich and successful. Mrs. Choynski thought she ought to get another chance."

"You've been up there working on her, heh?"

"She sent for me."

"But the blackmail idea was your own. I suppose if Miss Prince doesn't feel like supplying twenty thousand to retain your firm, it'll come out that she's the sister of the notorious murderess."

Jenny nodded. "That's what he said."

"Just a minute!" Jacob walked to the phone. "Western Union, please. Western Union? Please take a telegram." He gave the name and address of a man high in the political world of New York. "Here's the message:

"The convict Choynski threatening her sister, who is a picture actress, with exposure of relationship stop Can you arrange it with warden that she be cut off from visitors until I can get East and explain the situation stop Also wire me if two witnesses to an attempted blackmailing scene are enough to disbar a lawyer in New York if charges proceed from such a quarter as Read, Van Tyne, Biggs & Company, or my uncle the surrogate stop Answer Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles. JACOB C. K. BOOTH."

He waited until the clerk had repeated the message. "Now, Mr. Scharnhorst," he said, "the pursuit of art should not be interrupted by such alarms and excursions. Miss Prince, as you see, is considerably upset. It will show in her work tomorrow and a million people will be just a little disappointed. So we won't ask her for any decisions. In fact you and I will leave Los Angeles on the same train tonight."

VI

THE summer passed. Jacob went about his useless life, sustained by the knowledge that Jenny was coming East in the fall. By fall there would have been many Raffinos, he supposed, and she would find that the thrill of their hands and eyes—and lips—was much the same. They were the equivalent, in a different world, of the affairs at a college house party, the undergraduates of a casual summer. And if it was still true that her feeling for him was less than romantic, then he would take her anyway, letting romance come after marriage as—so he had always heard—it had come to many wives before.

Her letters fascinated and baffled him. Through the ineptitude of expression he caught gleams of emotion—an ever-present gratitude, a longing to talk to him, and a quick, almost frightened reaction toward him, from—he could only imagine—some other man. In August she went on location; there were only post cards from some lost desert in Arizona, then for a while nothing at all. He was glad of the break. He had thought over all the things that might have repelled her—of his portentousness, his jealousy, his manifest misery. This time it would be different. He would keep control of the situation. She would at least admire him again, see in him the incomparably dignified and well adjusted life.

Two nights before her arrival Jacob went to see her latest picture in a huge night-bound vault on Broadway. It was a college story. She walked into it with her hair knotted on the crown of her head—a familiar symbol for dowdiness—inspired the hero to a feat of athletic success and faded out of it, always subsidiary to him, in the shadow of the cheering stands. But there was something new in her performance; for the first time the arresting quality he had noticed in her voice a year before had begun to get over on the screen. Every move she made, every gesture, was poignant and important. Others in the audience saw it too. He fancied he could tell this by some change in the quality of their breathing, by a reflection of her clear, precise expression in their casual and indifferent faces. Reviewers, too, were aware of it, though most of them were incapable of any precise definition of a personality.

But his first real consciousness of her public existence came from the attitude of her fellow passengers disembarking from the train. Busy as they were with friends or baggage, they found time to stare at her, to call their friends' attention, to repeat her name.

She was radiant. A communicative joy flowed from her and around her, as though her perfumer had managed to imprison ecstasy in a bottle. Once again there was a mystical transfusion, and blood began to course again through the hard veins of New York—there was the pleasure of Jacob's chauffeur when she remembered him, the respectful frisking of the bell boys at the Plaza, the nervous collapse of the head waiter at the restaurant where they dined. As for Jacob, he had control of himself now. He was gentle, considerate and polite, as it was natural for him to be—but as, in this case, he had found it necessary to plan. His manner promised and outlined an ability to take care of her, a will to be leaned on.

After dinner, their corner of the restaurant cleared gradually of the theater crowd and the sense of being alone settled over them. Their faces became grave, their voices very quiet.

"It's been five months since I saw you." He looked down at his hands thoughtfully. "Nothing has changed with me, Jenny. I love you with all my heart. I love your face and your faults and your mind and everything about you. The one thing I want in this world is to make you happy."

"I know," she whispered. "Gosh, I know!"

"Whether there's still only affection in your feeling toward me, I don't know. If you'll marry me, I think you'll find that the other things will come, will be there before you know it—and what you called a thrill will seem a joke to you, because life isn't for boys and girls, Jenny, but for men and women."

"Jacob," she whispered, "you don't have to tell me. I know."

He raised his eyes for the first time. "What do you mean—you know?"

"I get what you mean. Oh, this is terrible! Jacob, listen! I want to tell you. Listen, dear, don't say anything. Don't look at me. Listen, Jacob, I fell in love with a man."

"What!" he asked blankly.

"I fell in love with somebody. That's what I mean about understanding about a silly thrill."

"You mean you're in love with me?"

"No."

The appalling monosyllable floated between them, danced and vibrated over the table: "No—no—no—no—no!"

"Oh, this is awful!" she cried. "I fell in love with a man I met on location this summer. I didn't mean to—I tried not to, but first thing I knew there I was in love and all the wishing in the world couldn't help it. I wrote you and asked you to come, but I didn't send the letter, and there I was, crazy about this man and not daring to speak to him, and bawling myself to sleep every night."

"An actor?" he heard himself saying in a dead voice. "Raffino?"

"Oh, no, no, no! Wait a minute, let me tell you. It went on for three weeks and I honestly wanted to kill myself, Jake. Life wasn't worth while unless I could have him. And one night we got in a car by accident alone and he just caught me and made me tell him I loved him. He knew—he couldn't help knowing."

"It just—swept over you," said Jacob steadily. "I see."

"Oh, I knew you'd understand, Jake! You understand everything. You're the best person in the world, Jake, and don't I know it?"

"You're going to marry him?"

Slowly she nodded her head. "I said I'd have to come East first and see you." As her fear lessened, the extent of his grief became more apparent to her and her eyes filled with tears. "It only comes once, Jake, like that. That's what kept in my mind all those weeks I didn't hardly speak to him—if you lose it once, it'll never come like that again and then what do you want to live for? He was directing the picture—he was the same about me."

"I see."

As once before, her eyes held his like hands. "Oh, Ja-a-ake!" In that sudden croon of compassion, all-comprehending

PHOTO. FROM GEORGE TAYLOR ROSS

Deer in Yellowstone National Park

and deep as a song, the first force of the shock passed off. Jacob's teeth came together again and he struggled to conceal his misery. Mustering his features into an expression of irony, he called for the check. It seemed an hour later they were in a taxi going toward the Plaza Hotel.

She clung to him. "Oh, Jake, say it's all right! Say you understand! Darling Jake, my best friend, my only friend, say you understand!"

"Of course I do, Jenny." His hand patted her back automatically.

"Oh-h-h, Jake, you feel just awful, don't you?"

"I'll survive."

"Oh-h-h, Jake!"

They reached the hotel. Before they got out Jenny glanced at her face in her vanity mirror and turned up the collar of her fur cape. In the lobby, Jacob ran into several people and said, "Oh, I'm so sorry," in a strained, unconvincing voice. The elevator waited. Jenny, her face distraught and tearful, stepped in and held out her hand toward him with the fist clenched helplessly.

"Jake," she said once more.

"Good night, Jenny."

She turned her face to the wire wall of the cage. The gate clanged.

"Hold on!" he almost said. "Do you realize what you're doing, starting that car like that?"

He turned and went out the door blindly. "I've lost her," he whispered to himself, awed and frightened. "I've lost her!"

He walked over Fifty-ninth Street to Columbus Circle and then down Broadway. There were no cigarettes in his pocket—he had left them at the restaurant—so he went into a tobacco store. There was some confusion about the change and someone in the store laughed.

When he came out he stood for a moment puzzled. Then the heavy tide of realization swept over him and beyond him, leaving him stunned and exhausted. It swept back upon him and over him again. As one rereads a tragic story with the defiant hope that it will end differently, so he went back to the morning, to the beginning, to the previous year. But the tide came thundering back with the certainty that she was cut off from him forever in a high room at the Plaza Hotel.

He walked down Broadway. In great block letters over the porte-cochère of the Capitol Theater five words glittered out into the night: "Carl Barbour and Jenny Prince."

The name startled him, as if a passer-by had spoken it. He stopped and stared. Other eyes rose to that sign, people hurried by him and turned in.

Jenny Prince.

Now that she no longer belonged to him, the name assumed a significance entirely its own.

It hung there, cool and impervious, in the night, a challenge, a defiance.

Jenny Prince.

"Come and rest upon my loveliness," it said. "Fulfill your secret dreams in wedding me for an hour."

Jenny Prince.

It was untrue—she was back at the Plaza Hotel, in love with somebody. But the name, with its bright insistence, rode high upon the night.

"I love my dear public. They are all so sweet to me."

The wave appeared far off, sent up whitecaps, rolled toward him with the might of pain, washed over him. "Never any more. Never any more." The wave beat upon him, drove him down, pounding with hammers of agony on his ears. Proud and impervious, the name on high challenged the night.

Jenny Prince.

She was there! All of her, the best of her—the effort, the power, the triumph, the beauty.

Jacob moved forward with a group and bought a ticket at the window.

Confused, he stared around the great lobby. Then he saw an entrance and walking in, found himself a place in the fast-throbbing darkness.

M'GIVNEY'S MUSTACHE

(Continued from Page 15)

for a small boat—a scuttling job—and then use the fish on whatever he passed in the Channel. After that, the gun for the guard ships and trawlers.

The horizon was inky with that last cold darkness that comes before the light. Herr Stengel smiled into it and presently, with the first gray light, he saw what he wanted to see—a dark plume close down on the waters. He dove and ran carefully in on his meat. Herr Steinhauer was trembling violently and sweating as he bent over the chart table. Stengel glanced at him, sneered and glued his eyes again to the periscope. Six thousand tons only, but well down with wheat from the Argentine. What luck! No gun, probably, and no wireless. He ran in closer and growled suddenly for the gun crew. They stumbled past him, reeking with clammy sweat, and swarmed into the forward torpedo room.

"Surface!—quickly!" He grabbed his megaphone and started up the bridge ladder as the superstructure broke the waters. Triumph! No gun and no wireless—a scuttling job—one fish left for the Channel and six rounds for the guard ships off Heligoland. His first ship alone. His men should see with what contempt he could handle the situation—Steinhauer, the skulking coward, should see of what metal the Unterleutnant Stengel was made. The Herr Commander Stengel, if you please. And in time perhaps Von Stengel—who knew? He leaped up the upper ladder and forced the trap. In a second he was on the bridge, with the gun up and laid and the boarding party waiting on the after deck behind him. He raised the megaphone to his lips and bellowed.

To M'Givney the war came as a matter of course. He looked upon it as a huge joke for four months and couldn't understand why it lasted longer. He had thrown six Dutchmen into the canal at Nagasaki and that was the end of the matter for M'Givney. If they wanted to fight him, he was ready for 'em any time, but as for fighting them—it wasn't amusing enough to think about. Cargoes were heavy and jobs plentiful, so he went about his business, churning the knots behind him and listening contentedly to the song of flashing steel. It was on the City of Skagway between Cape Matapau and Cerigo that he went walking for the first time. He was standing on the after well deck, wiping his hands with a scrap of waste, when the deck left him precipitously and without warning. He woke up in Canea a fortnight afterward, with a splintered shoulder blade and two aching stumps of departed fingers. When he finally got around to thinking, all he could see was seaweed tangled into rusted, broken machinery and sand drifting over twisted steel. It hurt him more than the missing fingers. It hurt him so terribly that he bellowed with rage and got well forthwith.

In November of 1917 he was chief on the Tolvane, out of New York for Cardiff, with the finest, smoothest turbines he had ever crooned over. He nursed them and coddled them as if they were flesh of his flesh and blood of his blood. He loved them as he had never loved a woman. They sang him to sleep at night and whispered him awake in the morning. The memory of the Skagway had faded somewhat in his mind. Ships were wiser now; they carried guns and lashed back at the vipers that struck in the early dawn. M'Givney, on the Tolvane, laughed at them and dared them to catch him, and shook his fist at the horizon when the stumps of his lost fingers turned pink and throbbed with the cold.

The Tolvane went down in thirteen minutes after the first crash broke her back. Her guns fired one lone round apiece into the lowering skies, cracked loose and pitched overside with half their crews still clinging to them.

M'Givney never got over it. He blamed the deck for letting it happen. He cursed and swore and pounded the gunwales of his boat. He sat with his head in his hands for hours at a time, his mustache a sodden straggling mat over his mouth. Some secret faith inside him was broken and gone. His soul writhed miserably under the flaying thought of those turbines crusted with polyps and wrapped in rising, glutinous slime.

For months he dared not take another job. He wandered about moodily from pub to pub, talking to no one, drinking alone, and crying ever and anon when the mood was on him. Ships were getting fewer and fewer and the ones that were left were full of concrete and held together with red lead. The noose of 1918 was tightening slowly about the throats of nations.

When his money was gone he took the first job handy—eight thousand tons of shuffling, clanking junk, with an engine that tried to thrash itself through its own shaft when he forced it to seven knots, and a bottom so foul that no torpedo made could crack the outer crust. He brought it back to Liverpool from Galveston and the concrete dropped in one chunk to the bottom of the Mersey, leaving the boat decks awash.

After that, he went down the scale two thousand tons further and took a sardine tin to Rio and back again in wheat. A great sourness curdled in his soul. They'd let him through when he had nothing worth while sinking, nothing that could get away from 'em, but they'd sink engines like the Tolvane's! Well, wheat was wheat and it was one score against 'em anyway. In January the Blue Star offered him the Northern Light, but he shook his head and went out after Argentine wheat in the sardine tin again, because he had nothing in her engine room to lose. For weeks he slept six hours in every forty-eight. He nursed and crooned and polished and riveted and fanned his fires with the blast of his cursing. And again they pulled into Rio and out again, well down in wheat. . . .

M'Givney lay flat on his back with his mouth open and the frayed points of his mustache trembling like the needles of speed indicators as each succeeding snore tore loose from his diaphragm and roared upward and downward in his windpipe. For fifty-six hours he had not slept.

A faint bell tinkled below decks, but M'Givney slept on. As the engine reversed he slid abruptly downward in his bunk until his stockinged feet thumped against the baseboard. His mouth snapped shut and his eyes struggled to open. He rolled slightly with the thrust of the ground swell and tried mightily to awaken. A wind-whipped command echoed across the waters and leaped suddenly in at his open deadlight. He was on his feet in the center of his cabin. Racing footsteps pattered on the deck above and there was a protesting creak of ropes in paint-locked blocks. M'Givney, staggering with sleep, thrust his face to the open deadlight and saw a gray hogback swarming with men in round caps and heavy sea boots. He blinked and dove backward into the passageway.

As he came out on the well deck his shoulder struck Steinhauer's chin and knocked him into the next man behind, and both of them sprawled in the scuppers. A pistol cracked at M'Givney's ear. He bellowed with rage and smashed his fists into two pasty faces. With the crooks of his arms he garroted two necks meanwhile he kicked right and left with his bootless feet. Someone leaped upon his back and tore at his left ear. He swung the man over his head and brought him down on the deck with a loose crack of bone. There was a roar from the waters below, a streak of orange light and a blasting concussion. The deck trembled with the impact of the shell, and the forward hatch buckled and bubbled upward into smoky splinters and torn shreds of tarpaulin. M'Givney staggered backward and struck his neck against a brass wheel. He turned it mightily and dragged the nozzle from the rack underneath. The hose stiffened as he ran with it, and the nozzle strained to tear loose from his great hands. He brought up thumping against the rail.

The high-pressure stream struck into the gun crew on the hogback below and tumbled them overside like tenpins. He shifted the nozzle to the shrieking officer on the U-boat's bridge rail, and the water caught him squarely in the face. He went over backward, crashed on the tiny deck below like a half-filled sack of grain, and slid quietly into the heaving oily sea. More men were swarming up from the hatches, wild-eyed and yelling. As each one stood upright the water struck him and catapulted him overside, until finally no more men came up. For a long time M'Givney played the hose into the open hatches, until one by one the stream caught the covers and slammed them shut with echoing metallic clanks. Smoke was rising in great clouds from the forward hatch of the sardine tin. M'Givney ran to it, dragging the hose with him, and thrust the nozzle into the splintered opening. Then he went back to the six sprawled forms on the deck.

One by one he picked the men of the boarding party up, carried them to the rail and heaved them overside as if they were unclean litter that it was not good to have aboard ship. As the last one splashed flatly below him he dusted his hands together and hoicked up his pants.

Presently the boats came back in the growing light of day. Saunders was the first one over the rail.

"'Strewth," he said. "I thought you were in the other boat, Mac."

"Naw," said M'Givney. "You got a fire goin' below decks for'ard. Them lousy baboons soaked us one point-blank an' she popped in Number 1 Hold, but they didn't get the engine room. I'm going below to see how much water we're making." He pulled at his mustache. "I wisht one of 'em had been the guy who kicked me to sleep in Hoboken. I wouldn't 've let 'em off so easy." He stared at the drifting U-boat. "Ain't no one climbed back aboard of her yet as I can see." He shrugged. "A bath'll do 'em good. I mind one time in Nagasaki we gave 'em a proper bath. . . ."

The little girl turned her pail upside down and raised it from the patty of damp sand. A big man with a tremendous red mustache smiled at her and tweaked one of her long yellow curls. The little girl tossed her head and caught his great rough hand in both of hers.

"Don't, nunkie; you'll muss my hair." She was silent for a moment, then she pointed her shovel at a huge bulk of rotting steel further down the sand, and spelled out the liver-pill advertisement blazoned across its rusted side.

"What's that mean, nunkie?"

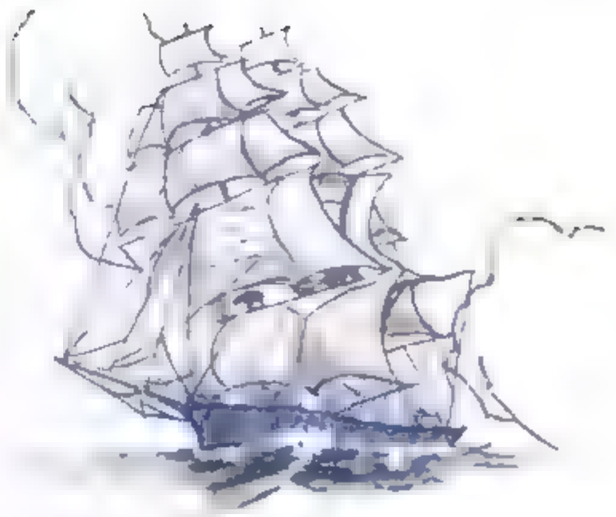
The man pulled carefully at his mustache points and his eyes narrowed slightly. "Don't mean nothing no more, sissie, 'cepting that you can have a nice warm supper when we go back."

"Why?"

M'Givney looked at the stumps of his two fingers and grinned. "Because."

"But why?"

"No reason." He shook his head slowly. "Just because."



Set sail for freedom

Lucky are they who set sail for freedom in a Reo Flying Cloud. For, whether their desire runs to the seashore, the high hills, or just a winding road, they will rest in the floating comfort of the "Cloud" that flies. Seemingly inaccessible spots are open to the power and ruggedness they control. Far-off places are drawn nearer by the speed they can release. Wherever you are, wherever you wish to go, your pleasure can be multiplied by "sailing" in one of the finest, fastest models of America's Longest Lasting Car. Ask your dealer to let you "skipper" one today.

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NO OTHER AMERICAN CAR LASTS AS LONG AS REO - NOT ONE

625

THE FORDSON

THE Fordson is delivering economical, reliable power on 600,000 jobs the world over! In first cost, in operation and in upkeep, this enormous battery of Fordsons has set new standards of efficiency . . . replacing slower and more costly methods and clearing the way for large production.

Tens of thousands of these are on industrial jobs . . . for industry has found the Fordson a thoroughly reliable, compact unit, easily handled and built with the utmost simplicity. Its operation requires little mechanical skill and it is as nearly fool-proof as a piece of machinery can be made.

Industry has applied this economical power to an amazing variety of work . . . running mine cars, grading roads, digging excavations, pumping water and air, loading and hauling heavy materials, pulling great trains of trailers over long, difficult hauls, laying pipe, skidding great loads of logs in the timber camps, sweeping streets, pulling trainloads . . . on rails . . . as locomotive! An almost endless list of applications!

The *power* job is the *Fordson* job . . . day in and day out . . . year after year . . . speeding up production and handling and reducing costs at the same time.

Then, too, for such servicing as it may need, the Ford service organization, extending over the entire world, provides complete stocks of parts and trained Fordson mechanics . . . at standard repair charges . . . wherever Ford cars and Ford trucks are used and sold.

As a user of industrial power, you will appreciate the value of the great amount of data that we have acquired on the comparative costs reported on these applications as against the old methods. This information covers almost the whole industrial field and undoubtedly contains some very definite figures on the type of work for which you might use Fordson power.

Will you write us something of your hauling, loading, lifting or belt power needs and let us cite similar instances where Fordson power has been applied? We shall be glad to include, without obligation, the suggestions of our engineers as to the use of a Fordson . . . together with approximate costs.

Power...and Production

THE production per worker of the United States is higher than that of any other country in the world . . . thirty per cent higher than the unit production per worker of any other nation.

It is significant, too, that the United States has, also, the highest horsepower per worker . . . for the productivity of the worker increases in direct ratio to the amount of power placed in his hands.

American production costs are lower . . . and our wages and buying power are higher because we have given our workmen powerful, efficient tools with which to bring us that added measure of efficiency that means industrial profits . . . and general prosperity.

Such a working tool is the Fordson industrial power unit . . . compact, reliable and economical. It is, in itself, a striking example of high quality, low cost production by workmen given ample power to produce their work.

All industry is . . . or should be . . . searching out the tasks that need the intelligent application of power, in order to keep abreast of the astonishing march of industrial progress . . . and competition . . . in America.

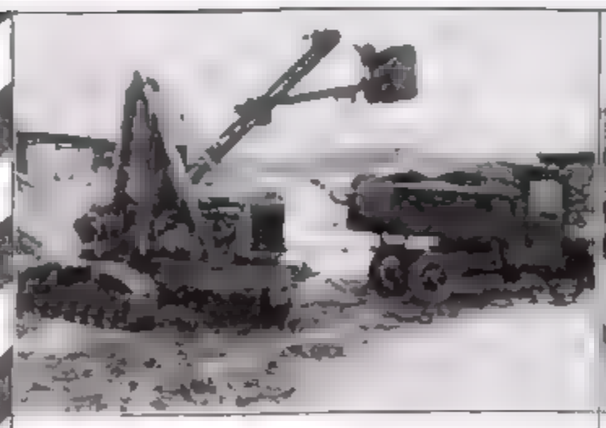
Ordinarily the need is apparent . . . for some phase of every industrial process shows too high a labor cost for the importance of the process itself. Often it is the handling . . . loading and hauling of the finished product. Or it may be the moving of raw materials between plants or departments.

But wherever labor is employed . . . without power tools . . . there is a power need which, sooner or later, must be filled. Such an application of power immediately pays added profits through cost reduction.

It is, perhaps, significant that over 600,000 Fordsons are placing their quick, practical power in the hands of American labor.

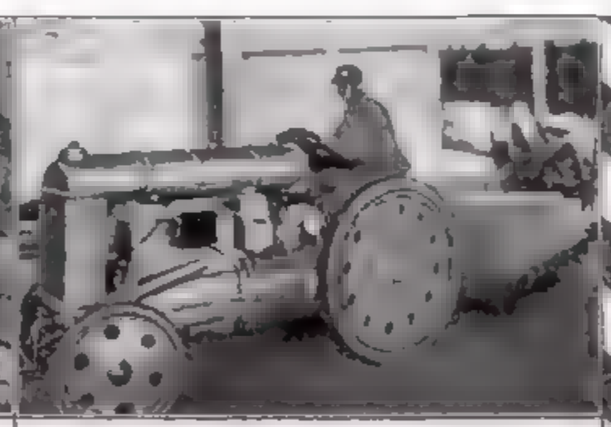
FORD MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

AN INDUSTRIAL POWER-ECONOMY



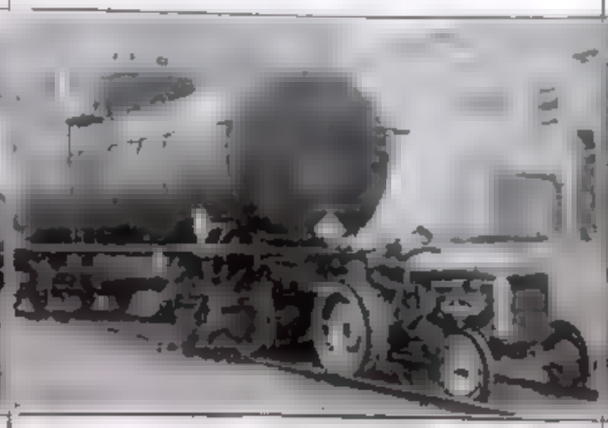
A husky, compact shovel built around Fordson power. Here it is handling coal at a great saving over the former methods.

Many Fordson locomotives are in service throughout the country. This one handles heavy ore trains for a mine at Joplin, Missouri.



The Fordson . . . handling freight quickly and economically for a railroad. Note the long string of trailers.

The Fordson takes an hour off from caring for greens and fairways to run a dirt screener at a famous country club.



The Fordson replaces a switch engine . . . spotting heavy tank cars without difficulty . . . between other jobs.

The Fordson at heavy duty hauling. One unit of an interplant transportation system. This compact outfit has a great record of economy.

The Eight Called Royal—

BECAUSE OF ITS MAGNIFICENCE

The New 1928 models are being admired from coast to coast

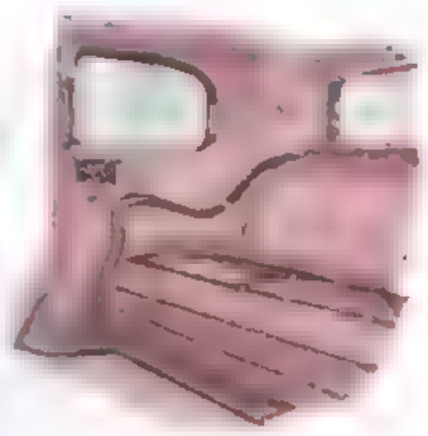
LUXURY-LIKING motorists everywhere have been quick to note how superiorly the 1928 Chandler models stand out in four different price classes—and quick in awarding Chandler the favor and distinction rightfully due any product that makes a better showing than other products of its kind.

In fact, the volume of Chandler sales is advancing along at such a rate as to leave no doubt that Chandler has packed into its new Royal Eights and new Sixes inner talents and merits quite in keeping with rare beauty.

Chandler has built these new Royal Eights and Sixes *low to the ground*—and powered them to overpower the steepest of hills with ease—to excel in traffic sprints—to maintain top speed, if necessary, hour after hour. And the famous Pikes Peak power principle has been made *quieter* and *smoother* than ever!

Just put any other eight or six up against a new Royal Eight or a Six by Chandler—and simply make your own comparison of their relative points of merit.

We invite you to do this with the promise that no effort will be made to sway or prejudice you. And it's two to one that you will agree voluntarily that Chandler is the most *convincing* automobile you ever laid hands on. We proudly ask you to try a drive in one.

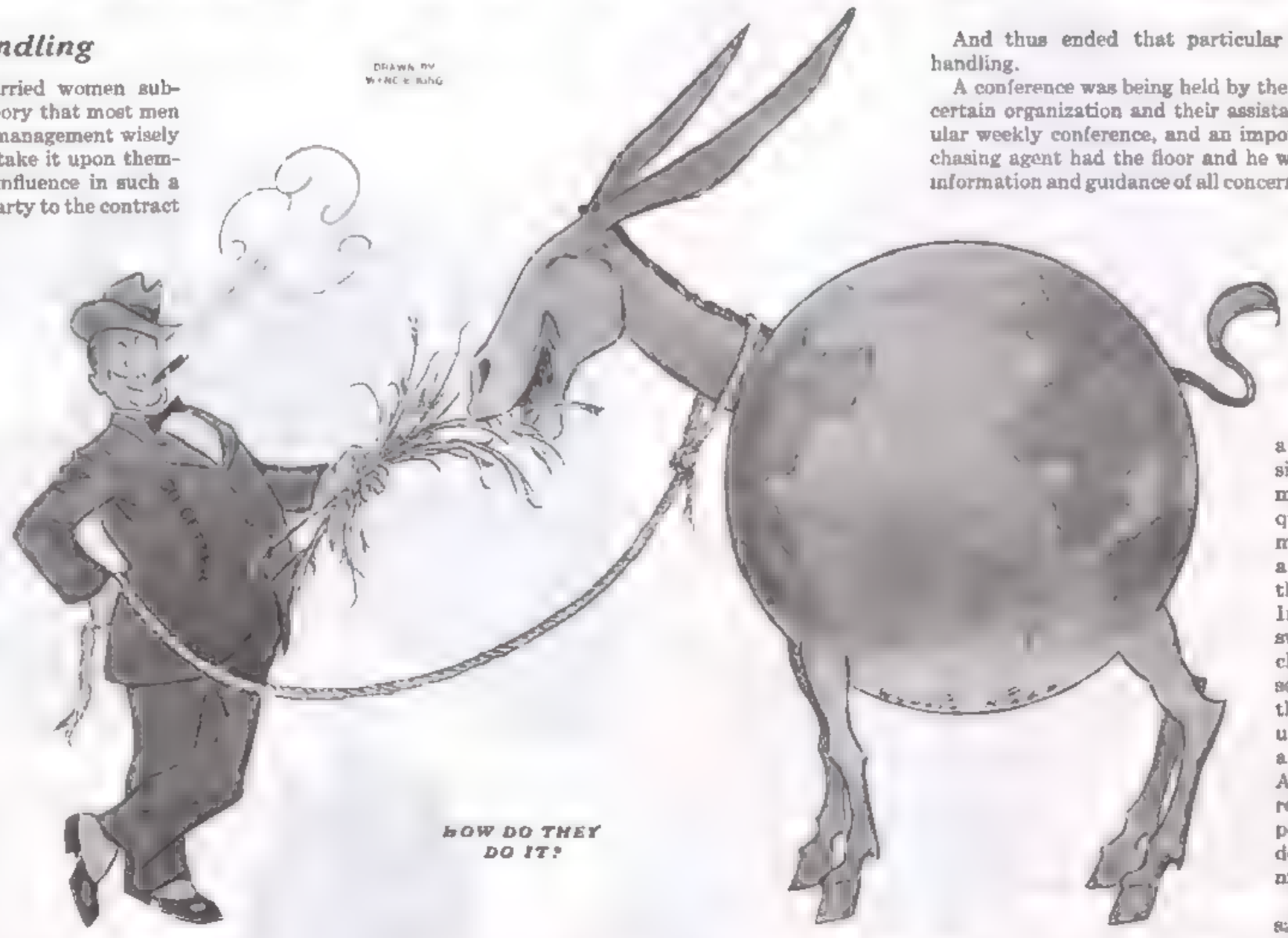


CHANDLER-CLEVELAND MOTORS CORPORATION, CLEVELAND

CHANDLER

ROYAL EIGHTS · · BIG SIXES SPECIAL SIXES STANDARD SIXES

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD



HOW DO THEY DO IT?

Man Handling

NEARLY all married women subscribe to the theory that most men profit by good management wisely administered, and they take it upon themselves to exercise that influence in such a manner that the other party to the contract rarely suspects what is going on. Business and industrial leaders have, in not a few instances, taken a leaf or two from the matrimonial guidebook and applied it to certain problems of man handling with results that have been wholesome.

During the World War the activities of a certain Indiana manufacturing concern were presided over by an executive who had been with the concern more than forty years. He was an ideal executive in many respects, if there be such an animal. In particular did he have an uncanny skill in handling men and getting from them every ounce of effort available. He did not baby men and he did not drive them. He just managed them, and he did it so cleverly that the men never suspected. Therein lies true genius.

This factory was swamped with war orders. Production became the all-essential problem, and at the height of the war a serious accident occurred. The main drive shaft on one of the power units of the machine shops developed a serious flaw that made replacement an imperative necessity. A replacement shaft had been prepared and was in readiness for this possible emergency. Offhand it looked like a simple job that should take no more than a few hours. Nevertheless, it was an interruption of a production schedule, and Washington was keeping the wires hot asking and demanding shipments.

Once the drive shaft was dismantled it was discovered that an exceedingly heavy flange attached to it could not be loosened. This flange was needed for installation on the replacement shaft. Years of service on the old shaft had made the flange stick—possibly it was rust or a species of adherence—nevertheless, it stuck stubbornly in spite of frenzied and varied efforts to loosen it. Because of certain peculiarities of construction the flange could not be readily replaced.

To make a new one would take at least four days, counting the various difficulties involved. The old drive shaft was dragged out into the court of the plant and ten skilled mechanics were detailed to get that shaft and flange separated as quickly as possible.

A Safe Way to Have the Last Word

IT WAS a terrific and puzzling job. The point was that the flange had to be taken off without injury. The affair started early in the morning. All day long the crew of men labored, stopping at noon only long enough to gulp down some coffee and wolf some sandwiches. The plant superintendent and the production manager hovered over the job, and no doubt added more to the confusion than they did to the efficiency of a tough job. Meanwhile production in the machine shop was at a standstill. At five, or nearly five, the plant superintendent broke into the president's office in a panic.

"We've got to do something!" he complained dejectedly. "That flange just won't let go. Those men are tired out—ready to quit. I don't know as I blame them much. I've tried everything I ever heard of and I've coaxed the men and threatened them, and they still swear that when the quitting whistle blows they'll quit. Won't you do something?"

The head of the concern puffed wearily on his cigar. He was an old man and these hectic times demanded much of him "I'll try," he said quietly, and picked up his old felt hat and started for the door.

The plant superintendent started to follow him, but the president shook his head.

"Stay here!" he commanded. "I'll play this hand alone."

Slowly and almost casually he strolled out of the office and into the court of the plant. The men saw him coming, but he did not go directly to them. Instead he talked to a labor boss and gave some directions about some discarded castings piled in a corner. Out of the corner of his eye he noted that the ten men were in a sorry condition. One of them had a nasty cut from a flying chip of steel that had caught him over the right eye. Another had a bandaged hand. It had been burned by the live steam they had been using in an attempt to expand the flange. One and all they were weary, literally fagged out.

They straightened as the president strolled nearer, and one of them advanced to speak to him. The executive glanced at the great shaft and noted that the flange hadn't moved a fraction of an inch. Then his scornful gaze swept the little group of muscle-weary men.

"Got you whipped, has it?" he sneered, and passed on, leaving behind him ten very angry, humiliated and raging workmen.

He didn't return to his office. Instead he went home. At three the next morning the telephone by his bedside rang imperiously. Sleepily he lifted the receiver. Over the wire came a voice, weary, triumphant, defiant, "No, it ain't got us whipped, damn you!" And on the other end of the line a receiver clicked on its hook.

The president chuckled sleepily He knew that voice. His wife, alarmed by the telephone, asked for information, and all the satisfaction she got was a sleepy answer that a great moral victory had been won. Two days later the president received, on invitation, a delegation of ten mechanics in his private office He grinned at the ten overall-clad gentlemen.

"Well, you came through all right!" he admitted. "Suppose you birds thought I was pretty hard the other day, but you did need jacking up, and the best way I could do it was to get you fighting mad. Here I have on my desk ten important looking envelopes I have been asked to hand you, with the compliments of the company. I suspect if you open the envelopes you will find that each contains a Liberty Bond. You earned 'em!"

And thus ended that particular experiment in man handling.

A conference was being held by the executive heads of a certain organization and their assistants. It was the regular weekly conference, and an important one. The purchasing agent had the floor and he was outlining, for the information and guidance of all concerned, a certain method he was about to put into operation. It sounded extremely plausible. But, as usual, the president asked for comments and questions before the matter was put to a formal vote. The assistant to the office manager started to ask questions about the method. He fired fully a dozen questions at the purchasing agent. In attempting to answer them the purchasing agent fumbled several times. At last the conference broke up without even taking a vote on the matter. After all the men had returned to their appointed tasks the president called the office manager into his office.

"Look here," he said quietly, "I don't want to interfere in the least with the routine of this business, but I do want to offer a suggestion. That assistant of yours is a keen young man, but he is almost impudent. He's a disturber! He asked Barton so many questions a while ago that Barton got all mixed up. Now Barton is an old man, and a shrewd one too. It just didn't look right to me for that young fellow to sit there and almost taunt Barton—not dignified. Wouldn't it be a good idea for you to drop a word of advice to that assistant of yours? When I was a youngster they used to tell me that youngsters should be seen and not heard; I suspect that axiom might apply to young assistants "

Putting Gas Under His Skin

THE office manager said nothing for a minute or two. "Did you ever watch a cake being mixed up?" he asked suddenly.

"Why—why, what has that to do with this matter?" snorted the president, none too well pleased.

"Everything!" snapped the office manager sternly. "In the first place, every cake contains soda or baking powder, either of which tastes very unpleasant. Yet no cook worth her salt would attempt to make a cake without using one of these ingredients. In the process of baking, some sort of chemical reaction takes place—the soda or baking powder gives off gases that cause the mixture to rise and to become palatable, and when it is all over there isn't a trace of taste of soda or baking powder in the cake.

"That assistant of mine is the baking powder or the soda of this organization! I know he is a disturber. I knew it when I hired him, because he told me so very frankly. He is a human question mark. And I feel that he is a sound influence too!

"Of course Barton got mixed up, fussed and muddled. The fact is he couldn't answer the questions fired at him. That, to me, is pretty sound evidence that his scheme wasn't foolproof, and therefore not 100 per cent efficient. My assistant had foresight enough to spot the weak points. None of us was able to see anything wrong with the scheme. I'm convinced that if the scheme had gone into operation it would have cost us money and it would have taken us months to correct its evils. Right now Barton is probably feeling much abused and perhaps a little humiliated. But you can bet your bottom dollar that when he presents the revised method it will be foolproof. He won't risk letting that assistant of mine poke holes in it again."

(Continued on Page 166)

FROM THE BRIDGE

(Continued from Page 22)

The Mauretania had behaved in her usual splendid fashion for the entire voyage, and on dead reckoning we reached Land's End exactly at the time figured. It was atrocious weather. The fog was so impenetrable that we on the bridge could barely see beyond the nose of our ship. Such atmospheric conditions are trying enough far out at sea when there is a wide sweep of water to furnish leeway in navigation, but the problem becomes acutely intensified as a ship approaches land. Every agency of watchfulness is brought into action to prevent mishap.

In a momentary partial lifting of the fog I suddenly made out the ghostly outline of a ship on the starboard side, cutting diagonally across our path. We were slightly astern of her, and it was not at all certain she had seen us. A collision was imminent if we both held to the same course. We quickly altered our course to port and gave two short blasts of the steam whistle to let the other ship know what we had done, expecting that she would follow the rule of the sea and go to starboard. Instead of this she held steady to her course and kept bearing us off, so that we proceeded on a parallel line until the fog finally cut us off from view and we were lost to each other.

The Superstition of the Sea

SOON afterward I learned by taking further depth soundings that this passing ship, which had loomed out of the fog with phantomlike weirdness, had been the medium for informing us of danger ahead. At the time she began bearing us off from our course, the Mauretania was heading directly for Skerries' Rocks, a treacherous obstruction to navigation in this vicinity. It can never be told what might have happened if this unknown ship had not come as a messenger from Providence to warn us of our peril. Out of all the vastness of the waters she had to be in a certain spot at exactly the right moment; otherwise she would have been of no help. It is something more than uncanny that she was there, her appearance timed to a second.

To show what can be accomplished by dead reckoning, I may add that after this close call we continued on our way to Liverpool under full speed, which, in spite of the murky weather, was essential to elude a menace even worse than fog—the German submarine. This is a run of approximately 250 miles to a point off Holyhead, where a sharp turn to the right around that projection into the Irish Sea points the way to the northern English seaport, about seventy miles or so farther on. The first thing we saw after the phantom ship had steered us away from Skerries was the Liverpool Bar ship, which was our objective, but so close to us by the time we were able to make her out in the heavy mist that I brought the Mauretania up all standing. I mention the incident not with the idea of having it regarded as a brilliant feat of navigation, but merely to illustrate how it is possible for a ship to make rapid headway through the thickest weather by means of dead reckoning.

It is such things as these I have in mind when I speak of the ups and downs which come into a sailor's life to enrich his point of view and to vitalize the human spark of his ship. A house does not become a home until it has been lived in for a long time and its joys have been tempered with its sorrows so that the remembrance of both are seared into the souls of its occupants. A ship is the same. It takes living in a ship to know it, and a test of its capabilities to demonstrate how good a vessel it is. Upon the impressions gathered from this contact, and this only, does the sailor form his opinion of the ship which carries him over the deep sea.

Some ships, like some people, are fated to have adventurous careers, while others go through their entire existences in the most placid and uneventful manner.

The Alaunia, well known to thousands of ocean travelers, was one which destiny had marked for a full share of excitement. The Alaunia's great adventure came when a well-directed torpedo from a U-boat penetrated her skin and she went to the bottom. An old-time superstition of both land and sea—the bugbear thirteen—was defied when she sank. Mr. Ballyn, the chief steward of the Berengaria, my present command, was aboard her at the time and escaped in lifeboat Number 13. The story is also told of a stewardess of the Lusitania who wore a medallion with the bad-luck numerals inscribed on it and was delivered from the sea in lifeboat Number 13 when that great liner was destroyed by a submarine. I mention these instances of superstition failing, chiefly for the benefit of veteran mariners, who are highly sensitive to the significance of omens. Whistling is supposed to bring on a gale, while to kill an albatross produces the same result. To catch a shark is good luck and to leave port on Friday bad. Once I left Liverpool on a Friday for a sailing trip around the world, and several times we were nearly lost at sea. Eventually we barely missed going on the rocks of Beadleston; but whether the superstition of Friday had anything to do with this turbulent voyage I am unprepared to say. The subject may be dismissed by noting merely that superstition is ground into most sailors, particularly those of the old school.

A Game of Deck Tennis on the "Leviathan." In Oval—Capt. Sir Arthur H. Rostron, K. B. E., R. D., R. N. R.

To return to the Alaunia. It chanced that I was in command of her when she arrived at Montreal at the time war was declared. The Canadian troops began mobilizing at once, but it was not until the Alaunia had again taken passage to England and returned that she joined the convoy of thirty-six ships which had assembled to carry these fighting forces across the Atlantic—the first contingent to leave Canada. Upon her arrival in home waters she was ordered to India with territorial troops to relieve the regular army, which had meanwhile been sent to the French battlefields. We put in at Bombay, discharged the soldiers and awaited orders. The official word soon came that our next move was to take the families of the regular-army men back to their homes in England, together with 400 or so additional regulars who had been ordered to the front.

A Shipload of Women and Children

WHEN our cabins had been filled we found that we had well on to 1500 children and 800 women aboard, a stoical group which bore up splendidly in the face of the frightful uncertainties of the times. Many of the women were then widows and their children fatherless, though they did not know it. Every dispatch from the front appearing in the local papers was eagerly scanned for some

(Continued on Page 75)

The Camouflaged "Mauretania" During the War

We've been pals for years

IT MUST be eighteen years or so since I smoked my first pipe-load of P. A. (When you're really *enjoying* yourself, you lose all idea of time.) But I'm sure of this—I smoked some of the first Prince Albert that hit our town. And I've never had occasion to change!

I'm not long on giving advice, but I *would* like to get over to some of you younger fellows what a really delightful smoke P. A. is. To my notion, a pipe without P. A. is like a pocketbook without money. To me, the word "pipe" *suggests* "P. A." and vice versa.

Why, the minute you open the tidy red tin and breathe that rich, natural fragrance, your mouth waters for a taste of such tobacco. Then you tamp in a load and light up. There's the big thrill, Fellows! There's the thing that has held me to this one brand all these years.

Cool as "Pull over to the curb!". Sweet as "I'll let you go *this* time." Mild as spring sunshine, with never a bit of bite or parch, yet with that full tobacco body that rounds out a wonderful smoke. Try some of this long-burning P. A. You'll make no mistake.

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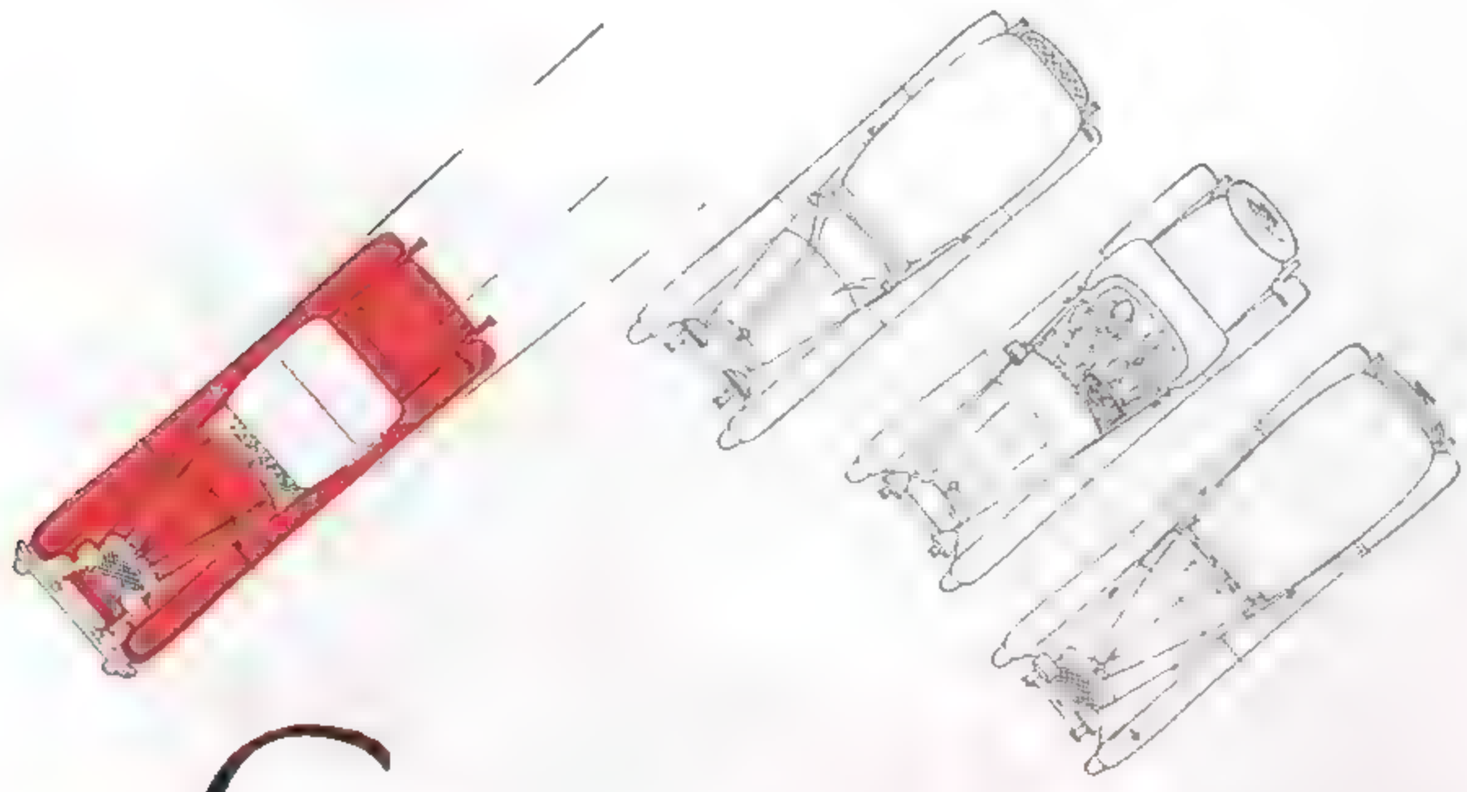

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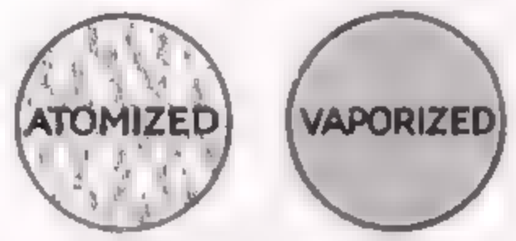

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(Continued from Page 70)

news of the men who had gone on ahead to do their part in stemming the enemy tide then sweeping through the French frontier. It was before the days when the news-gathering forces of government and press had been thoroughly organized, however, and the information that trickled down to Bombay was barren of casualty lists. The wives were able to learn simply that haste and more haste was the transcending watchword of the military chiefs at home, and that the units which had already gone into action included some of those which had been hurriedly dispatched from India. Husbands and fathers who had been snatched from the tranquillity of life in the Orient were then in the thick of the fight.

The element of uncertainty, uncontrollable though it may be, is yet one of the most harassing phases of warfare. The tense, drawn faces of the women showed the torture they were heroically enduring. We whose duty it was to see them delivered safely at home understood that the war would not exact of us a more trying task than this one. Men can stand the suffering of their own sex and, in the way of war, become hardened to it; but not the anguish of women and children, even when they struggle bravely to hide it. The Alaunia's crew, dominated by this spirit, rose magnificently to the occasion. Every man aboard ship regarded it as one of the finest privileges that had ever come to him that he could make personal sacrifices to increase the comfort of these distressed passengers.

We who navigated the Alaunia were perplexed by our own uncertainties too. A specimen was the unexpected command to get under way. Our impression had been that we were to remain in Bombay for some weeks, and the first thing we knew to the contrary was when instructions came from the military authorities that we were to set sail within twenty-four hours. To get ready in this short time required rapid action in laying in the necessary quantity of fresh-food supplies—articles such as milk, eggs and fruit which spoil easily and must be taken aboard at the latest possible moment. A roundup of the Bombay markets brought results, but we were compelled to leave the next day without having everything aboard we should have liked to have in our storerooms. If our passengers had consisted only of men this shortage would have been trifling, since it would have done them no harm to go on the plainest of rations. But there were nearly 1500 children in our passenger list, and there is no arguing with a child's stomach.

Buying Out the Market Places

Our destination was Avonmouth, near Bristol, a thirty-four days' voyage, as it turned out. By the time we had passed through the Red Sea and entered the Gulf of Suez, bound for the Mediterranean through the Suez Canal, the shadow of the day of all days for children was upon us. Christmas was almost at hand. Watching the eager faces of these youngsters as they played about the decks, listening to their expectant chatter and feeling the buoyancy of their spirits, I knew that the word had gone out among them that it was not long before the bells would ring in the mystic hour at which their patron saint came out of his eerie hiding place to come stealthily down chimneys and through darkened rooms, distributing, as he went on his joyous way, the just reward of all children for being good. Our whole ship had caught the infectious spirit of the holiday season. For the moment the women had torn themselves from the oppressing pall of uncertainty, to conceal with a veneer of gayety the heaviness of their hearts. The soldiers on board spun Christmas yarns and became children all over again. And the officers and crew of the Alaunia shipped their cheeriest manner in the spontaneous wish to heighten the merriment of these hapless little ones.

Christmas Eve found us in Port Said, with a large company of happy children asleep in our cabins, dreaming of the morrow, and just about nothing in our storerooms with which to spread the happiness they confidently expected. The one thing we had to be grateful for was the fact that we were not still far out at sea, but had been able to make port before the dawn of Christmas Day. Port Said, though its people knew nothing of Christmas and though its shop windows would not be ablaze with tinsel and gifts, as they were at home, could at least contribute a measure of cheer, perhaps enough to save the day from becoming tragic in its disappointment. We determined to satisfy ourselves on this score at once.

The vigorous raid on the market places of Port Said which took place within the next few hours left the natives wide-eyed in amazement. Stewards, fortified with the necessary funds, poured from the Alaunia with instructions to buy up every delectable article of food their eyes fell upon. Above everything else we wanted birds, pastry and sweetmeats, the things which bring warmth to childish hearts and the sparkle of happiness to their eyes on Christmas Day. Our couriers were energetic. They did not barter in the usual way over price, but merely asked how much for the merchant's entire stock and bought it. Before long they began returning to ship with their valued purchases. As I watched them clambering aboard with their burdens, I said to myself that no ship had ever received a more welcome supply of foodstuffs.

Santa Claus at Port Said

It was a rousing Christmas we had aboard the Alaunia in the far-off harbor of Port Said on this voyage, which had been necessitated by such harrowing circumstances. The patter of little feet sounded on deck before sunrise, and tiny forms flitted here and there in that wonderful Christmas-morning search for the bounty of Santa Claus. Mothers, soldiers and sailors scooped them up in their arms and with loving tenderness distributed the trinkets which had been hastily gathered together. If these were not as elaborate as they might have been, their inadequacy was more than made up for by the pretense of abounding good cheer kept up by the older people throughout the day. And into the bread basket of every waiting toddler was packed an assortment of dainty wonders which came pouring from the kitchens in a steady stream until the most voracious appetite among them had been appeased. So it might have been much worse.

Soon after this episode the Alaunia was commissioned as a troopship and toward the close of winter in 1915 left England with 2300 troops of the Fusileer regiments—the Royal, the Lancashire and the Irish—on their way to participate in the Near Eastern fighting. Proceeding to the Mediterranean, we put in at Alexandria and then made for Mudros harbor, on the southern coast of the island of Lemnos, in the Ægean Sea, some sixty miles west of the entrance to the Dardanelles. These troops had been chosen as part of the forces which were to make the first Allied landing at Gallipoli, the point of debarking being approximately opposite the scene of Agamemnon's ten-year siege of Troy. Landing practice was indulged in for days in advance of the actual sortie to shore. The outline of a landing boat was chalked out on deck and each man was required to familiarize himself with the position assigned to him. They were also instructed in the use of the rope ladders, down which they would make their descent to the waiting boats when the moment arrived for the concerted landing.

On the night we left Mudros harbor, which was Saturday, April 24, 1915, as I recall it, every light was extinguished aboard the Alaunia to conceal our movements. Breakfast was served in the darkness of early morning, the meal consisting of bread and butter, boiled eggs, cold meats, tea, coffee and marmalade. To every man in our crew was allotted a station which he was to take between the hours of three and four A.M. The landing was set for half-past four, immediately after our arrival at the rendezvous in the Dardanelles.

We lay about a quarter of a mile from shore when the men entered the landing boats and moved off toward the beach. It quickly became apparent to us that they had run into a living hell. The beach had been trapped with barbed wire in long stretches in anticipation of just such a surprise attack as our forces were then making. Becoming entangled in this craftily conceived meshwork, the boats were stationary targets for the merciless fire which poured from the rifles of Turkish snipers secure in their hiding places along the beach. In the early morning light we could see the frightful slaughter from the decks of our ship, but we were powerless to give aid, as the enemy marksmen had begun to concentrate a fusillade on the Alaunia herself; the shells becoming such a menace that we had to withdraw a short distance to save ourselves from being one of the most conspicuous of the targets.

Our only hope was to stand by and take on the wounded men as soon as the losing tide of battle had been stemmed sufficiently for the reënforcing troops to bring them aboard.

It was not until the following afternoon that this happened. A barge loaded with sick and wounded English soldiers and a few of the enemy who had fallen in battle came alongside then and discharged its cargo of mutilated victims. Thus, in a swift shifting of the scenes, the troopship Alaunia became converted into a hospital ship, but lacking the protection given to such vessels under the Geneva Convention. Actually we were a "black carrier," so called because the hull was painted black. As we carried ammunition and guns, it was no breach of the international rules of warfare for the enemy to fire upon us, even though we carried wounded only.

We carried only one ship doctor and had to borrow a medical officer from another vessel before leaving. As the men were brought on board their injuries were classed under three headings—major, medium and minor. The major cases were turned over to the doctors, the medium to those members of the crew who had had some medical and surgical training, and the minor to the men next best qualified to handle them. Hair mattresses were brought up from the cabins and placed on the promenade deck for the reception of the more seriously wounded, and empty beer and stout cases were constructed into makeshift but comfortable cots for the others. There was an ample supply of surgical instruments, antiseptics, bandages, and the like on hand. In fact, the whole atmosphere of the Alaunia had been altered from the moment when the British soldiers had stepped from her decks into the trap set by the wily Turks. In the comparatively few intervening hours she had been made over into a hospital ship; and it was in this new rôle that she put back to the homeland with her human wreckage.

A Floating City

My chief purpose in describing such incidents as these is to show that the calling of the sailor is one which requires more than a fair measure of versatility. Discipline, obedience and training are the three bulwarks always standing back of him to stiffen his backbone and to get him into action promptly on any mission to which he might be assigned. It is an essential part of the sailor's equipment that he be ready for any emergency, from helping to care for a sick baby to sending the last lifeboat away with those who have intrusted their welfare to him at sea.

The modern ocean liner is like a small, self-sustaining community, but more highly organized and more efficiently run. When it puts out to sea it really becomes a floating city, with its master holding office as its supreme head, the subordinate officers as department chiefs, the crew as the staff to carry out orders, and the passengers as citizens not concerned with governmental affairs. The operating forces are separated into three departments—deck, engine and catering—all of which converge around instructions issued from the bridge. The numerical strength of the personnel is regulated entirely by the size of the ship. On the larger liners such as the Berengaria, Leviathan, Majestic, Aquitania and others manned by crews of well on to a thousand men, the next in line to the captain is the staff captain, who is one step above the chief officer. These men are thoroughly skilled navigators and ready to take command of their own ships when the call comes. Their assistants, the junior officers of the deck department, are bound for the same eventual goal.

The various functions may be briefly outlined. The captain is responsible for everything that takes place, which narrows down to the safety of the ship, the maintenance of discipline and the comfort of passengers. Standing beside him is his staff of executive officers—six or seven in number on the large ships—who assist in the navigation of the vessel and in working out the many problems of the bridge. One senior and one junior stand watch together, four hours on and eight hours off, and their time is taken up in keeping the necessary records, seeing that the ship follows the proper course and maintaining a ceaseless lookout for danger. Never is the bridge left deserted, not for a fraction of a minute. Upon the executive officers also falls the responsibility for the execution of the captain's orders and the strict observance of discipline.

Keen Eyes in the Crow's Nest

Seamen, working in watches of four hours on duty and four hours off, scrub the decks late at night, keep the lifeboats and similar equipment in constant working order, maintain a watch for fire, assist in loading and unloading, go aloft when necessary and are general handy men. A boatswain or boatswain's mate has direct charge of them. A quartermaster is the man who steers the ship, acting under orders from the officer of the watch who patrols the bridge close to where he stands at the wheel. A police force of six or seven men, usually made up aboard British ships of former London bobbies, preserves order.

The lookout men in the crow's nest are selected from the rank and file of able seamen for their keenness of eyesight and general alertness. It is the custom for them to work in three watches, two hours on duty and four off, and their sole duty is to keep their eyes open for any obstruction in the vessel's path and to make instant report of it to the bridge by telephone. A canvas screen built into the nest and just high enough to enable them to see over it protects them from the cold. In clear weather two men make up the watch; in a fog, when the visibility is sometimes better from a lower position, one of them may be ordered to take up his post in the bow and an extra lookout assigned to work with him in the vigil for other ships or dangerous obstructions. On the newer ships the mast to which the nest is attached is hollow and contains an iron ladder as a means to reach it. The lookouts use binoculars and keep the bridge informed of their vigilance by repeating the time bells as they are struck every half hour. The sounding of their bell may also be a signal that they have sighted something.

I have been asked at times to describe the diversified duties of the skipper of a large ocean liner. That is a difficult job, and it would involve the elucidation of too many technical problems to go into detail. My answer to the question in a general way is that the scope of his work may be understood best if it is borne in mind that he is not only concerned with safe navigation but is also the managing director of a large hotel, the commander of a regiment, the mayor of a city, the arbiter of social usages, the judge and jury of a court of moral equity, the boss of a huge mechanical plant, the dominie of a church and eternally the court of last resort. His hours on duty are

from port to port, his hours of rest are when he can find them.

In 1917 I had charge of the Saxonia. Submarines were at that time sinking on an average of fifty or sixty of the Allied vessels a week, and the commanders of ships which trespassed into the danger zone were hard put to keep clear of the projectiles they sent skimming over the surface of the water on their errands of death and destruction. At one stage of this intensive U-boat activity the menace became so serious that I found my presence required constantly on the bridge. To solve the question of how I might be able to do this and still obtain the rest necessary to ward off physical exhaustion, I had a small hut built on the starboard side of the bridge to use as sleeping quarters. While we were passing through the area of peril I could thus have brief periods of rest, but was within instant call in case of emergency. The officer of the watch is never troubled for fear that he might disturb his chief needlessly. If he has the slightest suspicion that everything is not right he calls him at once. It would be a violation of duty not to do this.

When I refer to the captain of an ocean liner as the managing director of a hotel and the boss of a huge manufacturing plant, it is not with any idea of making it appear that he is a Pooh-Bah or that he personally works out the detail of the catering and engine departments. I have in mind merely that as the appointed overseer of everything these are phases of ocean travel which come to his notice in the routine of his work. The chief engineer—one of the highest ranking officers in a ship's personnel—is the man in charge of that department which manufactures nautical miles. From the bridge the captain signals to the engine room the speed desired, but leaves it to the chief engineer how the furnace and boilers and vast mechanical equipment below deck are to be manipulated to attain this end. Not being an engineer himself, except in isolated instances, he is concerned with the results and not with the means used to gain them. In this respect he neither dictates to the chief of this important department nor interferes with him.

Ocean travelers see a great deal of what goes on above deck to make navigation safe and fast and comfortable, but it is seldom that they have more than a vague notion of what is taking place below. They know merely that, barring accident, they are constantly on the move from the moment they leave port until they reach their destination, with the propellers churning steadily through the long hours of the night, while they themselves are sleeping peacefully in luxuriously appointed cabins. How and why is a bit of a mystery to them. Sometimes they catch glimpses of the chief engineer, perhaps at his table in one of the main dining rooms or possibly when he paces the promenade deck for exercise, but it is hard to reconcile this smart-looking officer in his immaculate uniform with their ideas of grease-oozing machinery and grimy countenances. And yet he or one of his fellow officers is the only concrete evidence most passengers ever have of the existence of motive power, aside from the fact that smoke belches from the funnels and the ship moves. Few ever see the wheels actually go round.

The Modern Power Plant

Let us take the engine room of the Berengaria as typifying the mechanical operation of one of these massive liners in the transatlantic service. Robert Lambert is her chief engineer, and his force consists of 52 engineer officers—25 first-class—8 electrical engineers, 3 boiler makers, 5 plumbers, and 133 oilers, firemen, and so on, a total staff, including himself, of 204 men. The engines furnish a direct drive to the four shafts connecting with the four propellers, there being one ahead and one astern turbine to each shaft. At full speed, which is twenty-three knots, the shafts make 187 revolutions a minute and develop a total shaft horse power of 70,000. There are forty-six water-tube boilers, each with five oil-burning furnaces, running from a point under the bridge aft to the break of B deck, which is the promenade. Some idea of the space they take up may be gained from the fact that five laps of B deck constitute one statute mile.

Five turbo generators supply the power for 15,000 lights scattered throughout the Berengaria, seventy-nine ventilating fan motors, numerous small motors in kitchens and pantries for domestic appliances, ten elevators for passenger use, stateroom heaters and refrigerating devices to preserve the ship's stores. The steering gear by which the rudder is controlled from the bridge is housed on C deck in the stern.

The use of oil as fuel has brought radical changes in the system of operation. Originally the Berengaria, which was the German-owned Imperator in her introduction to the sea, burned coal and carried 450 firemen, as against the 133 oilers and firemen who now perform the same duties. On the Berengaria are four stokeholes, opening one upon another, but each so equipped that it could be quickly turned into an air-tight compartment in itself. To enter, you open an air-tight door and step into a small cage, about large enough to accommodate two persons, close the door after you and then open another air-tight door, which is also closed immediately after you make your exit. You find yourself in a clean and orderly furnace room, through which air is constantly being forced by means of a large fan, to provide the necessary draft for the furnaces. The air pressure is neither noticeable nor sufficient to do any physical harm to those who remain in it while on watch, consisting of four hours on duty and eight hours off.

Economy and Speed

A total of 790 tons of fuel oil is burned every twenty-four hours, while the total capacity of the bunkers is 7045 tons, enough to last approximately nine days going at full speed of twenty-three knots. The consumption per mile at this speed is 1.47 tons and for the 3197 miles of the transatlantic voyage 4699.5 tons. At twenty knots the Berengaria's consumption is 1.39 tons a mile, which would be a total consumption of 4443.8 for the trip across, if that rate were maintained. With one ship proceeding at twenty knots and another at twenty-three, the slower would still be 417 miles at sea when the faster had made port, or a difference of approximately twenty hours.

A ship which burns oil at the Berengaria rate saves this twenty hours at a cost of 156 tons of fuel oil, or $1950 in terms of money, with oil figured at $12.50 a ton. To bleed her by boosting her low-pressure turbines, an additional speed of perhaps one-half knot could be obtained, but it would be both wasteful and unwarranted, except in a great emergency.

Safety Below Decks

The Berengaria can be bunkered in fourteen hours and without the slightest evidence of dirt. There are four oil stations, each with a capacity of 250 tons an hour and a combined capacity of 1000 tons an hour. Only two of the stations, however, may be used at one time, since one side of the ship is alongside the pier and not accessible to the oil lighters. The intake of oil is therefore 500 tons an hour, or the total of 7045 tons in fourteen hours.

The water-tank capacity is about 5800 tons—the English measure of 2240 pounds to the ton being used. Each twenty-four hours a total of 430 tons of fresh water is used aboard ship as follows: For boilers, 240 tons, or 53,760 gallons; for drinking, 45 tons, or 10,080 gallons; for washing, 145 tons, or 32,480 gallons. The remainder of the 5800 tons is used as ballast. The water obtained on the New York side is softer, contains less lime and is better for boiler use, but not so good for drinking purposes. Its purity is the most essential of its qualities, the boilers being as exacting in this respect as are the persons who drink it. Evaporators and distillers are kept on board for use in emergencies. These are tested by the British authorities each time before the ship leaves Southampton.

There is an unrelenting vigil for fire through the various portions of the engine room, and the crew goes through repeated drills in the handling of the extinguishing apparatus. Hand devices which can be used for minor outbreaks are located at convenient points. A still more effective weapon is a chemical fire solution which is pumped by steam power through a hose, while in a great emergency each stokehole can be isolated by closing its air-tight doors and vitiating its air by the operation of steam jets. These are the precautionary measures; the necessity for using them, it is gratifying to say, presents itself at such rare intervals that the element of fire danger aboard a large ocean liner nowadays can be classified as exceedingly remote. Like the menace of icebergs, it has virtually been eliminated, even though the precautionary vigilance against it has never been relaxed.

It is through this quarter of the ship, too, where the great safety devices of modern ship construction are to be found. These are the water-tight compartments below the water line, which are a ship's secondary line of physical defense against destruction by an outside agency, providing for her safety in the event that the impact should be so heavy as to tear through the double skin. The entire lower part of a vessel is split up into such compartments from stem to stern, with the water-tight doors so operated from the bridge that they may be closed by hydraulic power in thirty seconds or less. I am quite sure the thought which naturally arises in connection with these compartments is what happens to those who are entrapped in them when the officer on the bridge closes the doors. Well, they do not go to a martyr's grave, locked in a tomb from which there is no escape. Leading from every compartment is a ladder which has its outlet above the water line. Each man of the crew knows exactly where it is situated and is free to make his egress from his prison the moment the alarm is given.

Entering and leaving port a double force goes on duty in the engine room in order to insure quick response to the signals from the bridge. On the New York side these extra precautions are taken en route to and from Ambrose Light, where the pilot comes aboard to steer the ship through the channels of the Narrows and bay. When a fog is encountered at sea this same control platform, with its many dials and levers, is the scene of the tensest activity. Three extra men are then stationed there, one watch standing at the starting and the other at the reversing levers, in readiness for any emergency order. Three extra men are also put on duty maneuvering the engines. The bridge has called for stand-by, and the men remain at their posts until word comes from the bridge relieving them.

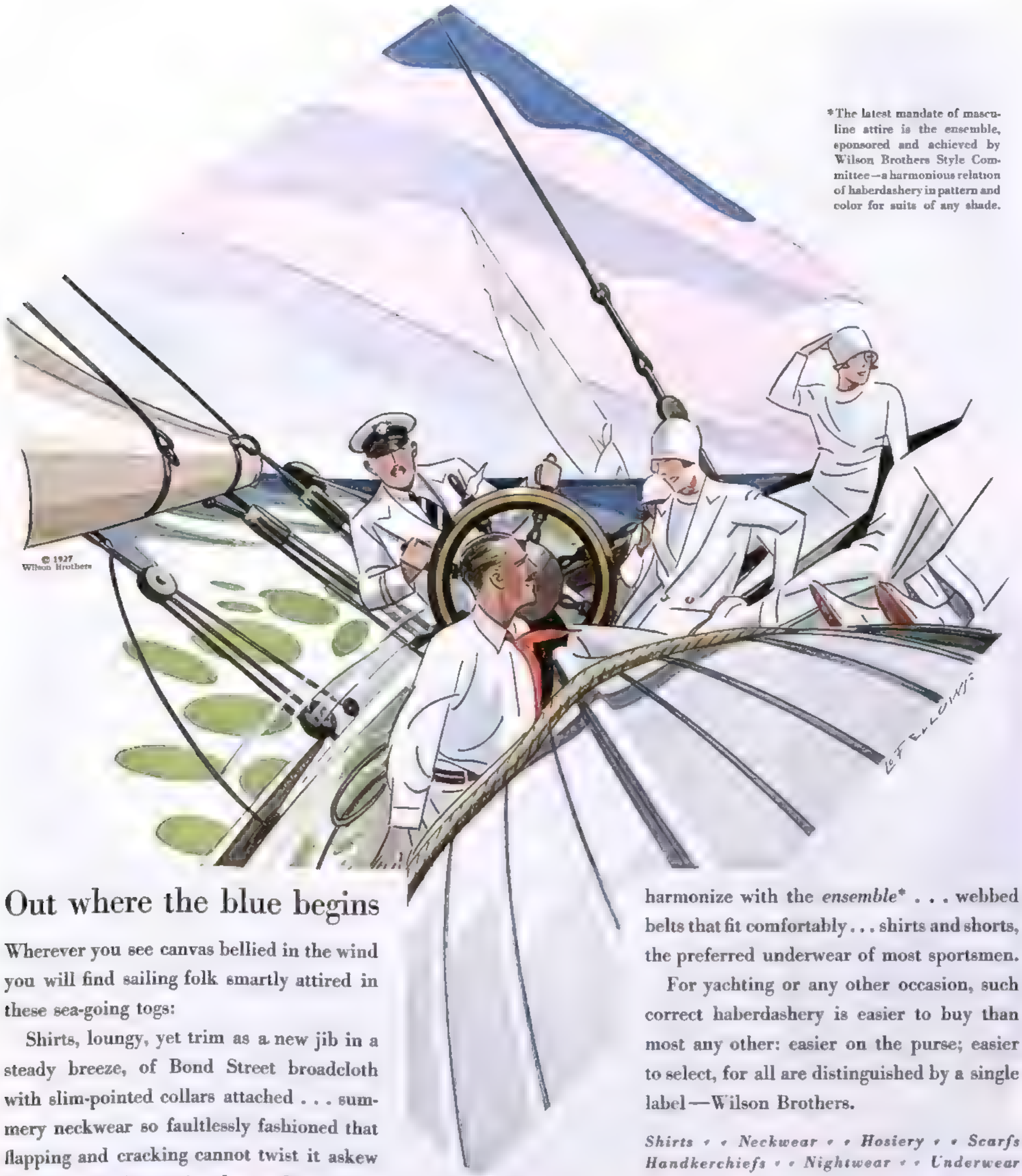
"How'd You Like to Ride Up in Dat Fish, Bill?" "Naw! Dat's Too Much of a Risk. I'll Stick to the Good Old Terra Ferma"

The Boy on the Burning Deck

It is discipline which sends men to their stations aboard ship and keeps them there. A great many persons don't like the word "discipline" because it brings to mind a dour-visaged person who delights in snapping the whip. It would be well to remember that without discipline ocean liners could not be operated successfully. The red-faced, blustering, roaring sailing skipper of the old days had many faults, it is true, but his insistence on discipline was not one of them. He knew what he was about, and to him the world owes its thanks for the heritage of order and obedience he willed to it.

Aboard a steamer which was sinking at sea a few years ago was a ship's boy—a lad about sixteen—who had been ordered to polish brass. The ship began to settle by the stern. The officers and men on the bridge were, of course, the last to leave. When the water had risen so that it was lapping his feet the ship's boy was still polishing brass. The captain called to him and demanded to know why he did not take to the lifeboats with the others who were leaving. With humility he replied that he had received no further orders than to polish brass.

It is a true story and describes what I mean about discipline better than I could describe it in any other way.



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ELBOWROOM

(Continued from Page 9)

The contrast, increasing his sense of speed and power, set him thinking vaguely. It was easy enough for a man with a decent engine to swoop up here into these hills, but it was manifestly a slow, sweating business for a team. He whirred past a stone mill, so unmistakably ancient that the figures cut in the capstone above its doorway seemed to understate its age—1810. Just about a hundred years older than Link Danby, born in 1903. A long time, though, before there were motorcycles and a decently paved road for them to travel.

His thoughts groped vaguely in that past, trying to see things as they had been then. There was no need to speculate about the highways of a hundred years ago—you could see what they'd been like every time you passed a side road, scrambling steeply up or down from the turnpike; ruts in shale or clay; rough going for even a man afoot. And when the first settlers came this way there hadn't been even those hill paths, of course; they had to climb up here through the woods. Why? Lincoln Danby wondered. Even nowadays not many people would have faced these grades as he did, on idle impulse. Something desperately urgent must have driven those old pioneers up from the level river valley.

He looked about him with a lifting curiosity, to find a hint of what they had been seeking. They must have found it or they wouldn't have stayed to build stone mills and barns and houses and whittle their tilted bits of land out of the forests. It would have been easier to go back downhill than to stay on the terms that they must have paid. It came dimly home to him that there was mystery in this, and his wits wakened to the challenge with something of the pleasure they found when the foreman wanted a tricky lathe job and you had to figure out your own way of going at it. Somewhere ahead there must be an answer. So far, except that it stood on edge, the country wasn't visibly different from the farming lands along the river. There were the same crops growing in the smaller fields, the same cattle and machines and buildings; fewer and wider spaced, perhaps, but otherwise identical. The key must be farther on, higher up.

He enjoyed the knowledge that he could take the time to find it. There wasn't any hurry about getting back to work, and he hadn't had a decent lay-off, anyway, for a couple of years. If he liked, he could knock about up here for a week or two and move on to Buffalo or Detroit when he was good and ready.

He found himself unexpectedly at the summit he had almost ceased to look for. There was no chance of another mistake about this. Before him the road plunged steeply down into another valley, shallower by a good many hundred feet than the one behind him, but still deep and wide within a surrounding wall of hills. Far below him he could see spires and roofs in a huddle of shade trees and ribbons of yellow road leading out over the flat floor of the glen and along the farmed hillsides. A deep scar ran along the flank of the opposite hill and he saw a white puff of steam lift from the engine of a toy train, long before the minute whispering whistle floated up to him.

He shut off his engine and coasted down, queerly expectant. He'd find it here, whatever it was that had brought men toiling up the cruel grades behind him and held them hill-bound for a hundred years. There must be something—something worth seeing, at least; perhaps even worth staying for.

He found no hint of it in the village. It slept in the thin filtered sunlight of the hills, a straggle of houses gathered about a row of stores and a couple of churches, with a new schoolhouse between them. A blacksmith shop behind a gasoline pump was open for business. Danby filled his tank and tried to start conversation with the sullen man who waited on him. Direct questions brought grudged, abbreviated answers: This was Glenville; the road to the right went up to Union and the other one would get you to Darnell, if you kept on long enough and didn't mind some rough going on bad grades. What kind of a town? Danby could take a squint at it—this was all there was of it, except the foundry, over yonder by the railroad.

Danby went on. There must be something, all the same. People wouldn't have clambered up here without a reason. The word "foundry" suggested an answer. He jolted over the battered road that led across the valley and came upon a group of square stone buildings beside a dammed stream at the foot of the farther slope. Perhaps twenty houses huddled about the shops, new and cheap and ugly cottages, nakedly shadeless in a weedy field. A clatter of shouting led Danby past the factory to a rudely leveled playground where a game of baseball was in noisy progress. He stopped and watched it, talked a little with one of the onlookers, an older man whose hands identified him as a fellow mechanic.

Yeah, they always wanted help; it was an open shop and the pay was under the scale, but you could live cheaper—four-five houses where you could board. The other man watched the game while he answered. Danby left him shouting approval of a stolen base. All this was familiar stuff, except for the rim of hills, empty and still and aloof, it was all very much like the last place where he had worked; nothing here explained why men should bother to climb up into the sky; why, having reached the summits, they should stay here, working for smaller wages. He straddled his machine and started its engine impatiently; the uproar about the diamond dulled in the thud of the exhaust.

The road struck boldly upward toward the dipping sun. He jolted over railroad tracks in the hillside cut, climbed steeply beside a splashing brook, hidden in the cleft of the wooded gully. Again, overpassing a crest, he discovered a shallow highland valley and something quickened his pulse. He seemed to know that there was, after all, an answer for his question; that he was drawing nearer to it, although the road ran between ruined worm fences and abandoned pastures already thickly overgrown with young woods; and the house at which he stopped was visibly untenanted, its windows rudely shuttered by nailed boards, its dooryard thigh-deep in weeds.

He studied it, however, with a strange secret thrill tingling along his spine. It was built of logs, adz-hewed square and chinked with clay in which he could see gleams of yellow straw. The shingles of its roof, greening with age, were larger and less regular than the machined product of modern mills—hand-split, he guessed, a good many years ago. The huge stone chimney that rose at one gable end had been masoned by hands only crudely skilled.

He tested the heavy door and found that it yielded to the thrust of his shoulder. He stood in a wide low room, bare of furnishing, floored with broad boards, hewed whitewashed joists supporting its low ceiling of planks. There was a queer mysterious smell in the cool air—a smell of aged wood and emptiness, he thought. He explored a pair of smaller rooms, partitioned off one end; a cupboard stairway beside the chimney led up to a raftered loft, littered with cobwebbed broken furniture and a curious contrivance of oak beams and treadles that filled one end. He puzzled over it, his instinct for mechanics waking to interest, but its use evaded him. Frowning, he went down the twisted stairs and out to the dooryard. These were apple trees, he guessed, judging by the drift of fallen petals from the bloom far overhead. He'd never known that they grew so tall. These must be fifty or sixty feet, at least, and they'd been here quite a while. The stone-curbed well, a garden space walled in with masoned shale, outbuildings—he examined everything with a mounting sense of bafflement. There was something here—something that would answer everything, something hidden, infinitely worth finding.

He recalled high-colored fiction of buried treasure. Perhaps it was something like that; perhaps what he sought was hidden in a chink between those old logs of the wall or a hollow in the chimney stones. He made a half-hearted search, vaguely ashamed of the artless thought, and finding nothing, came out again to the weedy dooryard. The slant of the sun startled him; he'd wasted more time than he'd thought and it would be dark, at a guess, in a couple of hours.

His first impulse was to hurry. The road wasn't any too good, but he'd better try to get to Darnell by nightfall, all the same. He jolted over a half mile of washboarded macadam and throttled down abruptly as he neared another house.

This one was manifestly inhabited. There were cattle in the fields, a pair of great, clumsy horses drowsing in a fence corner, a wisp of wood smoke rising in the still air from the kitchen chimney of the square-columned house beyond the retaining wall.

Again Lincoln Danby felt the stir of a suppressed excitement, as if he had come near to discovery. An impulse that was at once less than rational and more compelled him, half against his will, to turn into the lane that ran between spaced maples to the side of the house. He stopped his engine as a man emerged from the open woodshed, shining pails swung in the bend of his arm, a hint of challenge in the grave inquiry of his glance.

Danby surveyed him curiously. He was not much older, he concluded, but he was different, somehow. There was something about the lean strength of the figure in work-stained overalls that distinguished him, clearly and definitely, from the men who had watched the ball game in the shadow of the shops. For an instant Lincoln Danby was aware of an unwilling respect—something like the way he felt when the superintendent came through the shop. It always annoyed him to feel this; now there was something ridiculous about it.

"Got off my road," he said, trying to make his tone jocular and casual. "Thought I'd stop and see if I could stay overnight here, instead of trying to make Darnell."

The other man hesitated, his narrowed eyes appraising, almost hostile. "Don't make a practice of it," he said slowly, "but I guess we can take you in. Hadn't better tackle that Darnell road in the dark, anyhow."

"That's what I thought." Danby chuckled, still uncomfortably conscious of an eagerness to placate. Something about this man disquieted him; he was almost afraid, under that level opaque gaze. "Much obliged to you."

The other nodded. "Got to milk," he said. "You can wait here. Tend to you when I finish my chores."

Danby discovered a sudden aversion to solitude. He didn't want to be left alone. Even here, in the shadow of the house, with the smell of the supper fire tingeing the air, there was something oppressive and sinister in these hills.

"Go with you," he said. "Don't know a thing about it, but maybe I can help."

The farmer shrugged his lean shoulders. Danby followed him down to the gate of the pasture, stood clumsily out of the way as he drove the cows toward the barn. Danby had never seen anybody milk, and the process, remotely mechanical, interested him. He watched for a little and volunteered to help. The farmer let him try it; it was clear that he was surprised when Danby managed to send the jets of milk hissing down against the resounding tin.

"Done it before," he said, and Danby saw that his denials did not at once convince. He was pleased with himself; the

(Continued on Page 80)

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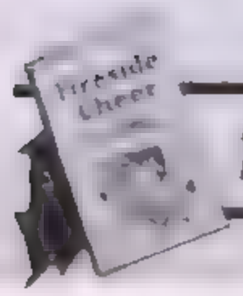

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(Continued from Page 78

trick of it came easily, although his hands and forearms ached with the unaccustomed effort. There was something curiously satisfying about the sound of the spurting jets. Milk, till now, had been something poured out of a pitcher; he had an agreeable sense of ownership about this; there was a difference, somehow, about things you did for yourself.

They carried their pails to the house through a paling sunset. The kitchen windows showed dimly yellow and there was a grateful sense of shelter in the warmth of the room itself. Danby grinned under the straight searching glance of the woman who looked from the stove.

"Going to stay overnight," the farmer explained briefly. "Lost his road, he says." He turned to Danby. "Didn't catch your name." Danby told him. "Mine's McNaughten," he said. "This is my sister. Keeps house for me."

Lincoln Danby's interest stirred at the one word. He'd taken it for granted that the woman was McNaughten's wife. The discovery that she was not, quickened the attention with which he regarded her, and he squared his shoulders, showed his teeth. She wasn't his kind. His tastes ran to girls who dressed in bright colors and giggled a good deal, but something about this woman seemed to challenge and rebuff at once—younger than Link Danby, manifestly, slenderly strong, like her brother, but with a suggestion of spring in her step and something in her look that made Danby think, with a stab of envy, that she knew what she wanted and that she meant to have it.

He washed his hands and face in a tin basin and sleeked his wet hair down before the bit of broken mirror hung above it. As always, the processes of the kitchen interested him. He watched McNaughten strain the milk and pour it into a can that had been sunning on the porch. He was more concerned with the girl's swift movements as she set out an extra plate and cup for him and broke more eggs on the edge of the spatting skillet. He was hungrier than he had thought; his food preoccupied him and he ate, at first, in acquiescent silence. Afterward he tried to talk, but it was slow going; neither of the McNaughtens seemed to care for conversation. The man pushed back his chair abruptly, saying something about chores, and went out. The girl, still thrifty with her steps and motions, cleared the table and began to wash the dishes. Lincoln Danby volunteered to dry them for her, and with a sharp side glance of doubt, she let him do it.

He tried again to make her talk, and now, without the restraint of her brother's frowning distraction, he had better luck.

"Lonesome?" She gave his word an intonation that somehow changed its meaning for his ear—as if, he thought, he had said something in praise of the empty hillside where she lived. "Yes, it's pretty lonesome these days." Her voice changed. "Most of the glen people have died off or moved down to the flats. Don and I are all that's left at this end."

He felt a strange quality in her voice as if she pitied the people who had moved away and despised them, as if she were proud of having outstayed them here.

"Don't want to get away, yourself?"

She shook her head. There was a kind of passion in the gesture, for all its restraint, and Danby's curiosity found a fresh edge.

"Never live up here, all alone, would you?" He was puzzled by the sharpness of her assent. "Why? What is there——"

"Used to it, I guess. I like it, anyway."

He considered. "There must be something up here, after all, then. I thought so."

Her eyes questioned him. He grinned shyly. "Just meant —— Well, all afternoon I been wondering about it—what there was up here that you can't find down there. Must have been something—something that made people stick up those cabins in the first place and make 'em stay when they got to the top. Guess that's why I kept on climbing. Sort of wanted to find out what it was."

She shook her head again slowly. "I don't know. I guess they were just crazy. I guess we're crazy, Don and I, too, or we'd get out like the rest."

He eyed her boldly. "Nothing crazy about you, anyhow," he declared. "There's bound to be a reason to anything you do."

"I wish I knew a reason for staying here then!" She spoke with sudden heat. "There's no sense to it! I'd be better off if I went down on the flats and hired out to cook for somebody. I'd get paid for that, anyhow, and I'd get a day off once in a while.

"I wouldn't have to cook over a wood fire, either, or get water out of a well. I'd get to see people, too—go to picture shows and ——"

She stopped short. Danby waited a little for her to go on, but her lips, pressed flatly tight, seemed to say that she had finished.

"If that's how you feel, why don't you beat it?" He was aware of a vague disappointment; she wasn't so different, after all, from the girls who jollied a fellow into paying for movies and ice-cream cones and rides on roller coasters. "Your brother can't keep you here if you don't want to stay."

"Don?" She laughed shortly. "I'm keeping him here! If it wasn't for me, he'd have quit long ago. He's got sense enough to know it's no use to hang on—not even for anybody as smart as he is. If I'd give in, he'd go tomorrow."

"Sell the place, eh?"

She laughed again, more bitterly. "I guess nobody could keep him here if there was any chance of selling! Who'd buy? 'Most all the glen's abandoned land right now—get all you want if you're rich enough and fool enough to pay up the back taxes on it. Get our place, too, one of these days, when we get a little farther behind with our taxes. Sell! I guess Don'd be glad to take a hundred dollars for the whole place—and we've still got some woods on it too."

Danby frowned. His glance moved about the room. Vaguely, it occurred to him that the solid walls, the decent furniture and gear must have cost money; except for its peeling white paint, the house had impressed him as substantial—infinitely better, anyway, than any in which he had ever lived.

"Must have been different a while back," he suggested. "Took money to build this place. Got it off the land, didn't they?"

"What little it needed—yes." Her voice changed, warmed. "It didn't cost much in cash. My grandfather built it with timber from his own woods, and I guess he did a lot of the carpenter work himself. He was pretty handy with tools. Likely the neighbors helped some—had a bee to raise the frame. It's tree-nailed. You can see them in the attic. I guess about all they spent money for was lime and glass."

Danby thought of the old house he had explored and spoke of it. The girl's face lighted.

"Yes; that was where the family lived before they moved over here. It was the first house in the glen. Alexander McNaughten built it when he settled here. That was 'way back—right after the Revolution."

"More'n a hundred years!" Link Danby wagged his head. "Must 've had mighty rough going those days, coming up the way I came today." He pondered briefly. "What made him do it, d'you suppose? Must 've been plenty of good land farther back."

"I wish I knew!" She hung up the dish towel and dried her hands, reddened and rough with work, on her apron. "Sometimes I think he was just crazy, like me. And sometimes it seems as if—as if he was looking for something—something he never found till he got here."

"That's my bet, too!" Danby spoke with conviction. "The man that built that log house wasn't crazy, that's one sure thing. He was after something when he climbed

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those hills, the same"—he hesitated, puzzled by the words that came unexpectedly to his lips, but going on doggedly to utter them—"the same as I was when I climbed 'em this afternoon. And I'm betting that he found what he was after."

She lifted her shoulders wearily. "Maybe you'll find it too," she said. Her voice sounded tight and bitterly tired. "If you do, let me know, will you? I'd like to understand why I'm fool enough to want to stay here."

McNaughten's heavy step sounded on the plank walk through the woodshed. Link Danby lowered his voice a little, and spoke quickly. "It's here," he said. "And I'm going to find it before I go. It's here."

III

DONALD McNaughten accepted without comment, almost without attention, Link Danby's breakfast-table announcement of postponed departure. The farmer's look had changed a little, Danby thought, since last night; the lines about his mouth had drawn deep and tighter, and his eyes were calculating, worried, as if Monday morning had brought with it an increased anxiety. He said almost nothing, and his sister, swiftly efficient at her stove and table, was no more inclined to conversation. Only when Danby casually declared that he'd like to stick around for a day or two did her expression change; she glanced at him with a sharpness that was almost suspicion.

"All right, if Lucy doesn't mind." McNaughten spoke absently. Danby's eye questioned the girl and she shrugged her shoulders.

"If you can put up with the way we live," she said.

Danby laughed. "Guess I can do that. Looks like high living to me." He finished his glass of milk, leaned back with a sigh of content. McNaughten, an anxious glance shifting to the sky beyond the open doorway, said something about wishing he didn't have to drive down with the milk—wasting two good hours of daylight, he called it.

"I can do it, I guess," Lucy suggested. "There'll be somebody at the station to unload the cans for me."

"I'll go along and do that," said Danby quickly. "Sort of like to try riding behind horses for a change."

McNaughten's face cleared briefly. "Much obliged," he said. "Man's got to be three-four places at once to keep a farm running singlehanded. My father used to have three hired men by the year and 's many 's eight or ten, haying and harvest. I'm lucky if I get a couple to help me get in my hay."

"Why's that?" Danby wasn't curious; his question was merely an idle courtesy. McNaughten's face darkened suddenly and his lean, misshapen hands closed.

"It's the foundry, that's all!" His voice heated. "Isn't enough to suck all the best men out of the country—they have to come clear up here and start a factory to use up what few there were left. A body'd almost think they were setting out to kill out us farmers. How's a man going to work his land with wages up to five dollars a day—and an eight-hour day too? Easy work on top of that, sitting on a bench watching a machine do it for you, warm in winter and cool in summer! Man'd be a fool to hire out for farming when he can get a job in the foundry instead."

"Looks like it, sure enough." Danby was tolerant, almost amused. No sense to getting angry because workmen had sense enough to choose short hours, light labor and high pay. "Thought I'd take a look at that plant myself—fellow down there yesterday said they needed lathe hands."

McNaughten shrugged impatient shoulders, but said nothing. He went out and Danby followed him, looking on while he harnessed the horses and hitched them to the light wagon. He had a good eye for such processes. He could do it himself, he thought, if he had to. He helped load the milk cans and climbed up to the seat beside Lucy McNaughten with a dim sense of adventure, watching her as she skilfully backed and turned; there was a trick about handling horses, the same as about running a motorcycle. He'd know how to do this, too, hereafter. The idea amused him; not much chance of Link Danby ever having to fool around any such job!

She held her tongue stubbornly as she drove, at a clumsy pounding trot, down the lane and along the short stretch of level road past the old log house. Danby, rebuffed by curt monosyllables, tried a direct attack.

"You sore at me for sticking around?" he demanded bluntly. "Just say so if you'd sooner ——"

"No." Her look relaxed a little. "It's just the same old worry. You'd be worried too if you were working yourself half to death and getting nothing for it. Every time I go down with the milk I get angry. It doesn't cost us anything in money, but if Don figured on his time, we'd be paying something for the privilege of giving it away. We're pig-headed fools, both of us, to stick at it."

"Best milk I ever drank," said Danby. "Ought to bring a first-rate price, I'd think."

"Ought to!" She quoted bitterly. "That's it! Of course it ought to! If you knew how we scrimped and schemed to buy those Guernseys instead of the scrubs we used to keep! There's no sense to it! We're fools, but we're not the only ones. One of these days when our kind's been starved and sweated off the land, somebody's going to be hungry -somebody down yonder, where they think milk runs out of a spigot."

"Must be too much of it right now," said Danby thoughtfully. "That's what keeps prices down on anything. Ought to quit raising cows for a spell and try something else."

"What else?" Her voice was wearily impatient. "You can't plant automobiles or radios on a farm—there's just so many things you can do with land, and some of 'em you've got to do whether they pay or not. We've got to keep a cow for our own milk, no matter what the price is, I mean. Might as well keep a few more, while we're at it. We have to rotate crops, too, or the land'll wear out, and most of 'em won't pay the cost of raising. It's all useless, silly, and yet we stick! We're fools! If we had any sense we'd ——"

He shook his head. "No. That's only how it looks. There's more to it than that. Like we were saying last night—there's something up here, if a fellow could find it. Bound to be."

She guided the horses neatly through a bit of bad road.

"It's queer—the way you keep saying that. It's—it's the way I've always felt. No matter how bad things get, I keep feeling as if—as if I'd been pretty smart to stay up here and make out to keep alive! I know better. I know what's wrong. Anybody with good sense would know we can't compete any more with better land and better conditions. What chance has Don got, for instance, to raise milk, when there are hundreds of places, miles and miles closer to the cities, where they can do everything with machinery that he has to do by hand exactly the way it was done a thousand years ago? I've seen a big dairy farm down beyond Darnell where they were cutting hay in a rainstorm and shooting it right up from the knives into a truck—nobody ever touched a pitchfork to it! They dumped it into a sort of furnace and blew it up into a mow, better cured than even Don can cure hay in the sun! Three or four men were doing fifty times what he can do, and doing it quicker and better! No wonder milk's cheap!"

"Pay enough for it when you want to drink it," Danby objected. "Ten cents a glass, they sting you for it. Makes forty cents a quart, that does."

She laughed. "Yes, and you'll hear fools say that we farmers ought to get all of it, instead of two or three. As if it didn't cost anything to handle, over and over again, before you buy it over the counter, a hundred miles from where it was produced! That's where the money goes - cost and a profit to everybody all along the way—part of the cost and a loss for us. Because we can't help ourselves— we're caught in our own trap! We've got to raise milk or get off the land; land's all we own, and even if we're willing to throw it away, farming's the only trade we know! Don's past thirty. Where's he going to begin again? What trade is he going to learn now?"

They crossed the railroad tracks and drew up beside the plank platform. Danby lifted out the heavy cans and stood them in line with others already ranged beside the dingy station.

"That's all." She jerked her head in summons as he waited for formalities of shipment. "Come on. I've got to hurry back. Monday's my wash day."

He hesitated. "Thought I'd go down to that shop. Might get a job there for a while." Again he paused. "Say, would it be all right with you if I boarded out at your place? I'd pay what was right and ——"

"Be better sense to board in the town," she said sharply. "You'd have to go up and down this hill every day and—you've seen how we live."

"The old coffee grinder don't mind hills." He grinned. "It wouldn't be any different boarding in town, from a job anywheres else, and I can get better money a hundred places than they'll pay me here. What I'm after ——" He stopped, groping for words to clothe an idea he saw only as a vague, shadowy thing. "There's something up there. I got to find out what it is."

She shook her head. "I guess," she said slowly—"I guess you must be crazy, too, like Don and me."

He laughed. "That's it! If you are, I'd just as soon be anyway. See you at suppertime."

He turned almost gayly to the downhill road. A harried foreman made him querulously welcome: it was a dog's life, he said, trying to make machinists out of a bunch of rubes. Good hands wouldn't work up here in the sticks even if you paid 'em above the scale instead of under it. His eye slanted shrewdly at Danby.

"I ain't asking any questions. Guess you'll be safe up here longer'n anywheres else."

Danby let him keep the notion. It would be hard, he realized, to explain just what his reasons were. He couldn't explain them even to himself, but something prompted him to whistle cheerfully at his lathe. At noon he bought food at one of the boarding houses and joined in a short chapter of what seemed to be a serial ball game between the machine shop and the office and shipping room. His mates crowed happily over their rivals.

"We got Walter Johnson working for us now! Wait till tonight, you guys!"

The plant ran on daylight time. At half-past three, according to the sun, the day's work was done. Danby, under eager pressure, pitched nine decisive innings, vaguely puzzled by an unfamiliar want of interest. At bat in the eighth he swung, intentionally, at a wide curve, impatient to be done with it so much the sooner. The sun was still high and hot when he struck off toward the hill; it was farther and steeper than he had imagined; his feet ached long before he came up the lane of maples and grinned at Lucy McNaughten, bare armed and flushed, unpinning dry linen from the clotheslines stretched across the dooryard.

"All set," he told her. "Done a day's work and played a ball game and hoofed it home. Not so dusty, eh?"

"You must be tired. It's cooler on the side porch. I'll get you some milk soon as I finish this." Her voice was faintly friendly.

"Guess I can help myself," he said. "You work longer hours 'n I do." He looked around him. "Where's your brother?"

She jerked her head toward a fenced inclosure half obscured by lilac bushes.

"I've pestered him into starting the garden," she said. "He hates it, but it's the only thing that keeps us alive, all the same." Her lips tightened and Danby guessed that there had been a quarrel over the issue. He moved away slowly to the sagging gate. Don McNaughten, squatting above a string drawn tight between two stakes, lifted a sullen glance.

"Back, eh? Lucy says you want to board with us a spell." He straightened deliberately. "Why? What you after?"

Danby spread his hands. "Darned if I know, myself. It's a thousand miles up that hill, when you got to do it on the hoof, but it don't seem to matter. Kind of makes it all the better, some way. Guess your sister's right—she says I'm crazy."

McNaughten's look did not relax. "She says she wants the money," he said slowly. "And what she says goes, around the house. I got just one thing to say: Don't you get any of your flat-country notions about—about her. She—we ain't your kind."

"Think so?" Danby's voice sounded harsh in his own ears. "Why? What makes you think I'm different?"

McNaughten shook his head slowly. "We been up here all our lives," he said. "Our stock's been here for a hundred years and more before us, and I guess they were hill folks when they came here. It ain't ever been easy to stay alive up here; the soft ones get culled out pretty quick. We're all that's left, Lucy and me. Look crazy to you, maybe, but we ain't."

"No," said Danby. "You're not crazy, or else I am too. Because I'm staying here anyway. Here's where I belong."

McNaughten surveyed him deliberately. "If that's so, you're out of luck," he said. "It costs something—belonging in the hills. You'll find that out, come snow-fly."

Danby squatted beside him. "Guess I'll start in to pay right now. How do you plant these beans? Show me, and I'll go ahead with it while you go milk."

McNaughten showed him how to put the broad, flat beans on edge in the powdery loam; Danby finished the row and marked off another, whistling under his breath; he was still at it, engrossed and contented, when Lucy's clear voice came through the sunset glow, calling him in to supper.

IV

A SHORT, fierce summer flamed up and burned itself as abruptly to an early glow of autumn embers. Lincoln Danby felt the haste of it with a kind of infection: the blaze of the harvest fields whispered to him: Hurry, hurry! He had a sense of excitement, something like the tightening of nerves he knew when, with men on the bases, he faced a likely hitter near the end of some close game. This was better, he decided; you were playing here against stiffer odds and for a bigger stake; there was more kick, he told himself, in outwitting the weather and the heights than in any other game he'd ever played.

The men in the shop bothered him a good deal because, instead of spending the afternoons on the diamond behind the foundry, he hurried off to his motorcycle and sent it scudding up the hill. He found, though, a secret amusement in their attitude; they didn't know what they were missing, fooling around with a bat and ball, when they might be playing the game he played, up there beyond the rim of hills.

He learned a good deal from Don McNaughten that first summer; he had a trick of observation that served him better than McNaughten's occasional instruction. He could milk, after a few weeks, as well as anybody; he could swing a splitting ax in the glancing stroke that almost tricked oak and hickory, it seemed, into stove wood; he found out how to handle a team and how to build a load of hay on the wagon racks that would ride safely over the ruts and hardheads to the barn; slowly, however, as he sweated under the mountain sun, he discovered a certain discriminating attitude toward the tasks at which he toiled.

It was pure fun, for instance, to work in the garden, stirring the earth about growing things that would presently be his own

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food; on rainy afternoons he whistled happily in the woodshed as the neat pile of split sticks rose behind him. It was only when he followed a hand cultivator between endless rows of corn that the thing became work instead of sport; only when he helped McNaughten cut and shock and haul and mow load after load of wheat; only when, in the side car he had contrived for the purpose, he carried down the milk to the station in the mornings, that he found himself sharing McNaughten's discontent, inclined to agree with his embittered feeling of oppression and injustice, of futility and defeat.

He drifted easily into the routine of the household. It suited him, mysteriously, to stumble, yawning, up the twisting stairs to his hay mattress as soon as the chores were done and the supper dishes put away, to wake at sunrise and, before it was time to start for the shop, to have done a good hour's work in woodshed or cow stable. It seemed as if the Link Danby who had found the evenings long and dull down yonder, who had played cards or pool on wet afternoons, sat through mushy movies after supper, killed his Sundays on aimless motorcycle journeys, must have been somebody else. He puzzled over this; sometimes discussed it with Lucy.

"It's funny. You don't seem to get bored up here."

"You don't get time," she told him. "There's always more to do than you can tend to, if you're going to stay alive."

"We're doing that, anyhow." He chuckled. "Never lived so high as I been doing all summer."

Her face changed. "That's your own doing, mostly," she said. "I've been thinking. We haven't got any right to charge you board. You're earning more than your keep. We ought to pay you wages."

"Shucks!" He grinned uneasily. "I only fool around after hours for the fun of it. Sooner do it than play ball or shoot craps. Wouldn't feel right if I didn't pay my way."

"We aren't going to take your money any more, just the same," she said. "Don and I talked it over. We've never managed to have a decent garden till this summer. You've just about fed all three of us, besides what you've done on the farm, helping Don. And we've paid up the back taxes on the money we've got from you." She drew in a deep breath. "We're in first-rate shape for winter, this year—better than we've been since I can remember."

"Have enough potatoes to carry us through to spring, anyway," he said. "They're doing fine. And it looks like there'd be a pile of apples those russets have got to be propped up some more." He hesitated. "Funny, what a kick I get out of it—saving up stuff to eat, instead of just putting money in a bank. Different, someway raising your own keep instead of just paying for it." He frowned. "That's all that I like about it, I guess the rest of it I don't know why, but it kind of makes me sore, someway, sweating out there in the sun to make a lot of wheat for somebody else somebody sitting pretty behind a desk somewheres Like to milk when I'm going to drink it myself, but it gives me a pain to do it for the other guy."

"That's farming." McNaughten had approached unheard. His voice grated. "Work yourself to death so somebody else can eat without moving a finger, and then go round with your hat off and beg him to give you half what it costs you! Look at what we're getting for milk -it don't much more 'n pay for hauling it!"

"We're doing first-rate, though," Lucy told him.

"Yes." He spread his hands. "And why? Because we got a hired man working for us that don't charge wages. All we really made this summer comes right down to that. If I'd paid Link what he's been worth I'd be deeper in the hole than ever."

"Hadn't better let me know it then," Danby said cheerfully. "I'm satisfied. Got pretty nearly all I made saved up. Never been so far ahead of the game since I started working. Funny, too, when you come to think it over."

"You haven't had a chance to spend anything, that's all," Lucy suggested. "I don't see what's funny about it."

"It's queer, all the same." He fumbled through a blurry thought. "Here's the three of us living off the same place where the two of you could hardly stay alive, and living pretty high, too. You got your taxes paid and money put by, and I got more saved up than I ever had before. Has to come from somewhere, doesn't it? Looks to me as if it had to come out of the ground."

McNaughten shook his head. "It didn't. Lost money, any way you figure it, on everything we've raised, if we charge anything for your time and mine. Only reason we're ahead is the money you made down in the shop and the piece of it you paid us for your keep."

"No. It can't be that, either. Made a lot better money every other place I've worked, and never managed to save any of it till I came up here. I'm ahead of the game; you can't get away from that. And you are too." His tone quickened. "I got a notion we're getting somewheres near the answer, Don! We've struck something, we have! If we keep on this way, the three of us, we won't just stay alive—we'll get more and more ahead of the game, every year we play it."

"You'd lose," said Lucy quickly. "You're bringing in most of the money and doing a lot of the work besides. If you put in your time at the shops instead of up here, you'd get overtime wages—a whole lot more than it costs to feed you. Don and I are just—sponging on you."

"Don't make me laugh. Sponging—the way you work! I suppose it's a great favor for me to let you wash my clothes and cook my meals and make up my bed! I suppose ——"

"I'm paid for it, I mean." He saw that her mouth was set. "You pay for it twice over—once in cash and once—more than once, I guess—in work. That's all there is to it."

He saw the force of her reasoning and could find no flaw in it, but he knew, somehow, that she was wrong. A queer, secret exultation was in him, a sense of discovery, triumph. Words didn't matter; facts were all that counted, and no matter how you split hairs about this, they were prospering, all three prospering as none of them had ever done before. Farm conditions hadn't changed for the better; according to Don McNaughten's figures they were worse than ever, and yet ——

"It's what I came up here to find," he said slowly. "And I'm getting mighty close to finding it. There was something they were after—those people that came up here to settle They must 've found it or they'd have moved out; it's here, the same as it was then. Don't know what it is, but we're mighty near to finding it, and it's worth finding too."

Don McNaughten stretched his lean arms. "Let's go milk," he said. A shadow slid across Link Danby's mood at the words. More and more, as the winter drew in, he was coming to detest the daily inevitability of the milking; they had to fork down hay now for the insatiable jaws of the placid milk machines in the barnyard; hay they had cut and cured and hauled and mowed at a price in sweat and weariness for every blade. He had learned to share McNaughten's attitude toward the far-away people who would drink the milk he carried down to the railroad—people who did nothing to produce it, who got it, somehow, for less than it cost; who weren't even grateful for it. But when, as they sat in the dusk of the cow stable, McNaughten said something to this same effect, Danby suddenly remembered that he had always been one of those people himself.

"They don't get it for any three cents," he said. "Pay twenty cents a quart for it down yonder, if you want to drink milk or feed it to your kids."

"Somebody gets the difference, just the same. We don't, that's sure."

"Don't notice anybody getting rich out of it, at that," said Danby. He remembered early-morning visions of milk wagons in city streets; the men who drove them had never stirred his envy. The thought lingered in his mind as he ate his supper under the glass lamp; it followed him up to his bed and was still at the back of his brain when he came down again to his Sunday breakfast. He drank a glass of milk with a new realization of its value.

It was worth ten cents, that tumblerful, if you bought it in a city restaurant; here it was worth less than a penny, but it was the same milk, the same quantity; a man got the same food value out of it, didn't he? At the table, Link Danby was a consumer, getting a ten-cent drink for a penny; when he went out, presently, to milk, he'd be a producer, on the wrong end of the bargain. He scowled. A fool's business, clearly. And yet, if you looked at it the other way, wasn't he getting the top price for that glass of milk, after all? It did him as much good, didn't it, as if he'd bought it at a counter?

He tried to think it out as he helped Don McNaughten with the Sunday chores, exactly like those of other mornings, except that a vaguely agreeable sense of leisure lightened them. There was something in this notion: if you sold yourself milk that cost you a penny, you got exactly what the city man got for a dime, didn't you? Either you got a nine-cent profit, therefore, as a producer, or, as a consumer, bought a dime's worth of food for a penny. No two ways about that Nobody else was in on the deal, anyway.

It was the same, he realized, with the vegetables he carried in from the truck patch to the farmhouse kitchen, with the firewood that cooked them, that fed the sheet-iron stoves against the nipping chill of the hill autumn. You put some spare time into those things—minutes that otherwise you'd kill at baseball or, now that it was getting too cold for that, at Kelly pool or dice or the boarding-house poker game. And instead of costing you money, they paid you a profit. You couldn't get away from that, whichever way you looked at it

Here, he saw with sudden clearness, was the explanation of his own mysterious prosperity Instead of spending his wages on devices to waste his leisure, he'd saved the cost of his amusements and turned the leisure into an extra, overtime wage: it had been fun, too -better fun than any other game he'd ever tried And, as for Don and Lucy McNaughten, merely by having a cash customer on the spot for a little of what they produced, they'd got out of debt and were ahead of the game

There was no service this Sunday at the little wooden church across the glen to which, without quite knowing why, he generally went with Don and Lucy on the alternate Sundays when the minister drove over from East Sparta. As the sun climbed the air mellowed; the keen smells of fall drew him away from the house through the young woods that had spread over the abandoned pasture lands; dry leaves rustled underfoot; he filled his pockets with shellbark hickory nuts and made a mental note of the trees where they lay thickest; might come back this afternoon with a grain sack and lay in a stock for winter; get some black walnuts, too, and some of those queer, long, pointed butternuts from the tree down by the creek. Again he felt the sense of a profit; this was playtime; here, instead of digging into your pocket to beguile it, you could turn it into food. The thought extended to the rabbits that bounded away before him, the big gray squirrels that chattered at him angrily from the hickory branches. Good fun to hunt them one of these days, and a profit, on the side, for every one you brought home to eat.

The young overgrowth was thick about him; here and there it was hard to force a path through the crowding stems; he was puzzled by a vague sense of satisfaction in lusty vigor of the thicket. Don said this land had been cleared meadow fifteen years ago; it was almost a woods now; give it another twenty years and there'd be a raft of salable stuff; second-growth hickory was getting mighty scarce, with everybody in the world going crazy over golf.

He chuckled at the thought; another game, a way of killing spare time, for people who hadn't anything better to do. Hurry home from work and grab a bag of sticks and walk five or six miles, whacking away at a pill—working as hard as you'd work in a garden, paying a caddy and a greens fee! Call it exercise, tell yourself you did it to keep healthy! He flexed his arm and felt the muscles swell into steely lumps under his fingers.

He stumbled out, at last, into the clearing about old Alexander McNaughten's log house. It faced him, he thought, with a sort of secret fellowship; it was like an old man, sitting in the sun, smiling over knowledge bought in exchange for years, at somebody who still had those years to spend in learning. He had a feeling that old Alexander himself was here in the still, autumn-smelling morning; the old man who had left the fat fields and neighborly stone houses beside the river and dragged his ancient body into these high, barren hills And between them, somehow, there was a kinship that went deeper than a bond of blood.

Danby pushed open the door He'd like to live here, he thought vaguely, if he ever had a home of his own. It would be easy to tinker the house into shape—do it himself in his spare time. A few panes of glass and a bit of plastering, some new floor boards here and there, and it would be as good as when old Alexander lived in it The idea took hold of him with a sudden power; Don McNaughten had told him that the place was for sale for its back taxes. A few hundred dollars would buy it, with the overgrown hillside fields that went with it, the ancient Indian clearing of flatlands that stretched away to the fringe of willows along the creek.

He went over it, room by room, with the attitude of an owner. Climbing to the loft he puzzled again over the oak beams and treadles that blocked one end of the raftered space. It must have been something pretty important, this contraption, or they'd never have put all that patient, accurate handwork into its making; his machinist's instinct guessed dimly at its operation, you pressed these things with your feet and they lifted those frames, you pushed this jigger forward: some sort of a wheel must slide back and forth in this grooved track. But he could not understand what they had made on it. He was still wondering when he heard a step on the loosened floor below him.

The sound startled and annoyed him: he already felt as if the house belonged to him. He went quickly to the stair and leaned down. Lucy McNaughten stood in the middle of the old kitchen; something in her face sent a strange shivering tingle along his spine. He called to her softly, as if a secret lay between them; her eyes lifted, unfrightened, to where he stood.

"Come on up," he called, "and tell me what this thing up here was for. Been trying to make it out."

"What? The old loom?" She came deliberately to the stairs. "That's where they made all the cloth they used in the old days." She stood beside him. "I've got

(Continued on Page 88)

The famous Valspar boiling water test

The Famous Valspar Boiling Water Test—

EVERYBODY knows the Valspar boiling water test, which never yet has damaged a Valsparred floor or table-top. Here is the same test on a newly Valsparred car. Kettles of boiling water mixed with alcohol were poured right on the hood of a brand-new finish. Harsher treatment than a car usually gets, even when the radiator boils over.

The crowd gaped in amazement. What a test! But the Valspar finish remained unscarred, undimmed—its lustrous beauty triumphant.

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The Varnish That Won't Turn White
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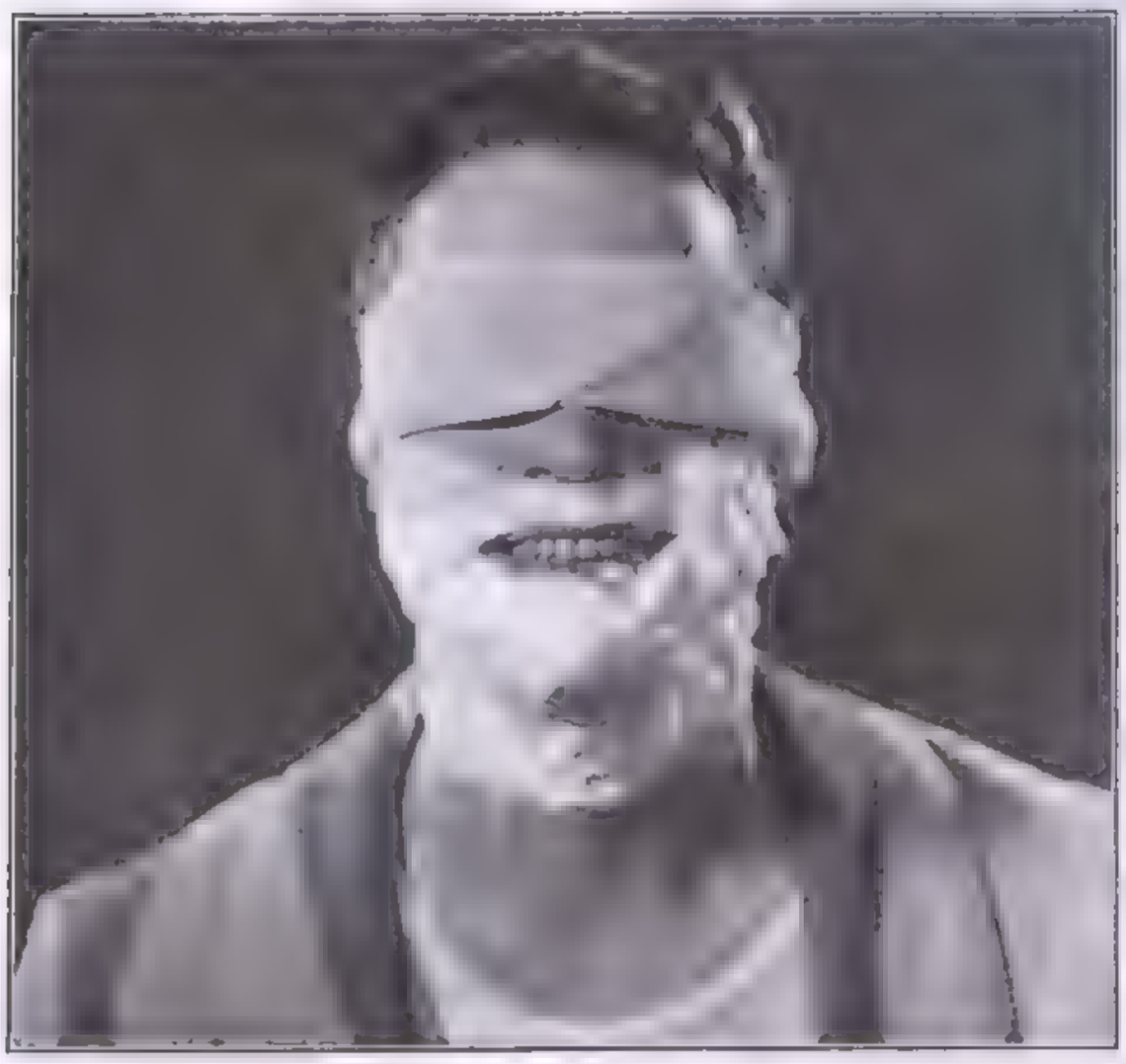

THE *difference* between making claims and making converts is the *real difference* in INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM. It is a difference you can FEEL . . . the instant you lather . . . *before your razor touches.* The difference is not a scent—It's a *sensation!*

INGRAM'S is more than a shaving cream. It's lather and lotion in one. It cools and soothes the torn skin of one shave and leaves it in good shape for the next.

Nearly a million men had cool shaves with INGRAM'S in 1926.

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And now . . . If you're a skeptic—

DO THIS

Write us for your 7 FREE cool shaves. Lather one side of your face with your *usual* shaving preparation—lather the other side with the *unusual* . . . INGRAM'S. Then shave. The side with INGRAM'S will give you the coolest, smoothest shave you ever had. You will side with INGRAM'S ever after. You'll spread INGRAM lather with a smile . . . and spread the news among your friends that you've found a shaving cream at last that's really DIFFERENT.

Write us today for your 7 Free cool shaves. Your skin will thank you.

Or to save yourself time—ask your nearest druggist for 120 of these cool INGRAM shaves. The jar costs only fifty cents.

187,776 jars in 1925
619,512 jars in 1926
Going even better now

Ingram's Shaving Cream

COOLS *and* SOOTHES *as you shave*

Frederick F. Ingram Co.—Est. 1885 . . 655 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.—also Windsor, Canada

(Continued from Page 86)

some of the linen yet that my great-grandmother wove on this thing; she made the bedspread in the spare room on it too."

"What do you know about that!" He wagged his head. "Had to make their own cloth, did they?"

"I guess they had to make about everything," she said, "or do without. They lived here a good many years before there was much of a road over the hills, and the nearest store was down at Arkville—forty miles. I often wonder where they got the time—the women, I mean. They had to do everything that I do and all these things besides—spinning and weaving and knitting, boiling soap, making candles, and of course they had to cure their meat and dry their vegetables for winter. They ——"

"And what did the men do, I wonder."

She lifted her shoulders. "Farmed, I suppose. There's nothing else they could have done. And it couldn't have been easy either. They had to do most of it with their own hands."

He pondered. "What did they do with what they raised, then? If there wasn't any road, who bought their crops and how did they ship their milk?"

"They didn't, I guess. They just farmed for their food. Raised their own wool and flax for clothes, cured their hides for leather—my grandmother could remember when a tramp cobbler used to make all the shoes for everybody once a year. That was before they even had the canal."

"And they stayed alive, doing that." He thought about it. "They stayed alive and raised their children and built new houses for 'em and paid for their schooling and—and—what's wrong with a place that would do that? What's happened since? Why can't people do it now, Lucy?"

She shrugged her straight shoulders. "I suppose they could. We're doing it, aren't we? Of course the farm doesn't pay, but it keeps us."

"I'll say it does!" Excitement warmed his voice. "It's doing a whole lot more than that! It's making us rich! I knew it! I knew there was something here! Lucy, I'm going to buy in this place, soon as I can fix it up with the sheriff to have it sold. I'm going to live in it. I can work down at the shop, the same as now, and get pretty near all my living out of the land in my spare time, the same as I been doing. I can pay the taxes and never lay a finger to the land—just let the trees grow for me. Millions of 'em doing it right now, growing every minute."

He spread his hands eagerly. "Saved over two hundred dollars this summer, besides what I paid you for board. Money'll grow by itself, the same as a tree, if you give it time. Ten years from now I'll be better off than Lou McCarthy that owns the shop!"

She said nothing; he saw a sudden wistfulness in her eyes.

"And you and Don can do it too," he cried. "He's twice as handy with tools as most of the men down at the shop. I could get him a job there in a minute, and he can raise his own food a sight easier than I can, with what he knows about that end of it. I knew all the time there was something up here, just waiting for me; it's right here waiting for him, too, and for you, and for anybody with the sense to see it!" He flung out his hand toward the hill that hid the town. "They're fools, that's all! Any one of 'em could do what we been doing. It don't pay, maybe, to farm for other folks, but it'll always pay to farm for yourself. Only two ways to it: If you raise milk to sell you got to take the bottom price for it. But if you drink it yourself you're getting all anybody can get, aren't you—either buying cheap or selling dear, or both. You can't lose, either way! And it's the same with everything else—vegetables and fruit and eggs and chickens and stovewood! Look at how these old-timers did it! Even wove their cloth! Why, it's a cinch! It's a little gold mine, right here waiting for the fools that go down on the flats and grumble because food keeps getting higher! If they had any sense ——"

"It's the lonesomeness," she said slowly. "They want company—fun."

"You want it?" He broke in sharply. "You rather live down there in one of those gimcrack shanties alongside the shop, with people looking in your windows?"

She shook her head. "I'd hate it!" Her voice found a sudden heat and force. "I'm going to stay here till I die. But—but it's lonesome all the same. Sometimes ——"

She stopped. He leaned toward her with a sort of menace, as if challenging her to answer him save as he wished.

"You been lonesome this summer?"

"I ——" He saw color deepen in her clear, sunbrowned cheeks. A low, husky laugh rose from deep in his throat.

"No, and you ain't going to be. Not ever. You're coming over here and live, Lucy. We're the same kind, you and me. We're the kind that belongs here—the kind that came up here in the first place, and stuck."

The sense of kinship stirred again in him—kinship with the heights, the thin, heady airs, the eager forests and the breed of lean men and women who, of their free choice and at a grim price, had dwelt here. Through the narrow windows of the loft he looked out upon the prospect they had found—their empty, wooded hills and the clean skies. He laughed again, low in his throat, as his hands closed on the woman's, almost as strong and hard and unafraid as they.

"I know what they wanted when they came here," he said huskily. "They had to have it, the same as you and me, Lucy, no matter what they had to pay for it." He filled his lungs and his shoulders straightened. "Room," he said. "Elbowroom!"

don't fool yourself

It may get you "fired"

More and more, employers are insisting that people about them be not only neat, but *inoffensive.*

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is responsible for many a good man and woman being "let out."

Nearly everyone is halitoxic at one time or another, and since you, yourself, cannot tell when you have it—and friends *won't* tell—the safe thing to do is to use Listerine every day, especially before personal contacts.

Immediately it destroys unpleasant odors arising from teeth and gums—the most common source of halitosis. And the antiseptic essential oils combat the action of bacteria in the mouth. Better keep a bottle handy in home and office, so that you may always be sure. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.

⅓ Had Halitosis

68 hairdressers state that about every third woman, many of them from the wealthy classes, is halitoxic. Who should know better than they?

Face to face evidence

LISTERINE

—the safe antiseptic

IS THERE ANY?

What is the point of paying more when Listerine Tooth Paste is a scientifically correct dentifrice and sells for 25¢ for a large size tube?

POLISHING your automobile with Johnson's Liquid Wax is no job at all. With one simple operation you clean, polish, preserve and protect its lacquered beauty. Quick and easy to use.

Johnson's Liquid Wax stands between the fine finish of your car and its two greatest enemies —wear and weather. The hard, dry film it leaves on the surface protects the finish like an invisible, flexible glass armor.

Leading automobile and body manufacturers recommend the use of Johnson's Liquid Wax to polish and preserve the fine lacquered finish of their cars.

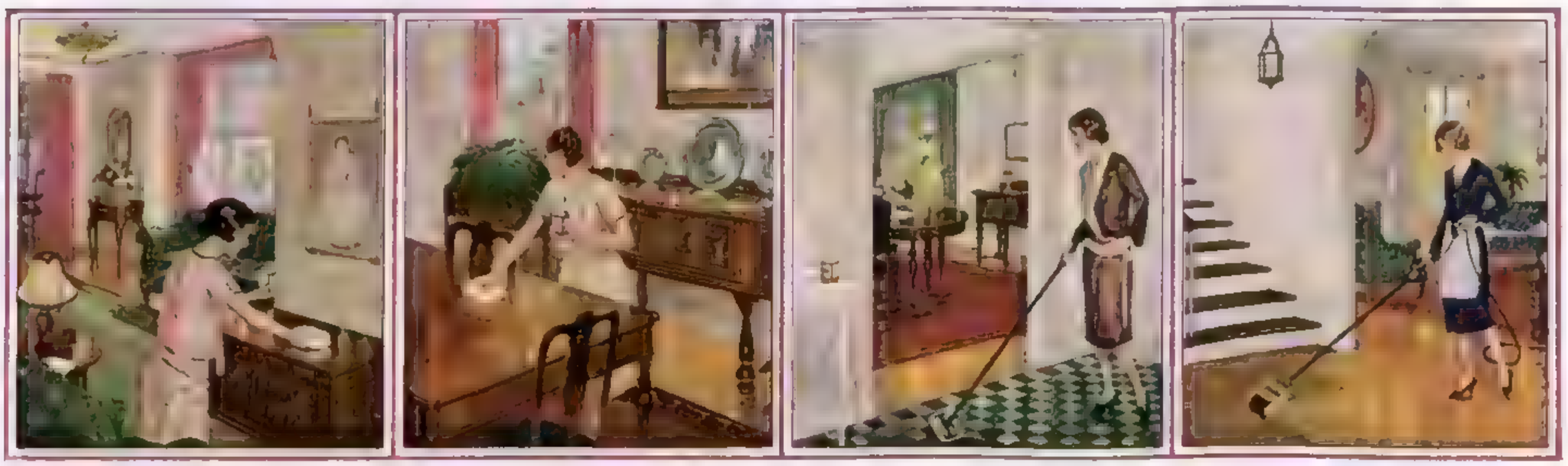
A thin coat of Johnson's Polishing Wax on your car will protect the finish and make a "wash" last twice as long.

Because Johnson's Liquid Wax contains no oil or grease, its hard glazed surface never becomes soft and sticky, even under a blistering hot sun. Dust and dirt do not cling to a waxed surface as they do to one on which an oily polish has been used.

Your women folks probably use Johnson's Polishing Wax on their wood, linoleum, tile and composition floors, as well as for furniture and woodwork. Borrow the household bottle or get one just for the garage.

Grocery, hardware, drug, furniture, paint and department stores everywhere carry Johnson's Polishing Wax.

Polish *and* Protect Its Lacquered Beauty



Johnson's Liquid Wax is the perfect furniture polish. Being absolutely greaseless it never becomes soft and sticky, nor attracts dust and lint even in the hottest summer weather.

Warm summer days demand daily service in the dining room. Keep your table gleamingly immaculate and protect it from liquids and hot dishes with Johnson's Polishing Wax.

Without stooping, kneeling or soiling the hands, you can keep your linoleum like new. It looks brighter and wears longer if polished occasionally with Johnson's Paste or Liquid Wax.

Rent a Johnson Electric Floor Polisher for a day or half-day from your nearest grocery, hardware, drug, furniture, paint or department store. It polishes floors and linoleum quickly and easily.

JOHNSON'S POLISHING WAX

PASTE *or* LIQUID ~ CLEANS-POLISHES-PRESERVES-PROTECTS

S. C. JOHNSON & SON
"The Floor Finishing Authorities"

RACINE, WISCONSIN
(Canadian Factory: BRANTFORD)

THE PORTER MISSING MEN

(Continued from Page 21)

Running on time and liable to remain so. A long, dreary night stretched ahead, with stops at Greenville, Spartanburg, Gaffney, Gastonia, Charlotte and half a dozen smaller North Carolina towns. It was Epic's hope that he would have sufficient courage to efface himself, yet the situation held him spellbound, as a bird is attracted to the snake which seeks to devour it.

He was summoned to the drawing-room and ordered to make up both berths. The men went out to the vestibule for a while and returned before the job was finished. They were not nice gentlemen; Epic was positive about that. They talked out of the corners of their mouths and left their sentences half finished.

"On time?" asked one.

"Yas-suh, cap'n, us sho is."

"Likely to stay so?"

"Seems prob'le. Special mos' usually don't lose no time."

"Humph!"

"Yas-suh."

Epic vanished. The door shut and he heard the lock click. He jerked his head angrily. "Po' white trash!" he muttered. "What business they got in drawin'-rooms?"

The Pullman conductor appeared at the end of the car and beckoned to his porter. Epic joined the elderly captain and for several minutes they carried on a whispered conversation. Epic seemed not particularly pleased, but he finally nodded agreement with very ill grace.

When the train pulled out of Greenville at 10:25, the car was quiet. The winking lights of the bustling little city vanished and Epic pussyfooted down the aisle of the car. He glanced into Section 6. The larger of the two men was sitting in the upper berth, but he was not reading. His reading light was dark and Epic breathed his admiration. "That feller is a real 'tective," he decided. "Sits up yonder in the dark so's the feller underneath will think he has went to sleep. I han's him plenty on his brains."

The ratlike little fellow down below was frankly enjoying himself, or at least giving a good appearance of contented indifference. His berth light was blazing and he was poring over the pages of a current magazine. The porter permitted his lip to curl scornfully. "Just let that feller try to get away an' watch the other one light on him like a cat does a mouse! Just watch! That other feller is my kind." He smacked his lips in approval. "Hot ziggity dam!" said Epic. "He's a regular Sherlock Hones."

Spartanburg appeared. The heavy train stopped briefly; then rumbled on toward the North Carolina line. Inside the car all was quiet. The creaking of joints, the rattle of ceiling lights, the thrumming of wheels on the rails and an occasional warning blast from the locomotive whistle. Epic sat on a little stool at the end of the car, leaned his head against the wall and dozed.

At half-past one in the morning the train arrived at Charlotte. Epic stood shivering on the platform for fifteen minutes before the train pulled out, then returned again to the car. He stared down the aisle. A light still burned in Lower 6. The door of the drawing-room was shut. Epic stood uncertainly, then shook his head and retired to the smoking compartment.

After all, perhaps he was wrong; perhaps the two strangers in the drawing-room had no connection whatsoever with the strange pair in Section 6. Certainly wan't none of his business nohow. He thought over the situation again and again, and then the gentle swaying of the train got in its work and he dozed, not to wake again until the locomotive sounded the approach to Salisbury at 2:15.

That city was passed. So was Spencer. But between there and High Point something happened.

At about 3:30 o'clock Epic Peters found himself sitting upright in the smoking compartment. His eyes were staring and his nerves were crawling. Instinct informed him that all was not as it should be. He was shivering and large drops of cold perspiration stood out on his forehead. Common sense advised that he remain where he was. Insatiable curiosity caused his long thin legs to uncoil and to carry his loose-jointed body into the car.

His gaze quested instantly to Section 6. He knew then that something had slipped. The light burned in the lower berth, but the curtains were parted. Almost at the same instant he glanced toward the end of the car.

He didn't see much, but it was enough to cause his heart to pound with terror. He caught a glimpse of two figures supporting a third one. He saw the door of the drawing-room close, not violently, but gently, as though the man closing it feared to rouse any of the passengers.

Epic moved slowly between the rows of silent berths. One glance into Section 6 told the story. The little man had disappeared from the lower berth!

Epic knew what that meant. But still —— He started to turn away, and as he did so a heavy face was projected over the edge of the upper and he found himself staring into the china-blue eyes of the larger of his two travelers. The man half closed one eye and motioned Epic to climb close to him. Mr. Peters obeyed with vast reluctance.

No sooner had his head appeared over the edge of the upper than he became absolutely certain that he had made a terrible mistake. The big man moved and Epic heard the click of steel. Then his horrified eyes lighted on a handcuff which circled the wrist of the man he called the detective. He followed the chain and saw that the other handcuff was securely locked around the steel bar which runs along the edge of the berth. Epic bobbed his head and started to descend.

"'Scuse me, boss," he said politely but firmly, "I got an idea I don't belong here."

"Stay where you are!" The voice grated harshly.

"Now, cap'n, just listen at me. I got business way off yonder ——"

"Don't move!" The big eyes, steely gray now, held Epic's gaze. "Something has happened."

"Man, ain't you sayin' somethin'!"

"Two men just showed up here and stole my prisoner."

"The li'l' feller?" Epic bent his head and looked into the lower. "Dawg-bite if they di'n't! What you reckon they wanted with a shrimp like him?"

"Don't try to be funny."

"Boss man, I never felt no less funnier in my whole life. I swear ——"

"They came here and slugged me," continued the big man in the upper berth. "Then they took my own handcuffs and attached me to this rail. I can't move."

"Gosh! Wasn't they careless?"

The cold eyes stared into the frightened orbs of the trembling porter. "You've got to help me."

"No, suh!" Hop Sure felt that he was well within his rights. "Man, you sho better git you another helper, 'cause I ain't no good a-tall."

"You're going to do what I say, and when I say. I'm handcuffed to this berth."

Epic descended abruptly and took three quick steps toward the end of the car. "Ise gwine ——"

"Where?"

"To call the cap'n. Conductors 'tends to things like this. 'Tain't no porter's job."

"Come back!"

The whole conversation had been conducted in soft whispers. This command was no less quiet than the others which had preceded it, but there was a sibilant something in the words which caused Epic to turn. The face into which he stared was far from reassuring.

"You'll stay right here!"

"But, boss man, I just aims to git you loose."

"If you move one more step," announced the big man softly, "I'll blast a hole through your carcass!"

"Boss man, please don't git so loose with yo' threats!"

"Then do what I say. I want you: I don't want the conductor. Now listen. You are to sound the buzzer on that drawing-room door. When they open it ——"

"—— I die! Man, you better shoot me right now, 'cause I ain't flirtin' with them other two fellers."

"Don't try to be flip! You sound that buzzer and tell those two men I say to hurry back here with the keys."

"Keys?" Epic was puzzled. "Which keys?"

"To the handcuffs, idiot!"

"But gosh, mistuh, how come you to espect ——" Then Epic's jaw sagged in earnest and he stared in horror at the man in the upper berth. The shock was so great, so unexpected, that the words came before Epic could stop them. "Then you ain't the detective?"

"Lord, no! My buddies have got that fly cop all trussed up in the drawing-room. They're coming back here to let me loose and we'll jump this rattler at Greensboro."

"Oh, golla! Honest, you woul'n't like Greensboro so much."

"Do what I say! And remember this: One little move, one jump like you were thinking of getting away to call the conductor, and I'll let a real flood of daylight through your spareribs."

"Y-y-y-you don't got to talk so homicide."

"I mean it! My left hand is cuffed, but my right isn't. And I've got a gun two feet long."

"Mistuh, I woul'n't git you peeved at me fo' nothin'!"

Epic tiptoed apprehensively toward the door of the drawing-room. He was distinctly unhappy. Once he turned and glimpsed the rock-like face of the criminal staring at him from the upper. Epic shuddered. "I done tol' that fool Keezie he wasn't no detective."

Meanwhile much was happening inside the drawing-room. The two hard-faced strangers who had boarded the train in Atlanta were searching the wiry little detective for the fourth futile time. The captive was smiling cheerfully.

"Tough luck, boys, or else you're not very good searchers."

An ugly muzzle was shoved into his ribs. "Where's that handcuff key?"

"Find it."

"If you don't tell ——"

"Now listen, friends, don't you know you can't scare me with any such firecracker stuff? Don't you suppose I know you wouldn't dare pull that trigger? Nix! You'd like to get Wilson off this train, but you ain't willing to do murder for it. So just go ahead with your little game of hide and seek."

He was cool as a block of ice. They threatened him with dire physical suffering and he smiled that threat aside. "You wouldn't waste your time, because you know it wouldn't do any good. If you ever tried that sort of thing ——" His eyes narrowed. "Well, boys, I know a heap nicer things than getting me real peeved at you."

"Where's the key?"

"There you go again, asking me foolish questions. I told you I lost it."

"Like hell you did!"

"Maybe not. I never can just remember ——"

"Blah!" The larger of the two men nodded to his companion. They shoved a gag back into the detective's mouth and tied him securely so that he could not

(Continued on Page 93)

You can stop thinning hair!

Worrying—a little—about your hair?

Yet thinning hair can be restored to thickness and vigor—hair loss can be checked—with this simple, daily care:

EVERY MORNING wet your hair and scalp thoroughly with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with your fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic into every inch of the scalp. Move the scalp, not the fingers! Brush the hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

You feel at once the tonic effect of Pinaud's Eau de Quinine in the tingling glow of swifter scalp circulation! Tiny hair roots are receiving *extra* nourishment—a new lease of life.

Notice how quickly the dandruff disappears—Pinaud's actually destroys the dandruff germ.

The new *feel* of your scalp, the new *look* of your hair—and in a surprisingly short time its thickness, its fresh vigor, will delight you!

Get Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at any drug or department store today. Be sure to look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on the bottle.

Pinaud Incorporated, 220 East 21st Street, New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris. In Canada, Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, 204-206 King Street, East, Toronto.

PINAUD'S

Eau de Quinine

More chairs, says the mode in living room decoration

A new and delightful dictate has come from interior decorators; in a word, "chairs."

They need not follow any set design. In the most interesting rooms, related periods are mingled with a free hand; fabrics are pleasingly varied, colorfully decorative. And so lovely and livable is the effect that there is no question that the mode has come to stay.

Assuredly you know of at least one corner or spot in your home that seems to be waiting for one of these occasional chairs by Karpen. It will reflect new charm on its surroundings, will be a comfortable companion when you are alone with it and a book, will welcome your guests more eloquently than the most gracious words and manners of a hostess. You may be certain that your friendship for it will last, just as you can be sure that its value and inner quality are beyond doubt. For on its underframe you will find the mark that guides the wise purchase of all furniture for living room, library, sun room, or hall—the Karpen nameplate.

May we send you the name of the nearest Karpen dealer and a colorful book that hundreds say is the most interesting, helpful story ever written on furniture, *The Glorious Adventure of Home Furnishing* (SA)? Mail the coupon below to S. Karpen & Bros., 801 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago; 37th and Broadway, New York; 180 New Montgomery St., San Francisco.

ASK FOR KARPEN FURNITURE · · FIND THE NAMEPLATE BEFORE YOU BUY

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR "THE GLORIOUS ADVENTURE OF HOME FURNISHING"

[*Write in margin below*]

NAME ADDRESS CITY STATE

(Continued from Page 91)

reach the buzzer button. They flung open the door.

Epic Peters, standing just outside, jumped as though he had been shot. One powerful hand reached out and wrapped around the arm of the terrified porter. He was jerked inside the room and the door closed. A livid countenance was poked close against Epic's ashen face.

"What were you doing there?"

"Oh, lawsy, I wan't doin' nothin'!"

"Don't lie!"

"Man, did I ever tell the truth, Ise doin' it now." The frightened porter saw the bound-and-gagged figure of the little detective. He felt ten iron fingers biting into his arm. "I—I suspect this ain't no cullud health resort," he told himself.

The men whispered to each other—then Epic remembered. "Boss mans ——"

"Whatcha want?"

"The white gemmun in Section 6 sent me back to ask you-all fo' some key or other."

"Oh, he sent you for it?"

"Y-y-y-yas-suh. He says he needs it pow'ful bad."

Lips were put close against his ear. "The key we want is hidden somewhere in that section. We're going out and hunt for it. You're going to help us, and you're going to keep quiet."

"Man, you sho spoke the truth that time!"

One of the men walked very close to Epic so that any wakeful passenger might not notice the gun which was pressed against the quaking ribs of Mr. Peters. But Hop Sure knew the gun was there. His heart was missing every second beat and he felt as though somebody had flung a glass of ice water into his open mouth.

There was little in the situation which appealed to Epic. But if anyone else entertained any idea that it was his duty to take a personal interest in the case, they were doomed to disappointment. During that interminable walk to Section 6, Epic Peters decided that the Pullman company was almost minus the services of one porter whose name had appeared frequently on the honor roll. Making up berths was one thing; associating intimately with the muzzles of revolvers was distinctly something else again.

At Section 6, one of the men climbed to the upper, where he held a whispered conversation with the handcuffed criminal. The bonds which attached him to the berth were inspected. They subjected the steel rod to a minute scrutiny.

"Nothing to do," announced the handcuffed man, whom they called Wilson, "but get that key. Even if we had a file, we'd wake the whole car working. As it is ——"

The gun remained forcefully in Epic's ribs. He was ordered to search the berth. "If you find that key, there's twenty dollars in it for you. If you don't—blooie!"

"Please, boss, I always did hate that blooie thing."

"Quiet! And get busy!"

There was no questioning the efficient earnestness of Epic's search. Every fold of blanket and sheet was tested; the pillowcases were tried; the pillows themselves were slit open. The mattress was treated in a like unceremonious manner. Under the supervision of the man in the upper berth, Epic and the two assistant criminals searched the upholstery. They looked over and under the seats. There wasn't a spot in or near the entire section where a flea might successfully have hidden.

The train stopped at High Point during the search, and later at Greensboro. Epic attended to his usual duties, but always at his side was the hard-boiled white man with the ugly gun. Whatever hope Mr. Peters might have entertained of fleeing into North Carolina was dispelled by this espionage.

When the train left Greensboro the men were frankly desperate. They were one hour and fifteen minutes from Danville and Epic gathered from their conversation that there would in all likelihood be one or two members of the Danville police force at the station to greet the little detective and his quarry.

Epic was thoroughly unhappy. He felt that in the next hour much was destined to happen, and that he wouldn't be very far away when it did. He did not even rebel when ordered to drag the two suitcases from under the section and place them in the lower.

First the suitcase of the detective was opened and its contents dumped on the berth. Every box, every garment, every nook and cranny was searched without avail. Then the suitcase belonging to the criminal—Wilson—was subjected to a rigid hunt in the forlorn hope that the detective might have concealed the key there. A half hour had passed before the three men admitted that they were beaten. One made his way to the drawing-room for a final conference with the little detective.

When he returned there was a whipped look on his face. "If he's got that key, he's swallowed it."

Wilson, in the upper berth, was cursing. "What am I going to do, boys?"

"How do we know?" Everything in the softest of whispers. "Haven't got a file, and if we had, it wouldn't do any good. And there's sure to be dicks at the station in Danville."

"Can't you pry this rod loose?"

"Not a chance. And if it was possible, it'd wake the train."

"And when we get to Danville ——"

One of the would-be rescuers made a hopeless, helpless gesture. "Sorry, buddy, but we've done all we can. That bimbo in yonder just outsmarted us. An' it ain't gonna do you no good for us to go to stir with you, is it?"

"No-o, guess not." Wilson was very sad. "You've come across fine. Guess you'd better hop it when we slow down outside Danville. Of course, it's a helluva mess."

Epic gave vent to a sigh of relief. At least his troubles could not last much longer. In fact, he was willing to aid the two men. "Just lemme know when you-all wants to git away, white folks, an' I opens the vestibule door fo' you." They merely growled at him.

Then things happened more quickly. The engineer sounded his whistle. The train started to slow down. Two or three little signal towers flashed past. "Us is gittin' t'ords Danville, boss mens," announced Epic.

They made one last frantic attempt to extract the information from the detective. That man of ice wished them luck and divulged no information. And then, as their train slowed, the two rescuers followed Epic to the platform, watched their chance and leaped into the dull gray dawn.

Epic breathed more easily as he watched them vanish into the outskirts of Danville. He hoped that they would continue running until stopped by the Mississippi River. He closed the door of the vestibule and moved back to Section 6.

A Scene in Montana

"Mistuh Wilson," he inquired, "what does you crave to have me do now?"

"What difference does it make?" growled the captive. "Let the dick loose, I guess."

"I won't do it if you ain't willin', boss."

"I know it. You've been all right, and you can just forget where those other fellers got off, see?"

"Man, I never could remember that."

"Let him loose then. There'll be more like him getting on at Danville, and I'd rather they didn't find him all tied up."

Epic gladly did as he was bidden. The bleak little detective grinned cheerfully at Epic, stretched his cramped muscles and dispatched the porter for the train conductor.

Within five minutes it was arranged that the train was to be held at Danville long enough for Wilson and the detective to dress in order that they might accompany the Danville officers to the city jail.

From the end of the car, Epic watched the detective's approach to Section 6. He saw the little man climb up and converse with Wilson. When he descended, he was stuffing his own gun back into his pocket. Epic was delighted to know that Wilson was no longer armed.

The train snorted to a protesting halt under the shed of the Danville station. One very capable-looking man entered the Pullman and greeted the little detective. "Got him, Joe?"

"Uh-huh. Up yonder."

"No trouble?"

"Not specially."

Epic whistled. "O-o-o-e-e-e!" he told himself. "What a prevarication that gemmun is!"

The detective dressed swiftly and repacked his suitcase. Then, with unruffled calm, he mounted to the upper, produced the handcuff key and unlocked the steel wristlet which attached Wilson to the Pullman.

"Get down, you. And dress, heap quick."

Wilson stared in amazement at his captor. He looked at the key. There was an expression of complete befuddlement on his face.

Once dressed, the little detective handcuffed himself to Wilson and they made ready to leave the train. It was then that he summoned Epic to his side. "You porter," he said, "you've got plenty coming to you. Here's twenty to start it off with. I'll write you about the rest."

"Oh, lawsy, cap'n, I never seen so much ginrosity."

"Don't mention it."

A smile grew once again on the face of Epic Peters, Pullman porter. He addressed Wilson, the criminal, in friendly fashion. "Mistuh Wilson," he said, "you shuah 'most got away las' night. You shuah 'most did."

"What do you mean—I 'most did?"

"Well," explained Epic happily, "you remember when you tol' me 'bout bein' locked up yonder an' I said I could fix things? Remember I started for the end of the car an' you tol' me if I didn't come back you'd blow me full of holes?"

"Yes, I remember. But what has that got to do with my escaping?"

"Oh, nothin' much," said Epic. "'Ceptin' on'y that last night this detective gemmun heah give that handcuff key to the Pullman conductor. An' the conductor didn't want to be woke up at Danville, so he give the key to me an' I put it in my linen locker."

Wilson's face grew sickly. "You—you mean ——"

"Uh-huh. I means just ezackly that, boss man. Up to the very minute you said you was gwine shoot me, I thought you was the detective who gave the key to the conductor an' I was goin' to get it for you."

The unhappy Wilson shook his head. "And I stopped you!"

"Tha's it, boss. I is only tellin' you now, 'cause I want you to understand that Epic Peters always gives service, provided his passengers let him."

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MY LIFE

(Continued from Page 23)

after our engagement. At that time indignation in Germany was running high. Empress Augusta Victoria, it seems, reiterated the suggestion in several conversations.

"I am very sick," the Empress said. "I fear I may not be permitted to remain at the side of the Kaiser much longer. The thought of leaving him alone tortures me. It is dreadful. Will you, my dearest friend, see to it that he marries again soon after I close my eyes?"

The dead Empress could not foresee the objurgations heaped upon the poor Emperor when he carried out her injunction. Having robbed the Kaiser of everything, the world nevertheless assumed to tell him that he must carry his cross alone. It is convenient to be heroic at the expense of others. The very men who never raised a hand to defend their Emperor clamored for the opportunity to sun themselves in his martyrdom. Comfortably installed in their pleasant homes, the suffering of their imperial master supplied them vicarious thrills and provided sentimental slogans for local elections.

Anyone who knows the Emperor and his reverence for Augusta Victoria knows that his second marriage in no way violates her memory or his love.

I met Empress Augusta Victoria only a few times in my life. I was not an intimate of this remarkable woman, but certain ties of sympathy existed between us. One of these ties, perhaps the strongest, was unknown to her. When I stayed at the court of the Kaiser's aunt, Grand Duchess Louise of Baden, after the death of my sister Caroline, Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, it was my proud privilege to save the failing eyesight of my foster mother by reading to her every week a letter from Empress Augusta Victoria. This is a subject to which I have already alluded in the description of my life at the court of Karlsruhe. These letters, always written in the handwriting of the Empress and arriving with unfailing regularity, confirmed my admiration for Her Majesty. I was permitted to see not only the Empress but the woman—and what a woman!

An Empress' Busy Days

It is difficult to summarize in a few words the extraordinary affection which Empress Augusta Victoria inspired in those who knew her, and even in those who, like myself, did not belong to her more intimate circle

The intensity of her maternal devotion, extending from her children to all her subjects, made her an ideal monarch. Love and solicitude for others glorified her daily toil. Few women in lesser walks of life have a more crowded day.

The duties of a monarch are lightened considerably if his consort assumes some of his social responsibilities. In this respect the late Empress Augusta Victoria was an ideal mate. She accompanied the Emperor on all journeys of state, enlisting at times the aid of her daughters-in-law. The Empress inspected charitable institutions, children's homes, hospitals, and the like, personally, in spite of her precarious health. She did not relegate these visits as disagreeable duties to the foot of her program. Literally a mother to her people, her attitude toward the state was that of a conscientious and competent housewife. Glowing faces greeted the Empress wherever she appeared. That was the reward she most treasured.

Her life at the side of the Emperor, in spite of its tragic climax, was happy, because no woman can be unhappy with the man she loves if, as in this case, he reciprocates her affections. The Kaiser not only loved but revered his faithful spouse. Her family life, her relations with her husband and with her children, set an example much needed in these days when ancient ethical concepts are constantly subjected to new evaluations—an age when, in the phrase of the Greek philosopher, "everything flows."

Empress Augusta Victoria was exceedingly fortunate in the choice of her immediate circle. Three ladies, Countess Brockdorff, the mistress of the robes, Countess Keller and Fräulein von Gersdorff, were her inseparable companions from the day of her marriage to the day of her death. These ladies aided the Empress effectively in her duties. Her private counselor, Von Kneisebeck, a highly cultured and farsighted nobleman who had served the Empress Augusta, wife of Emperor William I, in a similar capacity, was a competent and congenial collaborator. Without such aids the business of governing would be too strenuous for human endurance.

The late Empress was deeply religious. Religion with her was not a conventional garment for Sunday wear. It inspired every hour, it colored every thought of her life. She coöperated enthusiastically with leading church workers. Practical rather than theoretical, her activities were always creative and constructive. She lent her support to the building of houses of worship. She was equally interested in homes for infants, in hospitals and in places of refuge for aged men and women left destitute on the shores of life.

The Room in Which the Late Empress Died

The word of the Empress carried far. Augusta Victoria's imperial authority backed every movement for improving the sanitary conditions of the people; she was especially interested in the campaign to combat man's deadliest enemy—tuberculosis. Her participation in the battle waged by science against this disease was one reason for the keen interest of the Empress in the health of my late husband, Prince Schönaich-Carolath. When she was unable to attend conferences and discussions on important questions of social welfare, Her Majesty intrusted her faithful ladies with the task of representing their mistress.

The acid test of war revealed in Augusta Victoria hidden sources of strength and endurance that astonished us all. When the gigantic conflict of 1914 embattled Germany's hosts Augusta Victoria redoubled all her activities. The war transfigured and transformed her. She was no longer merely an empress. She became a radiant emblem of German womanhood. Most royal women consider it at once a privilege and an obligation to visit the sick. But I know of no woman, commoner or queen, who spent her own vitality with the abandon of Empress Augusta Victoria. Almost at the point of collapse herself, she acted the Good Samaritan in a thousand clinics. She was no automaton. Every visit took something out of her. At every cot she left something of herself. The kindness of Augusta Victoria was never mechanical. Her smile lacked the stereotyped quality which robs graciousness of its blessing.

There was one private whose face had been half torn away by a shell. The doctors despaired of saving his life. Every known stimulant had failed until the Empress entered the ward. The physician told her of the condition of the patient. Though other duties, including an important court function, were calling her to the palace, she sat at his bed for half an hour. That half hour with his Empress probably saved his life. It brought back his failing spirit almost from beyond the grave. The man lives today, his face restored by plastic surgery. He did not know that after she left his bedside the Empress had a fainting spell, during which her heart almost ceased to beat. Yet immediately afterward powerful heart stimulants enabled Augusta Victoria to preside over a formal reception at the side of her husband.

Unbowed

The Empress had certain funds for charitable purposes. These funds were always overdrawn. How often Augusta Victoria made up the deficit from her own allowance! She practiced incredible economies, especially during the war, in order to aid the needy. Love for her is deeply anchored in the soul of her people. Her memory will dwell in their hearts and in their legends side by side with the glorious image of Queen Louise.

Weary unto death, she spurred her failing heart. By every possible device she concealed her fatigue and the initial stages of her malady from others, especially from her husband the Emperor.

In peace and in war, she faithfully and cheerfully bore every task imposed upon her by her position and by her love for her people. The reward for all her labor was the unspeakable disappointment of seeing the red flag rise over the palace in Berlin while the Emperor was with his troops at the Front.

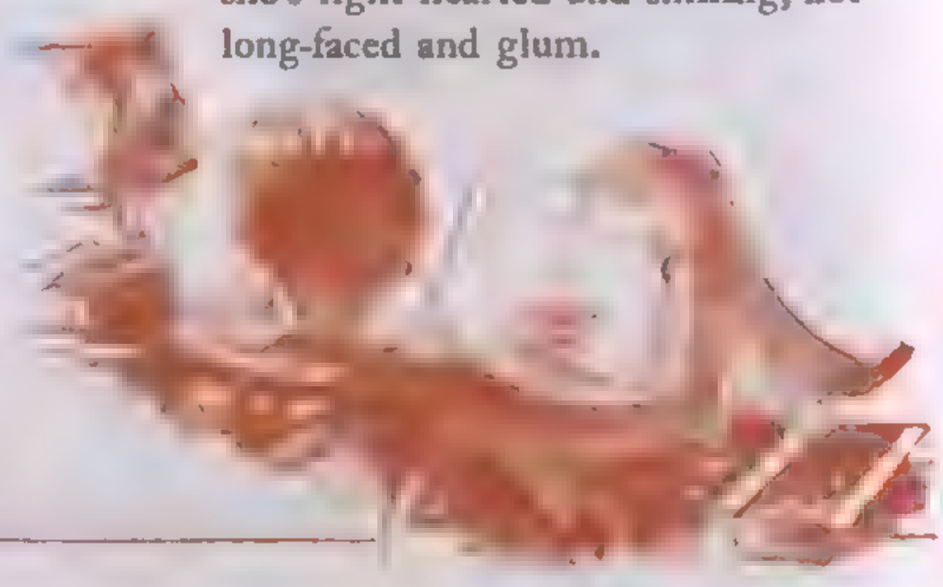
Compelled to witness the violation of her privacy, the loot and plunder of her intimate possessions, the desecration of all she held dear, Empress Augusta Victoria bore herself with a dignity that impressed even revolutionary Berlin. She remained an empress to the last. Proudly she followed her husband into his banishment. No tears betrayed her sorrow to smirking and gaping crowds. Imprisoning her grief in her bosom, she crossed the border to join the Emperor. How her heart must have suffered and fluttered! Any heart would break under such punishment. Sheer will power impelled her spirit to remain in its fragile dwelling. She

(Continued on Page 99)

HE used to dread those washday evenings. To come home to a tired, fretful wife, all nerves and no smiles, to sit down to a "delicatessen dinner," to hear nothing but complaints: the laundress forgetting the starch, the clothesline breaking down. He took to staying downtown on washday evenings.

NOW washday is like any other day. He's greeted with a kiss that's more than a peck, by a smile that comes from the heart. There's a big dinner waiting; then a movie or a drive in the car. And all the time his wife bubbles over with interesting news: club meetings, shopping trips, bridge teas.

FOR his wife has exchanged washday for a day of *living!* An easy chair and a book, a round of golf, a picnic with the children—these make up her washdays. She breathes sunshine and happiness, not steam-clouds and suds. And so, when evening comes, she's light-hearted and smiling, not long-faced and glum.



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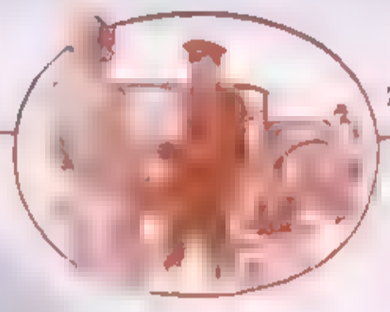

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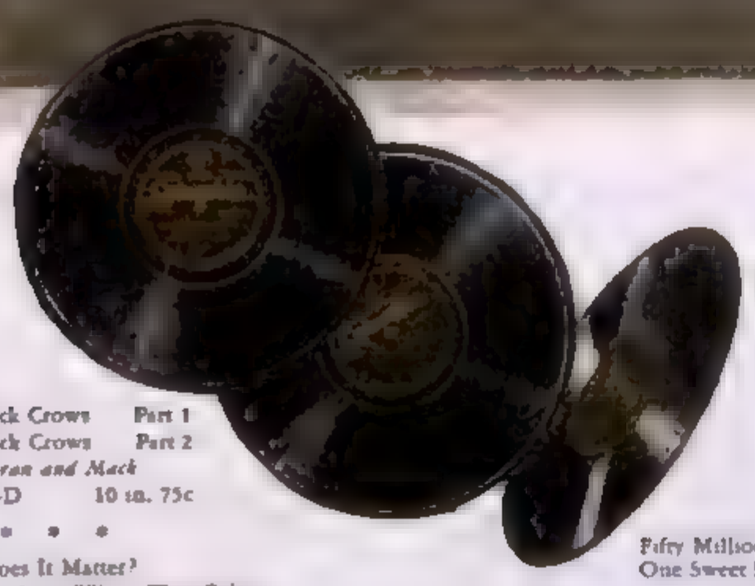

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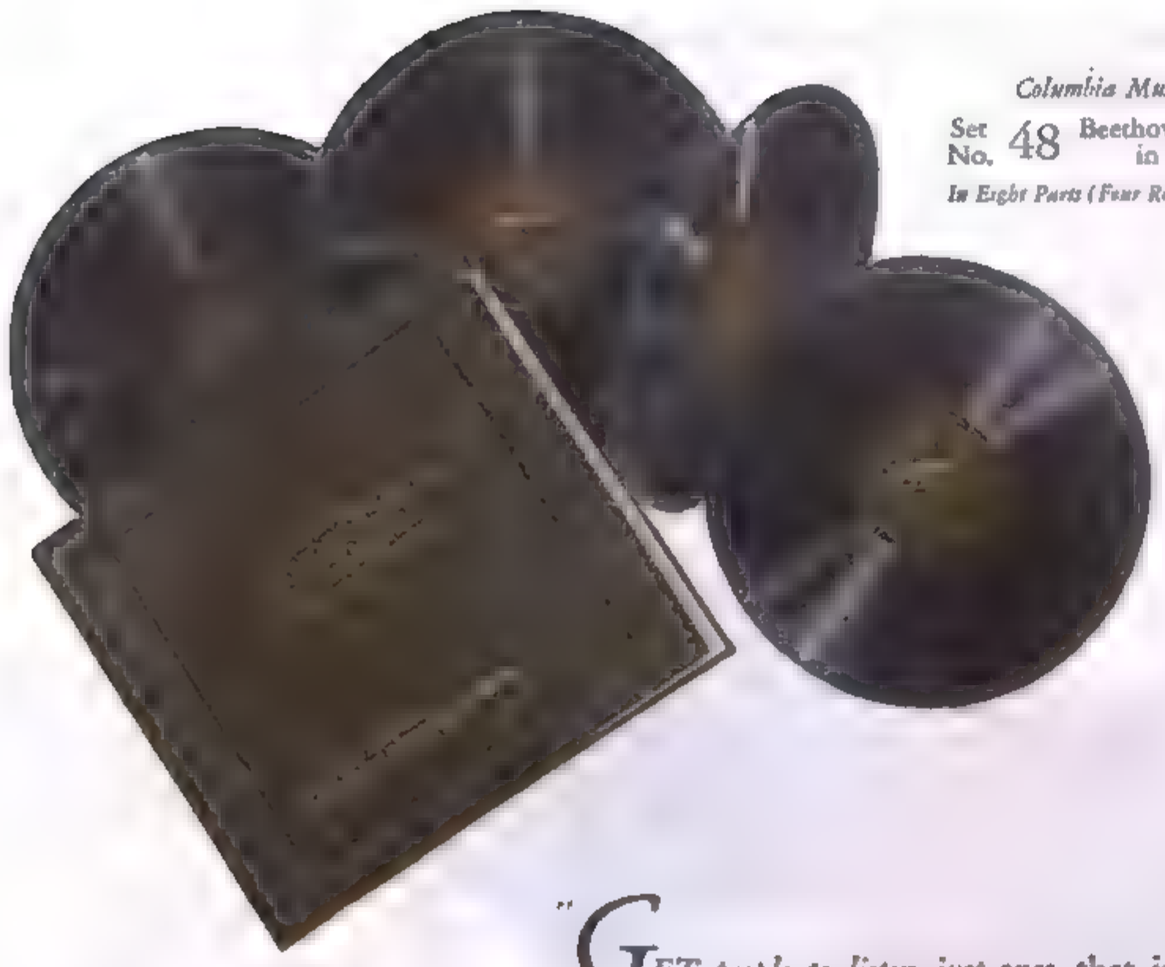

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(Continued from Page 94)

held death at bay because the Emperor needed her.

To the Emperor, throughout his reign, Augusta Victoria was a solace and an inspiration. The flame of her love imparted warmth to the cold splendor of the imperial court. With womanly intuition she always found the right word to set the Emperor's mind and his heart at rest. Notwithstanding the heavy demands made upon her by her position and by her husband, the Empress never neglected her children. No bourgeoise mother could supervise with greater exactness every detail of their lives, from their baths to their lessons. How she worried over their small derelictions!

My personal encounters with the Empress Augusta Victoria were four. Whenever I was privileged to meet her I was deeply impressed by her personality and by her incomparable kindness of heart. I have already described my first meeting with Her Majesty on January 8, 1908, shortly before the severe attack of my husband, Prince Schönaich-Carolath. The occasion was a luncheon at the imperial palace.

I remember how warmly the Empress inquired after the health of my eldest son. Hans George was rounding out the sixth week of his existence. Her simple words built a bridge between her and me. They conveyed to me something of the love of the Empress for her own children. Every afternoon she managed to wring from fate a few hours, which she devoted exclusively to her children and grandchildren.

Busier than the busiest club woman, loaded with unescapable duties of representation, not to speak of her church work and her charities, she refused to surrender those precious hours. She maintained the daily intercourse with her children at the expense of her fast-ebbing strength. Even for an empress, the day, unfortunately, has only twenty-four hours. At once an empress and a mother, a wife and a social worker, Augusta Victoria was compelled to crowd two days into one.

Hausfrau in a Dozen Castles

After my first visit to the Empress, my husband, Prince Schönaich-Carolath, hovered for years between life and death. On many occasions Her Majesty asked for a report on his health. Repeatedly she commissioned her ladies to convey to me a word of encouragement. A few years later, when the condition of the prince enabled me to participate again, to a limited extent, in the social life of the court, the Empress asked me to tea in her delightful salon. This was our second meeting. How can I describe this salon? I can characterize it only by a word for which there is no English equivalent—*gemütlich*. The atmosphere was jolly; it was congenial; it lacked the stiffness and formality associated with an imperial court. It was an intimate private sitting room, alive with personal reminiscences. Family pictures predominated. Her Majesty's children at various ages seemed to leap from the walls. There were realistic photographic reproductions of her many homes.

The average housewife is kept busy by one home. An empress must play the *Hausfrau* in a dozen castles. To every dwelling she must give something of the atmosphere of a home. That is a career in itself. No woman, empress or peasant, if she wants to create a home atmosphere for her husband and for her children, can rely on her servants.

I met the Empress for the third time at a formal court ball—my only one. The illness of my husband, coupled with the war and the revolution, robbed me of the gay life in the capital that would have been mine under ordinary conditions. Having missed so much fun as a girl, I want my children to enjoy themselves to their hearts' content. The palace was flooded with lights. The most dashing cavaliers of the capital and its prettiest women made their bows before both Their Majesties in the stately fashion prescribed by court etiquette.

At the request of the Grand Duchess Fedora of Saxe-Weimar, my sister's successor, I acted as the chaperon of her sister Adelheid, now wife of my stepson Prince Adalbert. Princess Victoria Louise, the only daughter of the imperial couple, was at her best. The apple of her father's eye was this princess. I betray no secret if I reveal that for many years, until the princess was quite grown up, the Emperor excused himself from affairs of state and weighty conferences with august visitors to hold the hand of his daughter before she would consent to go to sleep! While faithfully discharging my duties as a chaperon, I danced deliriously that night. Something seemed to tell me to pluck the hour—*carpe diem*. That was 1912—two years before Death, the Grim Fiddler, beckoned all Europe to partake in his ghastly dance.

The Duke and Duchess of Brunswick With Their Children. The Duchess of Brunswick is the Only Daughter of William II

My last meeting with Augusta Victoria was one year later, during the imperial maneuvers at Breslau in 1913. The occasion was a dinner given by the notables of the province of Silesia to Their Majesties, followed by a grand reception in the palace at Breslau. Here I renewed my acquaintance with the Crown Princess Cecilie, now my daughter-in-law. We had not met since we had played together as children in a small summer resort on the coast of the Baltic Sea.

I have already referred to this as the last maneuver under the Emperor. Shortly afterward stark realities took the place of war games. It was also my last meeting with the Kaiser until after the war. I did not meet William II again under the German flag. Our next meeting, so memorable in its consequences for both of us, took place on Dutch soil in Doorn. The Emperor's mustache was turning gray. Nevertheless, he looked as young as ever. He remained the young Emperor to the world until the war. He is the young Emperor to me today. The Empress looked well preserved in spite of her ailment. Only intimates knew the agonies of self-control which enabled her to play the gracious hostess to so large a circle. Her placid smile, her benign countenance, betrayed to no one the strain under which her heart was laboring even in those days. In spite of her suffering, she had a kind word for all.

The idea of holding grand maneuvers in the provinces was based on an old Prussian tradition, sedulously fostered by the Emperor, to establish the closest possible contact between monarch and people. These visits enabled the heads of the local governments and many inhabitants of the provinces to meet the sovereign and to place their wishes before him. It was an attempt to diminish the distance between Berlin and the hinterland. Theoretically, at least, it afforded an opportunity to gain the ear of the Kaiser.

Unfortunately these plans, however well laid, went sometimes awry, leaving heartburns and dissatisfaction in their trail. Though the Kaiser was not to blame for such failures, they nevertheless accumulated resentments against him. Intrigue, accident or the awkwardness of others often thwarted his best intentions.

It is curious how difficult it seems to be for many people to converse with royalty. Etiquette paralyzes their efforts. Some people fawn upon royalty. They are what we call in German *hermelinstoll*. They have a craze for the ermine. They suffer from ermine mania. Such people force their attentions upon royalty at all times. Their apparent modesty conceals an enormous conceit. They desire constantly to bathe in the reflected glory of the throne.

Others, often men of eminence and distinction, withdraw from the presence of princes sullenly. Fear of compromising their self-respect incapacitates them from adopting an easy conversational tone. Their inferiority complex makes them churlish. They become boors or bores.

Occasionally modest folk are hampered in their intercourse with royalty because they are ignorant of etiquette. Unfortunately books of etiquette do not contain reliable precepts concerning intercourse with princes. Ignorance, however, is never offensive if it is coupled with native politeness, a quality we Germans call *Herzenstakt*—tact of the heart.

Apparently it is painful for many good people to comply with the conventions with which custom environs thrones—conventions evolved by the centuries and by the wisdom of ages.

There seems to be something about royalty that makes it difficult to behave in its presence like a human being. Yet how royalty craves for the human touch! It is possible to combine simplicity with decorum. Unfortunately the combination is rare. This explains some of the psychological difficulties which raise almost insurmountable obstacles between a prince and his people. The situation is complicated at times by deliberate intrigue and plotting on the part of courtiers desiring to monopolize the ruler's favors and his attention. Thus a double wall often interposes itself between the most well-meaning ruler and his subjects. If, in addition to that, the ruler himself is shy, and hides his bashfulness behind court ceremonial, another barrier is reared.

An Uncrowned Emperor

Monarchs who try to surmount these barriers are apt to suffer for their impetuosity. They may lose their crowns or their heads. They are sure to lose their faith in human nature. Informality in a king is often resented. The people expect him to wear his crown all day and to take it to bed with him at night. Yet crowns are, after all, only symbols. They are not usually worn except on special occasions. Although William II ruled the German Empire for thirty years, he was never officially coronated.

The death of the Empress in exile was like a personal blow to me. I have seen enough of death to recognize its inevitability. But the circumstances under which Augusta Victoria died invested her death with the starkness of tragedy. The state of Germany was so dismal that death may have brought to her heart a not unwelcome relief.

But how solitary the figure of the Emperor now seemed, alone in a foreign land! All my old affection for him welled up in me. I wept for him and for my country. I could visualize the deathbed of the Empress. I could picture the tall gray figure of the Emperor, standing with bowed head as the coffin bearing the one human being whose faith was beyond all doubt was carried mournfully down the stairs of House Doorn. I beheld the Crown Prince, who had arrived from his desolate island home in the little village of Wieringen, walking with his father behind the funeral cortège.

The Emperor and his son were not permitted to accompany the mortal remains of Augusta Victoria. Even to follow her coffin to the border was a privilege denied to father and son. Men like William II rarely cry. On this occasion the Emperor surrendered to his grief.

Bent, gray, alone, he went back to the forlorn house that had harbored the one being he loved most in the world. The farewell to Augusta Victoria added years to his age.

Meanwhile the melancholy train sped toward its destination, loaded with flowers. There were wreaths at every station, and faces bedewed with tears—tributes of the German people to their dead Empress. Many a fist was clenched at the thought that the poor Empress must make her last

THE Last word in candy— HOME-MADE

There's nothing else like home-made candy. Ask anybody. Except, of course, OH HENRY! And the very reason OH HENRY! *is* so good, is that it's made this home-made way:

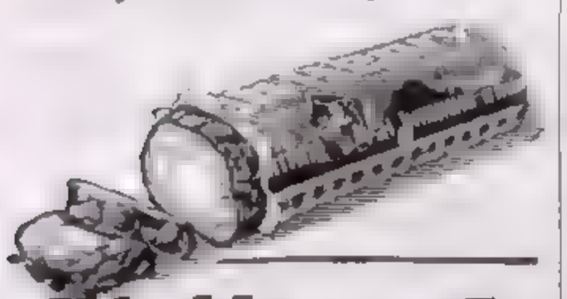
FUDGE CENTER: 1¼ cups pure cane sugar; ½ teaspoon creamery butter; 1 cup rich, full cream milk; 1 cup corn syrup, white of one egg.

CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter; 1½ cups corn syrup; 3 cups rich, full cream milk; ½ teaspoon salt.

PEANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil (hulls removed).

CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt one pound pure milk chocolate

We tell the world how to make OH HENRY! because we're proud of the fact that it's made of the very things that come out of your own pantry—made just as you'd make it yourself. You *can* make it yourself! But *why*—when you can walk up to any candy counter and say



Oh Henry!

CANDY MADE THE HOME-MADE WAY

trip alone, unaccompanied by her husband and by her eldest son.

The other children met the train carrying their mother's body. They were not alone in their grief. The revolution was obliterated. All Germany mourned with them. A common sorrow united the imperial family and the people. The funeral of Augusta Victoria was a testimonial to the love which, in spite of the revolution, still dwelt in German hearts. Once more, if only for a day, the glory of the empire was restored. Imperial uniforms and imperial colors reappeared on the streets to salute a great woman and a great Empress. The demonstration was all the more moving because it was silent. No bell tolled, no chime was sounded at the funeral. The government, fearing a popular outburst, had silenced all bells. Unknelled, though not unhonored and unsung, the dead Empress passed.

Every year, on the anniversary of her death, the sarcophagus of the Empress is buried under an avalanche of flowers and wreaths from every part of the country. One of these wreaths is a tribute from the Emperor, one is a tribute from me. Every year I hurry back to Doorn, wherever I may be, to be with the Emperor on this tragic day.

When I became the betrothed of the Kaiser he honored me with the photograph of the late Empress that always stands on my desk. In simple affectionate words he told me of the beautiful relationship which had made his marriage a consecration. The Kaiser's confession to me in the sacred hour of our engagement confirmed the impression I had gained from the intimate letters of the Empress to my maternal friend, the Kaiser's aunt, Grand Duchess Louise of Baden.

The room of the departed Empress remains as it was when she died. Not a picture is changed, not a chair is moved. It is the largest as well as the sunniest room in House Doorn. Like the rose garden, named in her honor, it remains dedicated to the memory of Augusta Victoria. Fresh flowers, constantly renewed, bear witness to the Emperor's undying love for Augusta Victoria.

Every week at least once the Emperor visits the room where her faithful heart communes with his memories. Deprived of her crown, Augusta Victoria still wears a halo. No one can enter the room that has seen so much sorrow and suffering without being visibly moved.

The Pinch of Want

It was shortly before Easter, 1922. A year had passed since the German people had accorded to their dead Empress greater honors than they had paid to her living. Every day brought a new catastrophe. If nothing else happened, the mark took a tumble, although we had not yet reached the point where the value of German paper currency could be expressed only in figures suggesting the distance from the planet Mars to the moon. I was seated in my study at Saabor Castle, going over my accounts. This may seem an unfitting occupation to those who expect princesses to spend the day trying on coronets before a gilded mirror when they are not occupied in the experiment of testing through how many thicknesses of blankets and mattresses they can feel the presence of a pea.

These were bad times for all. Trained only for the army, it was even more difficult for members of royal families than for their colleagues of less exalted rank to carve out a new career for themselves. They could hardly start as clerks in some commercial establishment. No one—except the newly rich, desiring to exploit the connection—wants a clerk or an apprentice whom he must address as Your Royal Highness! Yet to surrender their title would have been a confession that they had abandoned all hope for the restoration of monarchy. Moreover, even had they been willing to forgo their claims, their incognito would not have been respected.

Although the government had seized the Kaiser's personal fortune, his legal representative succeeded in obtaining for his master a substantial payment on account against future settlements.

Many formerly reigning families felt, and still feel, the pinch of want. My fortune, too, was shrinking daily; but Saabor, with its acres of land and its forests, represented real values that defy deflation. Nevertheless, I could not make ends meet without close figuring.

"Mamma."

"Please don't disturb me. I am working."

But something in the child's tone made me look up from my papers. It was George William, my second boy. The expression of his face alarmed me. The woe of all the ages stared at me out of his countenance. George William had been crying. His little face was still bathed in tears, which he tried to rub away with a handkerchief of dubious color.

"What is it, dear?" I said, taking his little head between my hands.

"Mamma, I'm so sorry for the poor Kaiser. He must be so dreadfully lonely."

Cupid Writes a Letter

Accustomed to discuss all things with my children, I had dwelt repeatedly on the harshness of the Emperor's fate. His solitude in a foreign land, after the death of the Empress, had moved me to tears; but I had hardly expected that George William, the sturdiest of my children, would brood over the tragic exile of his Emperor with such passionate intensity.

"Mamma, when I grow up I want to fight for the Emperor."

"Yes, dear."

"Mamma, may I write him a letter?"

"Certainly you may, my child."

It seemed strange to me that I had resisted my own impulse to write. The very depth of my sorrow was the reason for my silence. Some feelings are too deep for words.

My permission pleased the little fellow immensely. He immediately fetched pen and ink and laboriously indited his letter. I gazed musingly out of the window. I saw, as in a dream, the pictures of the Kaiser that had decorated my study in Greiz. I saw him again, talking like a father to my sister Caroline at her wedding to the Grand Duke of Weimar. My ears caught the echo of his jolly laughter at the luncheon in the imperial palace, where I had met for the first time the Empress, now slumbering so peacefully in her mausoleum at Potsdam. I saw the Emperor's worried expression at the Grand Court Ball in 1912. I saw him riding on his charger at the imperial maneuvers in Breslau. I saw him stand on the balcony of the palace amid the shouts of the multitudes, in his field-gray uniform, in July, 1914. I lived once more through that dreadful November when Henrietta was born, amid the shouts and shots of revolutionary Berlin.

"Mamma"—George William's voice interrupted my reverie—"is this right?"

He read his letter to me. The address was correct: "To His Majesty the Emperor."

Then, however, George William adopted an informal tone, more natural to his years, and he wrote a warm-hearted childish letter.

He signed the letter "George William," adding, with a proud flourish, "Prince of Schönaich-Carolath."

Unfortunately, his grief mingling with his ink had made an unsightly blot on the paper. I gave him another sheet to copy the letter.

I did not suggest any change in the wording. It came straight from the heart of a child. To tamper with it would be to rob it of its spontaneous appeal. With slow boyish hands he addressed the envelope himself and insisted upon seeing it mailed at once.

Little did George William dream that he was playing the part of Cupid and of fate!

The Kaiser's mail is always heavy. Every day brings hundreds of letters, clippings and requests for aid. The mail is sorted in the entrance lodge, where the office of the master of the household is situated. Every letter that has the slightest merit or the slightest claim upon the Emperor's attention is submitted to him. He places his "W" and the date in a corner of the missive to denote the fact that he has read it. To this he adds a date, and sometimes a remark. If the letter is silly it may provoke caustic comment such as: "What a confounded ass!" If a letter pleases the Emperor he records his impression on the margin. Important letters are preserved in the archives, and they are sometimes duplicated for distribution among intimate friends.

When my boy's letter arrived the Emperor's soul dwelt among shadows. Life had forced to his reluctant lips the bitter dregs of its cup. Into the bleak despair of the Emperor, George William's letter fell like a ray of sunshine. It touched his heart profoundly. He had asked God for a token in the depth of his sorrow. Somehow my boy's simple letter seemed the answer to his prayer.

A few days later "Mamma, mamma!" George William cried jubilantly. "A letter from the Kaiser!"

He held aloft a large envelope with the imperial crest. It was a message in the Emperor's own handwriting, thanking my boy and inclosing a photograph of the Master of Doorn. The envelope contained another inclosure—a letter from His Majesty to me. It was the first letter that I had ever received from the Kaiser. The Emperor thanked me for George William's letter and extended a cordial invitation to me and my children to visit him at House Doorn.

Everyone, even among the initiated, who returned from Holland told a different story. Some were discreet to the point of absolute silence. Some were indifferent. Some were unfaithful. Incredible tales were bruited about, mysterious hints of religious mania, violent explosions of temper. Evil tongues and scandalmongers positively affirmed that grief had unhinged the Kaiser's mind.

Could it be true?

An Invitation to Doorn

I had been reading Edgar Allan Poe, that troubadour of beauty and of pain.

Was the Emperor's brain a Haunted Palace, haunted by the horrors of the war and the horrors of peace?

And travelers now, within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody;
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door,
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh—but smile no more.

Was this, perchance, a forecast of what awaited me in Doorn? Should I accept the invitation?

For myself, yes. It was my privilege. It was my duty. I must go, irrespective of what awaited me, if I could bring even a crumb of comfort to my exiled Emperor. I could not take my boys without seriously interfering with my plans for their schooling.

But the girls? Should I take Carmo and Henrietta?

I did not, in my heart of hearts, believe the sinister rumors of the Emperor's mental derangement, but I would not have been a woman and a mother if I had not been alarmed. I was accustomed to live and walk with tragedy all my life. I was not afraid for myself. But I wanted to spare my children the possibility, however remote, of a shock shattering all their illusions.

I made up my mind to go, but to go alone.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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The 3 Advantages found only in

America's SCIENTIFICALLY CORRECT Balloon Tire

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1 One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls

2 Road-Shaped, Geared-to-the-Road Tread

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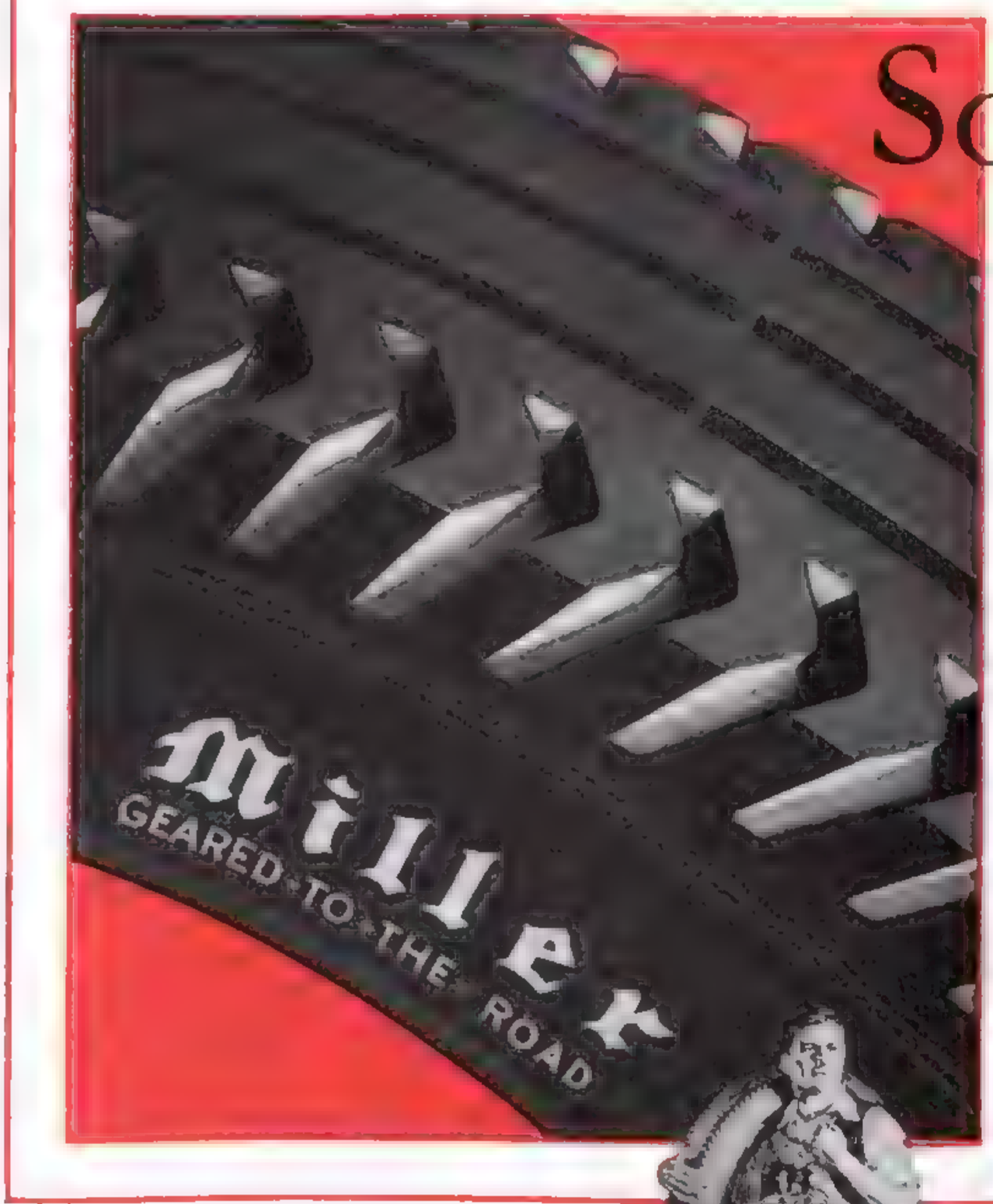

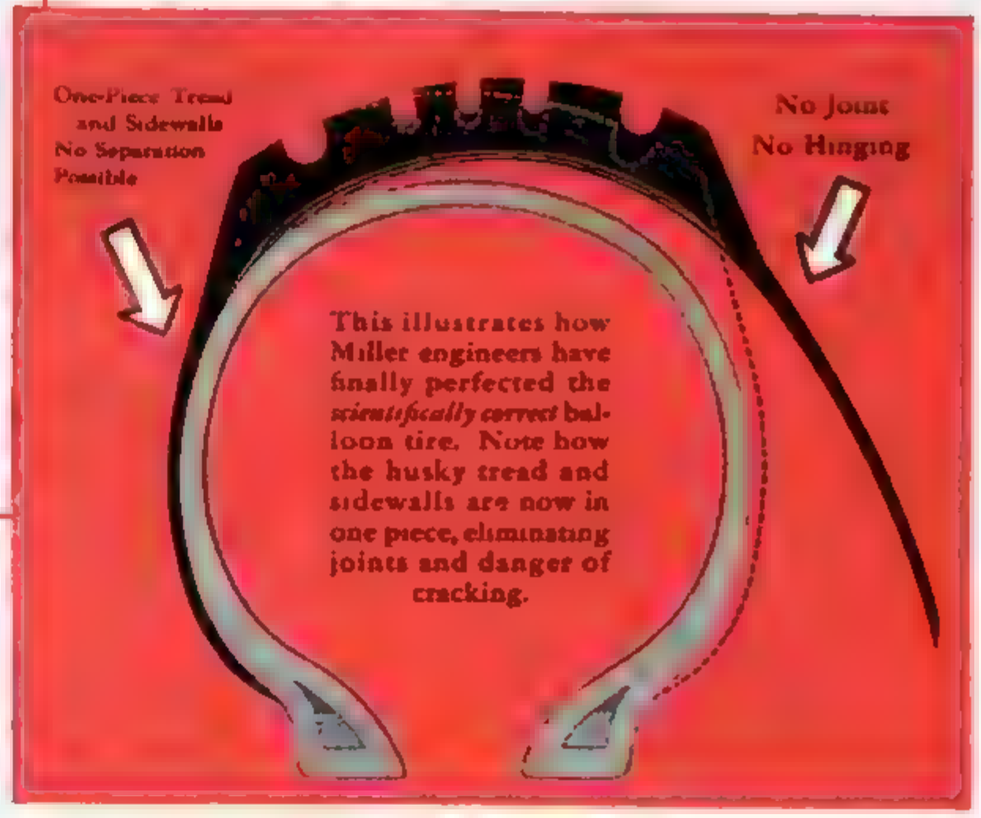
One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls No Separation Possible
No Joint No Hinging
This illustrates how Miller engineers have finally perfected the *scientifically correct* balloon tire. Note how the husky tread and sidewalls are now in one piece, eliminating joints and danger of cracking.

The Tire Builder says:
"If one comes back, I'm penalized"

SOME said the public didn't want to know how tires are built. We proved the fallacy of that. The public *has known* for a long time. And when Miller—with the aid of science—produced a balloon tire as it should be built, eliminating spotty tread wear, cracking joints, inside friction—and told a graphic story of that tire—public response was immediate and overwhelming.

Today—the three scientific advantages found only in Miller tires are known, talked of and demanded wherever tires are sold. That's because the public does want to know how tires are built—how more miles and less trouble are made possible—and is not satisfied to risk tire dollars on mere bulk and good outward appearance. Your Miller dealer will gladly show you a cut section of a Miller tire and demonstrate these three advantages:

1. One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls

Gone for all time is fear of cracking joints and of the destruction that followed the old way. Now the husky Miller tread reaches all the way around the tire in one piece from toe to toe. *All joints and hinging centers are eliminated—no chance whatever for cracking.* Six months of actual road service on hundreds of thousands of cars *proved* the *scientific correctness* of this new Miller design.

2. Road-Shaped, Geared-to-the-Road Tread

The broad, road-shaped contact surface of the Miller exclusive Geared-to-the-Road Tread runs *even with the road.* With light or heavy load—the entire width of this famous tread is *on* the road—taking wear evenly—and therefore *slowly.* Thus Miller banished uneven, spotty tread wear—the outstanding cause of short tire life. Not satisfied to stop there—a third unique result was obtained.

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Insures uniform flexibility of all parts—completing a perfectly balanced tire. Built to resist curb and rut jolts—springs back from blows to normal shape with the quick, springy action of live rubber—leaving One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls, Bead and "Uniflex" Cord Carcass secure and intact. Thus the common cause of internal wear is eliminated—and miles added to balloon tire life.

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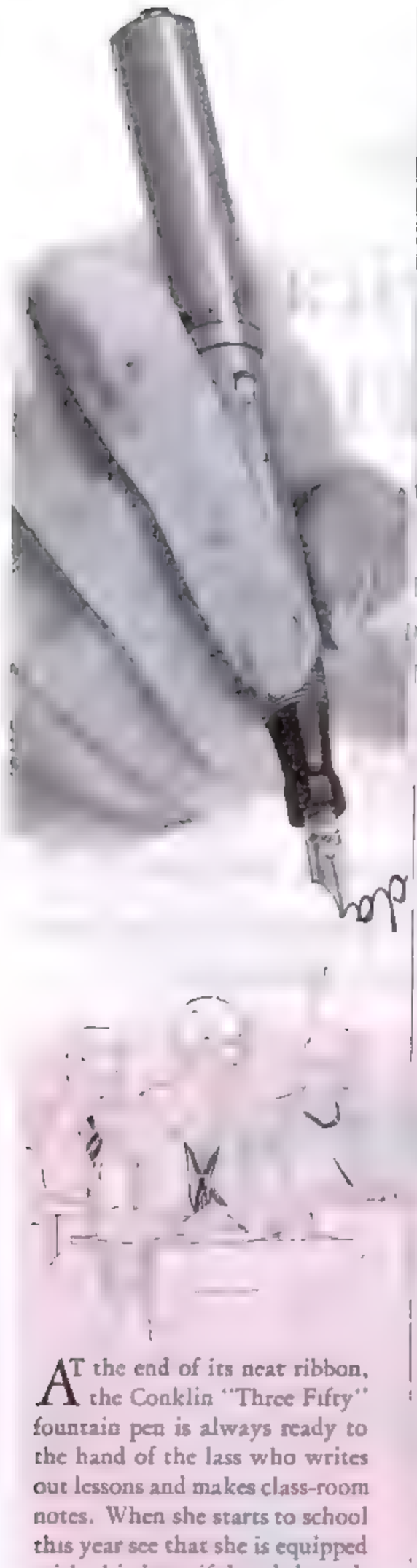

AT the end of its neat ribbon, the Conklin "Three Fifty" fountain pen is always ready to the hand of the lass who writes out lessons and makes class-room notes. When she starts to school this year see that she is equipped with this beautiful and dependable aid to an education. The price of this Conklin pen is only $3.50. It is made in rich red and azure blue, and it contains everything that care and good workmanship can put into a pen. The boy's model is fitted with the famous Conklin "clip that can't slip." There are other Conklins—all prices, all colors, and all models.

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LETTERS FROM FRATERNITY

EDITOR'S NOTE—The letters which follow were written by A. L. McCorrison of Searsmont, Maine, to Ben Ames Williams, over a period of some four years. Except for the elimination of some personal matters, and except for condensations here and there, they have not been edited.

SEARSMONT, Feb. 28, 1926.

DEAR BEN: The Rube abroad, arrived home from Portland all right, with no mishap worth mentioning. I had a very pleasant time; that will always be a red-letter day in my memory.

Grim winter still lingers; clear and pleasant today, but so cold that snow does not melt in the sun. About 2 feet of snow in the woods, with quite a heavy crust, and I'm afraid many partridges are imprisoned. Can soon tell, when I go into the woods. More moose are seen here than ever before. A few years more and this country will be overrun with them.

Well, town meeting tomorrow. The first Monday in March.

Once there was much excitement at our annual town meetings. The pros and cons of questions were discussed with much oration. But now most questions are settled by the powers that be. And men vote like driven cattle, and will soon go over the hill to the poorhouse.

I will send you our town report, so that you can judge for yourself. It may interest you.

7:30 P.M.

Sarah is listening to a hymn which is being sung in a church in Portland. Now, it is preaching. Later will be a violin solo; then I will listen, for to me, of all the music we pull out of the air, there's nothing else compares with the violin. A short time ago I listened to a violin solo from the Congress Square Hotel, Portland. The Rose Waltz—old-time dance music which carried my thoughts back more than fifty years to my first dancing school.

It was in the winter of 1873-4 over in Frankfort. The school was taught by Jerry Whitten and Billie Whidden, two of Waldo County's old-time dancing masters.

William Whidden was an Englishman, and it was said he served seven years to learn to play the violin. Of him I know but little, as he disappeared from my horizon at about that time.

But Jerry Whitten was a native, born over among the Montville hills, near Freedom Village. A noted character in Waldo County for many years later. He lived many years in Belfast, and died there. His home was on the east side of the river, just above the upper bridge. A beautiful spot at high water, on the banks of the Passagassawaukeag.

I wish I could properly describe Jerry Whitten and remember the many anecdotes that I've heard about him.

A dancing master—by profession, all his life, an expert with the violin.

In deportment, stern and severe A strict disciplinarian. A man of medium height, straight as an Indian, square-jawed and florid complexion, with a deep-set piercing eye.

If dress proclaims the man, Jerry was a gentleman of the old school, for he always wore a silk hat, kid gloves, Prince Albert coat, velvet vest, light-colored pants and white spats over patent-leather shoes. The corner of a silk handkerchief always showed in the left breast pocket of his coat. When he walked, it was a quick, sprightly step with a slight bend of the knee. When he smiled, his stern face lit with the glow of night. He was a strict disciplinarian, and thereby hangs this story.

It was in the winter of 1882-3 in Pierce Hall in Belfast The old hall burned many years ago. It stood on the right-hand corner of Church and Main St., south of post office, opposite Hayford Hall.

I was living in Belfast, working at my trade, that winter, and often went to dances, especially when my old dancing master, Jerry Whitten rosined the bow.

It was, as I remember, an exhibition ball at the close of a series of old folk's dances. The hall was crowded with old and young, and Jerry was at the height of his glory. It was his boast that he was never danced down—that he could always play as fast and long as any one could dance—and often at the close of a ball there would be a contest. And the contest would always start with an encore. To be encored was like the effect of red wine to Jerry, and his response was instantaneous.

But through all the excitement of the wild dance Jerry the dancing master would insist upon strict order—he would brook no roughness, such as to clog or breakdown. It was near the close of the ball. A hornpipe had already gone two furious courses, and a third was well on its way, when a young fellow at the head of a set directly in front of Jerry jumped with all his might and came down in a clog that jarred the hall.

Instantly the music stopped and all eyes turned to the stage to behold Jerry, right arm extended out above his left shoulder, hand grasping the quivering bow, his eyes fastened on the offending youth, in a look such as only Jerry could give.

All was silent for several seconds, when Jerry barked out, "All ready for doing hornpipe!" And once more the merry dance was on. But at the next: "Cast off, and balance all," the young man, who was once more up in front of Jerry, repeated his wild breakdown, till the dust of years arose from the cracks in the floor beneath his feet. Again the music stopped. And like a panther Jerry glided across the stage and jumped out into the hall, and landed on his toes in front of the twice-offending youth, who stood with downcast eyes and humble mien. Said Jerry, "Young man! What do you mean!" All was silent in the hall. Everyone held their breath.

When the young man, bowing low to Jerry, said, "Mr. Whitten, I beg your pardon. I am very sorry, but with such music—how can I help it?"

For a few seconds Jerry's stern gaze rested upon the offender. Then he whirled and strode mincingly back to the stage, and said, in a voice that all could hear, "Damn it! I know it!" Then bedlam broke loose with loud applause, such as Jerry probably never heard before. And all discipline ceased. Old women pulled their skirts to their knees and clogged to their hearts' content, till they reeled exhausted to their seats.

Men shouted and hugged themselves till they, too, staggered to their seats. But Jerry Whitten the fiddler still played furiously on.

MAR. 1ST, 2:30 P.M.

All quiet at town meeting today.
Sarah joins me with best wishes.

Sincerely,
BERT MC.

SEARSMONT, Ap. 7, 1926.

DEAR BEN: Dog arrived yesterday 4 P.M.; also your letter last night. He came through in fine shape. He is a beauty. Is certainly a blooded animal. The crate was too heavy to bring in a sleigh, and was left in Union. It may be of value to the man who sent it. If I had seen it, would know. Will have it set aside for a while, and return if necessary.

I accept your gift of the dog with reserved conditions. And will make no predictions until I know more about him. He seems to have a good disposition and must have already had considerable training, or he is a wonder. And it is up to me not to spoil him. Have named him Mac.

All is grim winter here. Snow two feet in woods and ice 20 inches in pond, and no bare ground on the hills.

Last year ice all out of pond Apr. 2nd. And yet, we may have an early spring.

Thanks for dog.

Sincerely yours,
BERT.

THURSDAY, 2 P.M.

Buttons, the yellow cat, and Mac have already become good friends and are playing about the floor. I think you will be surprised when you see this dog. I know nothing about bench dogs. But this is the handsomest dog I ever saw. The stranger will look twice as he passes Hardscrabble, if this dog is in the yard.

SEARSMONT, Apr. 22, 1926.

DEAR BEN: Are having the coldest weather ever known for time of year; no rain or warm days to melt the snow, which is a foot or more in depth everywhere in the woods, and only a trace of bare ground in open land on the hills.

But the south winds may come with a rush, and a few days of rainy weather would make a vast change in the looks of the landscape, and the fishing may be fairly early yet.

I like the dog, and believe he will make a good one when he becomes more acquainted. In the barn and house he is fine; couldn't be better for his age. Minds me perfectly. But when I let him run outdoors he seems to loose himself, and runs wild and will not pay any attention when I call him. Has never yet gotten away from me, as by following him after a while he comes in. But I dare not trust him loose. I believe he will get way-wise in time, as he is very affectionate.

As soon as the snow is gone I shall take him out in the woods and fields on leash wherever I go. And if he comes round all right, we are liable to have a dog to be proud of. To me, he is the handsomest dog I ever saw. I have great faith in this dog.

Sarah and I have pulled through the winter in fine condition. And so have the partridges. She joins me with love to you all.

Sincerely yours,
BERT MC.

SEARSMONT, May 16, 1926.

DEAR BEN: I suppose you are wondering if trout are biting.

I got seven (7) this forenoon just above the Campbell rips on east side; pulled out 3 more and lost them.

The water is high, but trout are fat and crammed full of feed; the air was full of hackles, though I saw no trout rising. The season is very late and cold.

Yesterday I was repairing the fence down near the river, and as I came out through the black growth I found snow in several places a foot or more in depth, and the ground, in places, full of frost.

The landscape is fast taking on colors and it is good to be alive. The woodcock are here in numbers. I saw his works everywhere, and my eyes grew wet when I thought of Reck and Frenchy. How I miss those dogs. Reck had a sore on his hip that broke twice during the winter, and Frenchy was almost dead.

Reck lies under an apple tree out over the hill, and Frenchy down beside the river. Peace to their ashes.

Mac is growing fast and is a very quiet dog. You would laugh to see him point the old rooster. Though he will point the hens by the hour, he has never yet harmed one.

Sarah sends love to you all.

Sincerely,
BERT MC.

SEARSMONT, July 18, 1926.

DEAR BEN: Was sorry you could not come for the last few days of trout fishing. Though there was a lack of rain, there was trout enough, and some good ones were caught on the 14th.

I never saw more small trout, and never before so many fishermen after them.

I was just behind every time, early or late, the last few times I went; but managed to get a mess from under the banks in the woods just at sunset. Got 9 one night above the Pines—one 13, another 12 inches.

(Continued on Page 105)

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(Continued from Page 102)

On one trip hunting moose tracks, found the track of a large bear. Saw the track in two places, about midway the meadow.

Probably the same bear crossed A. T.'s cornfield. The track measured 4.5x7 inches.

Mac is hale and hearty, eating a little better; is here in the room. A few minutes ago brought a kitten from the kitchen and carefully dropped it in my hand. I should suppose retrieving a live cat ought to make him tender mouthed. He goes with me about the fields; has never left me yet; will point birds. Shall take him into the covers soon, but of course he is an uncertainty yet.

A lady from New York, here today, says Mac is a Llewellyn and a very handsome dog. Do you know if he is English or Llewellyn?

Sincerely,
BERT M.

SUNDAY, OCT. 3RD, 1926, 7 A.M.

DEAR BEN: For a long time I've been trying to write to you, but have been so busy—don't laugh—I couldn't get time.

Friday about half-past 12, noon, as I was coming out of the store, two men in a car, with a handsome setter dog on the back seat, slowed down and asked if there was anything to eat in S. I directed them to the hotel. The next question—"Are there any woodcock hunters," and so on. Before I could answer, M. said, "You are talking to the only woodcock hunter in town." I told them my dog was young, had never been worked. "Could I go out with them? Were there any covers near?" I told them of the Fringe, a half a mile away, and promised to wait till they ate their dinner. But could not stay long, as I had work to do.

The man who appeared to be the boss, said, "We won't wait for dinner; will get it later."

Went in just this side the spring, put up five birds—woodcock—fired 3 singles and a double, without a feather to show.

Was back to hotel and ordered dinner. Time, going, hunting and coming, not more than 30 minutes. Had told them of Mac. They took me home while dinner was prepared. Mac, of course, was all a dog should be. He had been tied all the forenoon. I let him loose and had all I could do to keep him from bolting after sparrows. Finally as they were about to enter their car, Mac spied a cat in the shed and went after it. For a moment I forgot him. When the boss yelled, "Your dog's got a cat! He's got a cat in his mouth! He'll kill it! He'll kill it!" I stepped from behind the car, and saw Mac trotting toward us. If I had kept still, there would probably have been no disorderly break. But I said, "Fetch kitty, Mac—fetch kitty."

Then with a slight playful twist of his body, he gave two short jumps sideways, tossed the cat in the air, and tumbled pell-mell over it. But kitty was not hurt, nor afraid. In explanation, told them I never saw a dog, hard mouthed, that would retrieve a live cat.

Both men laughed; said they never heard of such a thing. But thought it might be all right.

I haven't had Mac on game yet. Neither has a gun been fired over him. But if he is not gun-shy, and I hardly think he will be—by the way, he hunts and points sparrows and robins—time and patience, I believe, will give us a dog to be proud of. I wish you were here tomorrow morning—to shoot the birds I think I could put up with Mac. I intended to take him out today, so I could tell you what he would do. BUT! But! But! I have rode through fourteen towns since eleven o'clock today, did the chores, and set 3 traps in the corn for coon—by flash light—before I ate my supper.

There's plenty of birds.

Have seen several trout brooks today, but none to compare with those of Ruffingham.

I have two bee trees under the hill in my woods. Typical old growth, rock maple, at least three hundred years old. The handsomest specimens of wild-bee trees I ever saw. They stand about 6 rods apart, one each side of the brook in upper part of woods. If the bee hunters don't steal them, we'll have a bee hunt—that is, take them up when you come. I once took a hundred pounds of clean honey out of a bee tree only a few rods from these trees. Can't you come for a day or so and see what Mac will do? On small birds he would be hard to beat, and I never saw a gamier point than he will make. But he is uncertain yet, and I want someone to do the shooting while I tend the dog.

Friday night coon came into the corn. I thought at first the old bear had been there, by the havoc. But found the tracks of a large coon, probably several. Will be ready for them the next time.

A large flock of partridge near Hermansen's Camps. Another at H. W.'s. There's plenty of birds. The boss had 3 woodcock and one partridge, and did a lot of shooting after dinner on the Fringe.

BERT.

OCT. 6, 1926.

DEAR BEN: Rec'd your letter Monday. Sarah and I are A 1 and have been for many moons, except our three score and more, which slows us up a little.

Monday night just at sunset I heard two shots just across the road. Two of H. B.'s boys wounded a partridge

Told me about it in the store that eve. The next morning they called me soon after daylight. Did not find the bird, but put up several partridges. Mac marked game and pointed a bird on the ground, but went wild when bird flushed. Had all I could do to hold him once he got away, but snarled up, and I soon caught him. It was in thick cover near an apple tree. Did not see a bird, but got within 30 yards of 5 before they flushed.

The dog is all right except he is the most timid cuss I ever saw. At first seems to be shy of all strange or new sounds and things he hears or sees. Has always been so. But soon gets over it. Is crazy for the hunt. And his point is fierce—something like Reck. I have great faith in this dog, but think he has at first got to be handled with care. I could not recommend him to an old, experienced woodcock hunter.

But I believe you and I could get woodcock with him now. The reason I haven't tried the w'ck, have had no one to do the shooting.

But when the leaves are off I believe I can find them with Mac. The only thing I fear is—gun-shy. And I want to be at the other end of the rope and have his attention on game when the first gun roars. This may be overcautious. I hope so.

Friday, Oct. 1st, had our first frost that seared the leaves, and now the woods are taking on colors, but the leaves are not falling yet. Coon came in the corn last night, and one old fellow dropped husks on the trencher of one trap. I may get him yet.

8:30 P.M.

Just up from supper, and have put Mac through his evolutions of hunting and fetching dead bird—which is a hen's wing. He does very well. When he drops the wing in my hand I give him a taste of fried mackerel.

With our best wishes to you and yours,

Sincerely,
BERT.

SEARSMONT, Oct. 13, 1926, 9 P.M.

DEAR BEN: Wind southeast, raining hard. I often think of you these splendid autumn days. I never saw better hunting weather, but the leaves still cling to the alders and birches, as we've had only one withering frost.

R. P. was down east duck hunting. Got 20 odd birds one morning—12 at once. I did not ask how many guns. My thoughts went back to the days of the pigeons, when

I used to see them bunch on a limb till they would fall in a cloud over the baited beds. But where are the pigeons now?

Mac grows handsomer every day. Am trying to get him acquainted with the gun; take it with me when I can, but would not care to shoot. I wish you could have seen him the first time I belled him. I skip details, but Sarah said, "You'll never make that dog wear a bell." But he wears a bell serenely now, so I have hopes of the gun. The stranger looks at him, and in comparison speaks of the "long-haired coarseness" of his own dog.

THURSDAY, 10 A.M.

Have been gathering apples, but can't keep my mind on the job, as the trees and grass is lush with moisture. What a day to be in the covers. But I haven't heard a gun today.

10 P.M.

About 2 o'clock S. drove in to the yard and said if I would like to try the dog, he would go and do the shooting.

Started for the Fringe, then decided the pasture would be a better place. Left car at bars, belled Mac and put a line on him. In the first patch of alders Mac began to mark game. My thought was robins or ground sparrows, but told S. to look sharp; did not have rope in hand as dog was quartering and coming round at call. Suddenly he froze.

I should have stepped on the rope, but instead went to the left, thinking of nothing more than a sparrow, when up went a cock. My gun was on safe. I yelled, "Mark!" when up went another in front of Mac, and like a flash he went after it. I can see the end of the rope now as it flashed out of sight, probably 10 feet high. I caught him about halfway down to the muck hole.

Mac had gone crazy; had all I could do to hold him. And no shot fired. He was so rank I gave up all thought of shooting, and took shells from gun. From the water hole went up over the knoll beside the line fence. Just beyond the knoll Mac began to mark again. I told S. to fire at anything he saw and as often as he could. Again Mac pointed fiercely. I told S. to look out, and stepped in toward dog; then Mac bolted, and three birds got up at once. One went over S's head, and he fired twice. Another went low down, and I saw it light; the other went out over the tops of birches. At S.'s double, Mac stopped and looked back at me—had been fiercely trying to get away—that is, chase bird. He showed no sign of fear.

As I had marked a bird light, told S. to come in and I would put it up. But before he got to me, flushed another, and fired again. Mac only lifted his head for an instant. There was no tail between legs or sign of fear. Mac, I think, will not be gun-shy. From now on I shall try to teach him to stop at the word. Whether I can or not remains to be seen. But I still have great faith in Mac. A dead bird would have encouraged the dog.

In all my days of hunting I never saw more birds on ground covered. I don't believe there's any flight on yet. The heavy rain last night drove these birds onto the knolls.

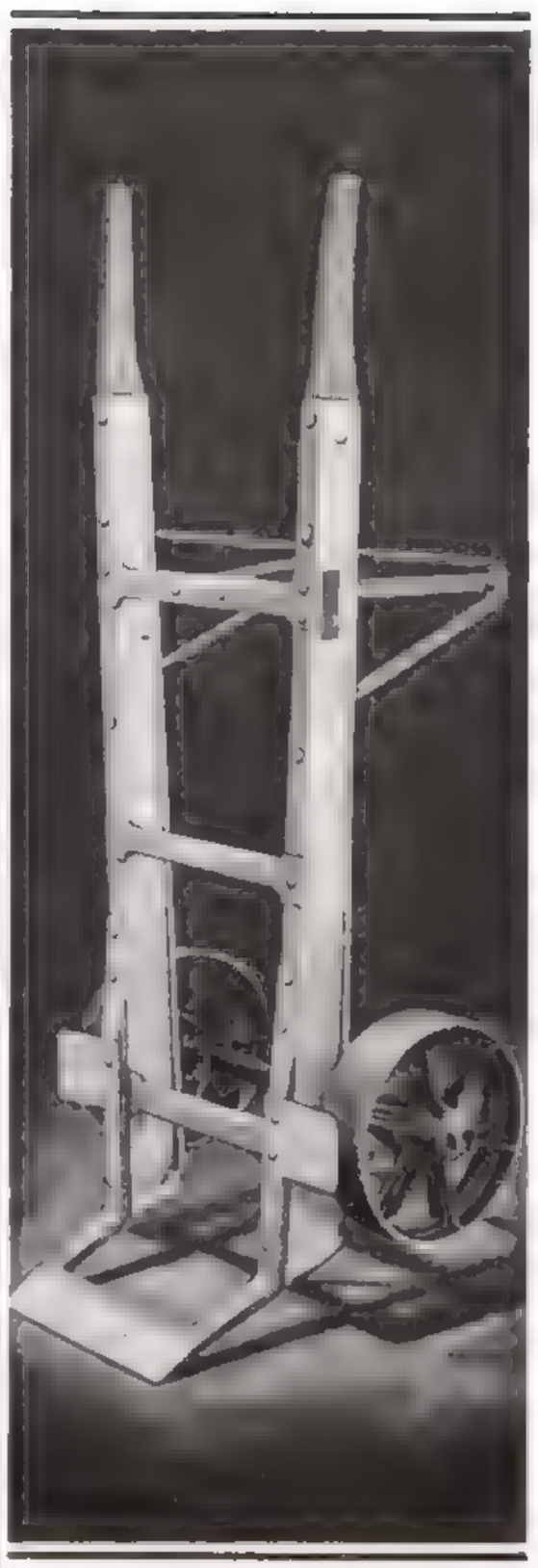
Leaves still very thick, especially on low alders.

Three moose seen tonight just at dark in P. F.'s turnip patch. Moose are seen almost every day. There's going to be trouble with moose. Bee trees are still there. I have them marked and think they will be safe.

Rec'd a letter from Mr. S. He certainly sees the Ruffingham brooks and meadow with the eyes of an artist. He says: "Summer has come and gone, and often my mind has taken me back to the afternoon when we followed a brook through a great shadow of deep woods into a lush meadow where trout were jumping, and tall elms stood waist-deep in evening mists."

With best wishes to you and yours.

B. MC.



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FUROR BRITANNICUS

(Continued from Page 7)

years, his country refused to enter a war in which intrinsically it had no part. Henry James is describing a long journey from North to South. "He speaks of the general pretensions of the Pullman," says Mr. Wells; "the monstrous rumble of which seems forever to say to you: 'See what I'm making of all this; see what I'm making, what I'm making'; to which, in his character of returning native, he replies: 'I see what you are not making; oh, what you are ever so vividly not. And how can I help it if I am subject to that lucidity which appears never so welcome to you for its measure of truth as it ought to be?'"

Lucidity? Well, let us take the rhythms of the Flying Scotchman or the Paris-Monte Carlo Express and set verses to them. They, too, are pretentious trains. "See what I have made, see what I have made, see what I have made."

Our English Heritage

"I see what you have not made; oh, what you have ever so vividly not. And how can I help it if I am subject to that lucidity which appears never so welcome to you for its measure of truth as it ought to be? I see what you have not made, and what dreadful things you are making. I see hideous black towns, growing instead of disappearing. I see labor and capital farther away from each other than ever. I see you talking about and preparing for the next war. I see your middle classes vulgar, grasping, avaricious. I see numbers of your upper classes cynical and idle; learning nothing and forgetting nothing. I see your peasants in many instances no better housed and no more intelligent than your cows. And I see where, with beauty back of you, you are putting up a myriad of jerry-built houses and inane little villas.

"And I see, too, what you are making and have not made—you, the Paris-Monte Carlo Express. I see all the crooks and gamblers and prostitutes of Europe hurrying to the common meeting ground which, to many Europeans, is the aim of all effort. Crooks and gamblers and prostitutes selling, the rich and the well-born buying. I see, oh, so vividly, what you have not made. And you have had a thousand years to make it in and we but a scant one hundred and fifty."

But Mr. Wells knows all this. He would agree with me about the Flying Scotchman and the Paris-Monte Carlo Express. It is only when he surveys America that, like most Europeans, he alters completely his perspective, his standards and his classifications; throwing aside all logic, all discrimination, all knowledge of human nature, all the delicate connecting links that constitute analysis. Even An American Tragedy is not typical of all American bell boys. I know a poet who was once a bell boy. Undoubtedly some bell boys ought to be hung, but by no means all.

And as to American slang—although I hesitate to say this in the presence of the shade of Henry James—it has at least coined one expressive phrase, to which I call Mr. Wells' attention. The phrase is: "So's your old man."

Let us get down to details. Just what does Mr. Wells mean when he says all Americans are grayish-faced, gray-clothed, slow-spoken? Just what does he mean when he speaks of our shocking publicity? Our secret lives? Our unintelligible lingo? Our sparseness of emotion? Our lack of religion; our ignorance of flowers, birds, minerals, natural things? Is he speaking of our fox hunters, our polo players, our farmers, our upper classes, who—the last until recently, unfortunately, bought most of their clothes in England. When it comes to slow speaking, is he thinking of the drawling Southerner and Middle Westerner, or the New Englander, New Yorker, Pennsylvanian, and so on, who speaks with the rapidity of the Elizabethan Englishman—a rapidity long ago lost by the Englishman who stayed at home.

Does he think every American—the whole one hundred and twenty million of them—gets into the newspapers and is brought up with that in mind? Is he unaware of the fact that, although the Daily Mail and its followers learned their tricks from America, England presented us with the tabloids? Doesn't he know that the man who introduced revivalism into America was an Englishman, Francis Asbury, and that revivalism is distinctly an Anglo-Saxon, or, still more, Celtic performance? Let him search the corners of Wales and the slums of Manchester today. Has he no knowledge of the actual workings of a democracy which enable fools frequently to seem in authority? Possibly an excellent thing, since experiments are tried and, when found wanting, cast aside. When he says we know nothing of birds, flowers, minerals, natural things, is he speaking of our poets, artists, foresters, scientists, the thousands of women who belong to garden clubs, the millions of Americans who have gardens, the millions of Americans who each year go camping, the sixty million or so rural Americans? Or, if Mr. Wells is not referring to these Americans, but—when Dickon Cliasold speaks—is referring to the average American politician and publicity man, and—when he himself speaks—to the American gunman, American immigrant, the small-town religious hypocrite, the small-gauge business man, the submerged city dweller, whom he must be speaking about, or at least, should be speaking about, since his textbooks are Babbitt, Elmer Gantry and An American Tragedy, what deductions are we supposed to draw? Would he have us suppose that the English politician is on the whole a charming and ingenuous fellow? That Austen Chamberlain has a mobile and expressive face? That Lloyd George is a symbol of neatness, smartness and good taste? That the usual London clerk and city man is a ruddy, well-conditioned creature? That the English real-estate operator is a model of honesty and unselfishness? That Pecksniffs are unknown in England? That the English lift man talks about flowers and birds and minerals in his leisure hours? That the English criminal reads Shelley to his victims while robbing them? That the newly arrived English Jew discusses philosophy? That Old Bill of The Better' Ole is a gracious fellow fond of Austin Dobson?

An American Paradox

When I was a youth I worked for a while in a university settlement house in Bethnal Green. I was told to teach baseball to a group of young East Londoners. It took me at least two weeks to begin to understand a single word they were saying. But it never occurred to me that all of England talked a debased lingo, or that "here was a people degenerating, worn halfway back to speechlessness and brutishness." Nor, when I came across Yorkshire peasants or Devonshire peasants whose entire vocabulary consisted of about five hundred words, did I think England was returning to the stone age. I remembered that after all the English were a race which had produced Shakspere. We have produced a Lincoln, a Whistler and a Saint-Gaudens.

Cities foster grayish-faced men everywhere, everywhere the ordinary man is a child socially and intellectually, and sometimes a selfish and hypocritical child. *Noblesse oblige* a rare and beautiful thing simply means that somewhere in your family tree someone has acquired enough money or property to allow you and other descendants to cultivate the virtues.

I agree with Mr. Wells. In a general way—for I imagine that is what he means—cities are dreadful—that is, cities as they now are. There are no clean cities, no quiet cities, no cities that do not distort out of the semblance of humanity at least 90 per cent of their inhabitants—not even Paris, which is one of the largest forest preserves in the world. Most city people stop thinking after they reach the age of twenty; they function entirely by means of mechanical reactions. But there is 100 per cent more chance that cities, as they now are, are a passing phase, than that ignorance, lack of poetry, lack of knowledge of natural things, is a passing phase among those classes of society, English or American, that have the least advantages.

Nor must it ever be overlooked that, paradoxical as it may seem, the very mechanical proficiency of America is partly due to the fact that no other country is closer to the frontier or to the soil. The American restlessness and the American passion for motor cars are partly owing to this.

The Naïve Englishman

Englishmen, as I have said elsewhere, believe in dragons—that is, they fit the picture of the world to their own framing. No other race does this quite so expertly. I have an elderly English friend who is typically British. One reason why I enjoy him, but not a particular reason why I always understand him. One night, two years ago in France, he came to dine with us. On the table in the living room was the latest copy of the Paris Herald, and on the lounge, just back of the table, were sitting two Frenchmen who spoke English as well as did my English guest and myself. But such little things as that have never stopped the English from expressing their opinions—one reason why they are powerful but not popular. At the moment, the Paris Herald was filled with the latest English divorce case, and if you know England, you know what that implies. A Mr. A was being sued by a Mrs. B, and involved and intimately concerned in the most sordid and disgusting details, frankly given, were what seemed to be dozens of Mr. C's, D's, E's, and so on, and scores of Mesdames and Misses X, Y, Z's. So many of them that one English wit remarked "that if this kept up, the cube roots of the alphabet would have to be used." Each nation has its favorite crimes and scandals, but for sheer unadulterated—one should say "adulterated"—strength it would be hard to beat an English divorce case.

"Do you know," boomed my friend over the heads of the innocent French guests, and taking up a subject we had been discussing that afternoon—"do you know, I have come to the conclusion that what really separates us from the Latins—and when I say 'we' I include you Americans, of course—is our conception of the sacredness of the marriage vows?"

Exactly. So you see what I mean.

When I was at Oxford there was a great to-do—as there always is—about American professional coaching. It was doubtful if English university crews should row against American university crews because of this. The agitation was led by a coach of the Oxford varsity. I heard him make speeches on the subject. He was a don of Christ Church on a comfortable stipend, and he taught just one thing—rowing.

So again you see what I mean.

As a general rule, in any sort of discussion it is necessary to announce your premises and then limit your field of inquiry, or if you insist upon immense, vague, general pronunciamentos at least to admit of categories and the differences they imply. A man who stated that all horses had hairy fetlocks and large rumps would not be taken seriously in racing circles. But Mr. Wells cannot help himself. Usually a fairly logical man—exceptionally logical for an Anglo-Saxon—when it is a question of the United States he is not conscious of his lack of logic. He is played upon by a century and a half of tradition and prejudice. Even he is not strong enough to escape. He sees what he is expected to see; he believes what he is expected to believe. Better one bright remark about America, one sentence of brilliant summation, than a chapter of truth. Better and far easier to concentrate upon a Babbitt and an Elmer Gantry, than upon a Morgan or a Rockefeller or an Atterbury, a Bishop Lawrence or a Cardinal Gibbons. Better to confine your attention to Main Street than allow it to wander to a Byrd who flew across the North Pole while in naval service, or to the Americans who, on soldiers' pay, offered themselves to be experimented upon in the fight against yellow fever.

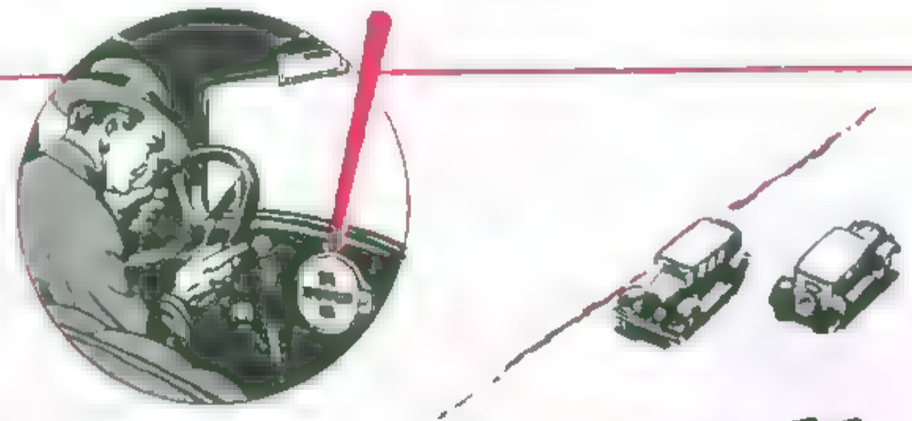
As to American reading, the reading public of any country is shamefully small, the American reading public, considering our size, especially so; but Mr. Wells must not forget that most English writers make their living in America, and that it was America which discovered Meredith, Conrad and himself, not to mention Galsworthy and, to a great extent, Bernard Shaw. Not long ago Wells' history of mankind shared honors as a best seller, if I am not mistaken, with Wasserman's The World's Illusion. But laying this aside, again I would ask him, would he have us believe that the great mass of the English people read intelligently and well?

America is a continent. One should be a trifle humble in its presence, as the decent American is humble in the presence of the continent of Europe. To land in New York, or even to cross America, and then imagine you know it, is exactly like landing in Southampton and, after a month or so in England, writing articles about the Balkans. Yes, much the same thing, for the most astonishing thing to the American who is aware of his country—and not many are—is the variety, despite a common language and standardization, which it exhibits. A variation so great that when you step across that arbitrary thing, a state line, you are in a different principality. Where can you discover people more unlike, for example, than those of North and South Carolina? But this variety is a delicate and subtle matter and not discernible to the casual spectator. Even our great cities are unlike; even our little towns; though the latter seem, on the surface, so much alike. It is a dull observer who would find, let us say, the New England farmer similar to the rancher of the Rocky Mountains, the Southern cotton planter the same man as the steelworker of Pennsylvania, the Chicagoan not to be distinguished from the New Yorker.

Building Up the Picture

One becomes increasingly astonished at Mr. Wells and most of our other English critics—astonished and irritated; the latter despite a former denial of passion; for Mr. Wells and most of these critics are novelists, and novelists are supposed to be susceptible to fine shades of dissemblance and to deal in them. If any man has need of the scientific method of reasoning—that is, reasoning that moves from the often-repeated particular to the general—it is the novelist. Indeed, save when he talks of America, Mr. Wells uses this method invariably. If he wishes to paint a portrait of an American, he should do this—I present the method to all visiting Englishmen. Let him choose first a state, then a town, and in that town, a family, and then, in that family, an individual. After choosing the individual he should discover what strains are in his blood and what traditions. The Quaker of Philadelphia is not like the Huguenot of Charleston; the patroon of New York not in the least like the Puritan of the Ohio Valley. If he wishes to be really a social commentator, he should then discover what especial stigmata this carefully selected individual carries. A large

(Continued on Page 171)



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Perhaps you have considered motor oil only as a lubricant—something which coats the hot moving surfaces to reduce friction. But—another equally important task for motor oil is to go up into the cylinders and seal the space between piston and cylinder wall. Naturally, in a new car this space is small. But as your car travels mile after mile, the constant pushing up and down of the piston wears this space larger.

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Now—how can you know the right grade of oil to fit the space in the cylinders in your car at the present time? *Right here is where your speedometer does you an extra service.* The mileage on your speedometer indicates the wear in your engine because *wear* comes through *mileage!*

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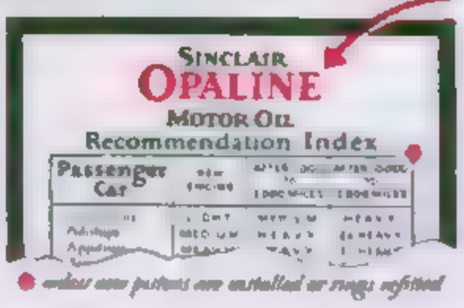

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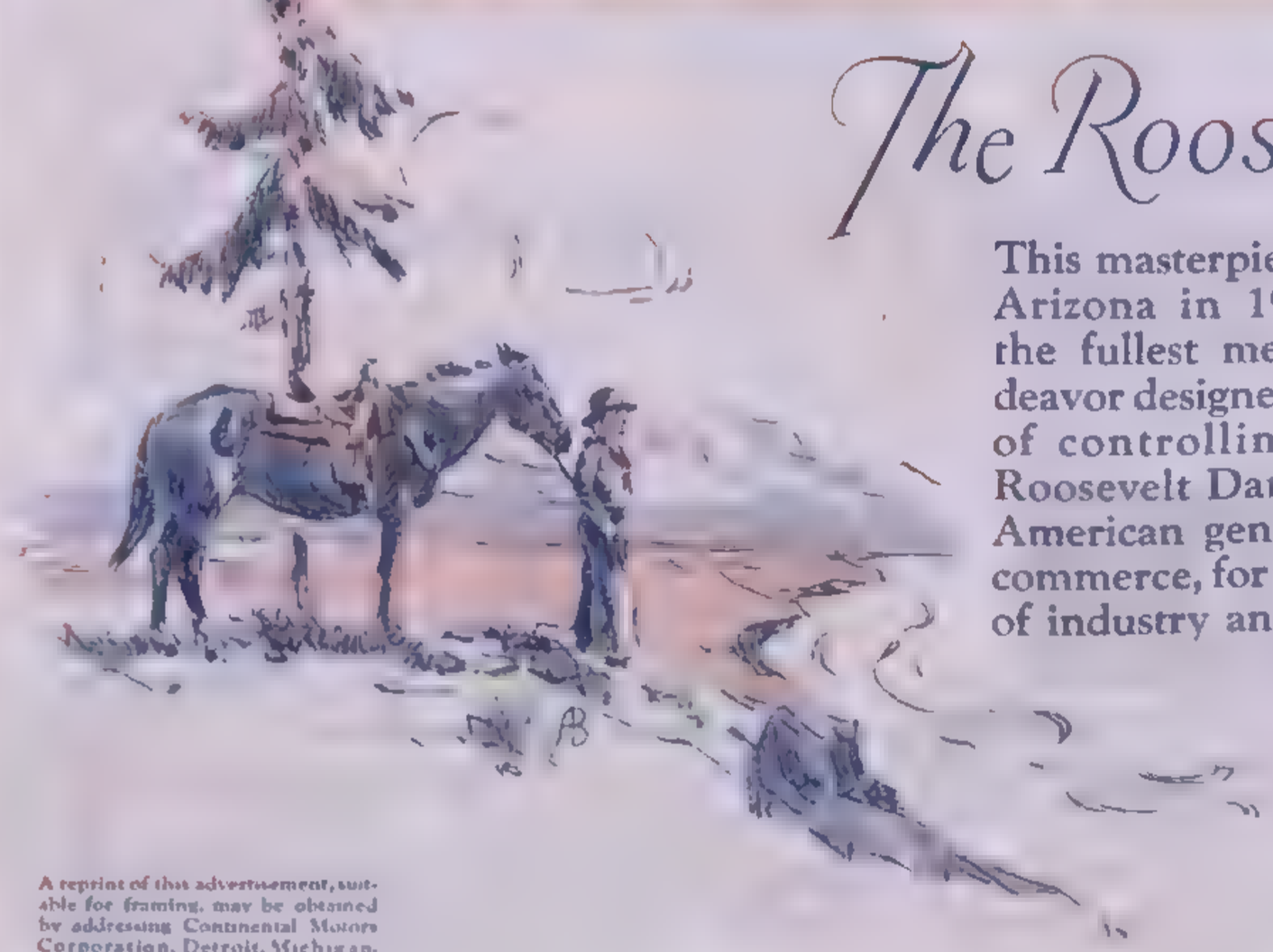
This masterpiece, completed in Arizona in 1911, exemplifies the fullest meaning of an endeavor designed for the purpose of controlling power. The Roosevelt Dam is a symbol of American genius as applied to commerce, for power is the basis of industry and transportation.



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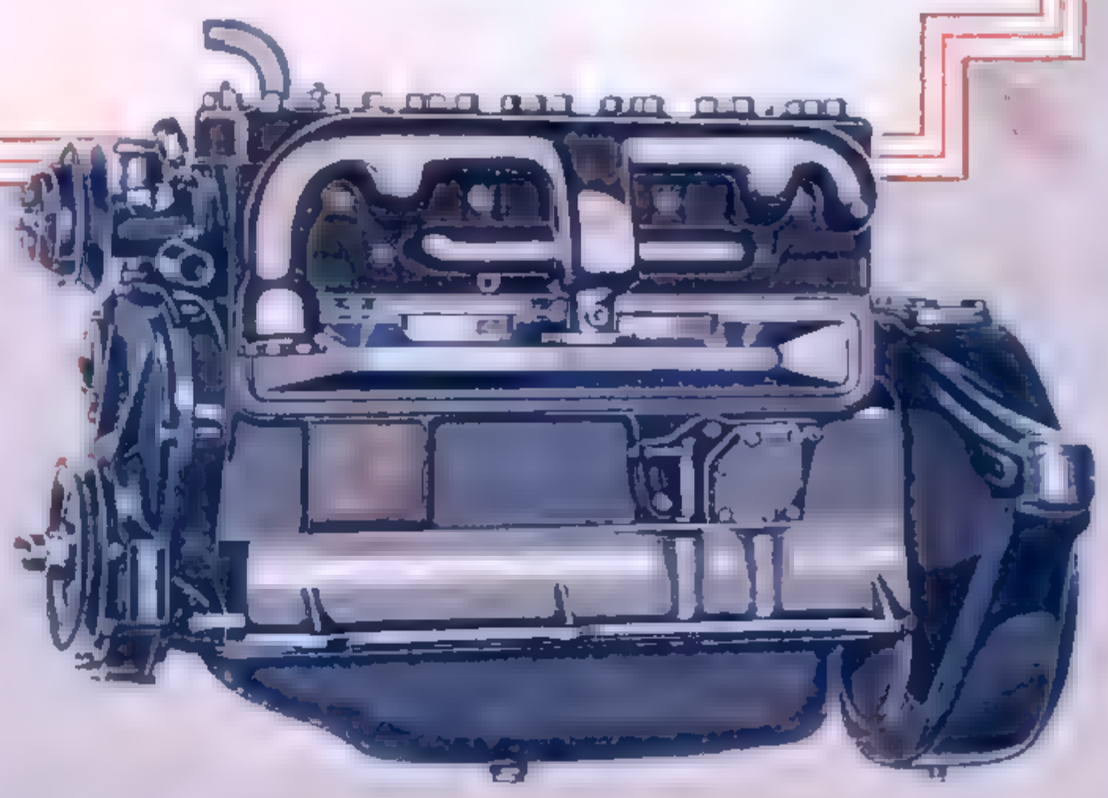

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• • •

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Sold over the entire world, outside of the U. S. and Canada, by the International General Electric Co., Inc., Schenectady, New York.

(Continued from Page 106)

wart on the nose has changed the personality of many an American man or woman. A thousand such individuals, selected at random throughout the country, carefully studied, might in the end enable a foreigner to arrive at one dim, tentative, general opinion—provided, of course, that he had lived in America for thirty years.

Furthermore, even if you are in a position to form general opinions, there are two ways of looking at any country. The way you choose depends upon your temperament. If you believe all is for the worst, you disregard as much as you can the fine element of that country—invariably a small element—and concentrate upon the inevitable, under present-day conditions, large, gross element. And then you say to yourself, "This is what this country is coming to. These fine people do not count. Their fate is to become scarcer. Eventually they will be submerged by all this vulgarity and selfish stupidity. There are signs of this everywhere."

The other way to regard any country is to deprecate and condemn the large gross element, and be sorry it exists, but at the same time to concentrate upon the small, fine element, which after all is the flowering of the nation. Is it decreasing or increasing? Mr. Wells thinks definitely it is increasing, except in America; where, as far as I can make out, he recognizes no fine, small element at all.

Lest They Forget

In all other ways a fundamental optimist, in this way only is he a fundamental pessimist—meaning by fundamental optimist a man who, however much he may dislike the present, believes good is on the increase, as opposed to a man who, however much he may enjoy the present, thinks evil will eventually win. Indeed, the fundamental optimist is at times a dreary fellow, as both Mr. Wells and myself frequently are; while the fundamental pessimist is frequently a cheery one, since fundamental pessimism is usually founded on a delight with yourself because of a vast contempt for others. That Mr. Wells should be pessimistic about America would indicate, therefore, that in this respect his conclusions are more the result of bias than reason. How otherwise, and using personal instances, could he think that all American statesmen look like Colonel House, with such handsome senators as Mr. Pepper and fox-hunting Wadsworth? How otherwise, with his own countless Utopias ending in conclusions "as trite as magazine articles," could he sneer at Woodrow Wilson for the same failing? Nor is it odd that he finds the American watchful and awkward in his presence. Nations are apt to be watchful and awkward in the presence of the English. Mr. Wells himself says that, due to the public schools and certain traditions, England has in the last hundred years produced a type utterly baffling to other nationalities and completely alien to what he calls "the natural Englishman."

How is that for a theory of monstrosity?

Moreover, in speaking of Woodrow Wilson, Mr. Wells forgets. Possibly ex-President Wilson's mission would have been more successful had he, on the one side, been more tactful with his American enemies, and had Lloyd George and Monsieur Clemenceau, on the other, and far more important side, been a trifle more ingenuous. The news that Lloyd George and Monsieur Clemenceau, and all the rest of Europe, were regarding Woodrow Wilson as the innocent, idealistic, easily fooled schoolmaster that Mr. Wells announces he was, reached America in a comparatively short time.

Most Europeans seem to have a genius for forgetting. Last summer the Continental edition of the Daily Mail ran for two weeks on its front page two columns entitled, Facing the Facts. The heading of these two columns was the simple word, Usury—the first two letters printed in extra large type, thus: U. S. The principal point made was that England could not forgive America for allowing England to fight America's battles for one solid year after America had declared war. In other words, that for one solid year America had landed practically no troops in France and had taken part in no large offensives. Outside of the fact that this charge applies equally to England's first year of war, when the French were standing off the common enemy—applies more than equally—there is an extremely sinister catch to it. The ordinary citizen is allowed to forget, but the newspaperman is not supposed to forget. It is his business to remember.

All English newspapermen know that England offered us transport; all English newspapermen know that this transport was not given until the breaking of the English Fifth Army in the spring of 1918; and all English newspapermen know that because this transport was not given we took to building wooden and synthetic ships in quantities far exceeding their need as carriers of materials.

Subsequently Lord Rothemere dismissed incontinently the editor of the European Daily Mail, saying he had never been given the slightest authority to launch so vicious a campaign. Strange news to any ex-newspaperman. The English may have private lives, but at times they also have secret lives, lit by lurid flashes of publicity.

Neither is "America the creditor" an opportune phrase. To this the American can justly retort that "America the creditor" has been the most fortunate symbol English trade has picked up in many a year and that English trade has not neglected its opportunities. When the war ended, America was the greatest country in the world, financially, politically and commercially; today it is the greatest financially. It is well known that English statesmen are the most adroit there are; they have a history of adroitness. Beside them the French and the Americans are children. What could have been cleverer than to have come over here as the key nation and to have set a high limit to your capacity to pay, if afterward you dashed home and asked every other nation if they wished to deal with "the Shylock, the blood-money man across the seas"? I am not saying that this was the intention; I am merely saying that this was how things worked out. And I am merely saying that if the European nations wished America to forgive their debts, this was a poor way of going about it.

Little Hope for Change

At all events, and however I may feel personally about the debt imbroglio—and I am not giving my private opinions here—I am exceedingly tired, in company with many other American citizens, of being held individually responsible. I have no doubt there are a great many Englishmen who object strenuously to the way King George creases his trousers; and I say this with due respect, for he is a fine man and I do not feel toward him as Mr. Wells does, but I do not believe these Englishmen can immediately change this condition short of revolution. By maintaining their position, by doing what little they can, in a hundred years or so something may happen, but not now.

This game becomes more and more fascinating and enthralling as you play it. England, for instance, is greatly exercised at present because of the words of Mayor Thompson of Chicago, who bravely dared King George to come to that exciting city and who, in England, is regarded as one of our handsomer and more refined statesmen. At all events, he is not thin and grayish-faced. But America, for some reason, refused to become excited over the speech, a year ago, of Cyril Norwood, M.A., D.Litt., headmaster of Harrow School, to whom I have already referred. Mayor Thompson hasn't quite as many degrees as Mr. Norwood, but his diction is considerably less tautological. On the other hand, Mr. Thompson is not so considered in America as Mr. Norwood is in England.

Erudite Historical Comments

Mr. Norwood, addressing the eighty-second annual meeting of the London Central Y. M. C. A., Tottenham Court Road, W. C. 1., spoke as follows:

"The League of Nations is not perfect, and it has just suffered a bad setback. 'Abolish it,' cry the unthinking, 'for the Locarno spirit is dead and buried.' A bad thing for the world if that is true, for the Locarno spirit is the spirit of Christ. I ask you as Christian men not to abandon your support of the League of Nations because in the first years of its existence elements which are rotten have come to the front and stultified it. It may be monstrous—indeed, it is monstrous—that a country in the New World, far removed and by no means in the front rank, should negative the attempt of Europe to reach peace and settlement. It may seem to justify that bitter taunt of the saying that it may be that Europe will relapse into barbarism before America has had time to emerge from it."

Mr. Norwood, you see, does not even grant us size or material importance. Moreover, like most people who assume to speak for the Deity, he speaks for a Deity who sees only one side of the question. God apparently has never crossed the Atlantic. Besides, one might inquire without exaggeration just when Europe, or any other place, for that matter, emerged, in the things that really count, from barbarism?

The New Age Encyclopedia published by Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Company, Ltd., London, 1925, has, on Page 122, Volume Nine, this choice bit of history:

"St. Mihiel. This was the first important action in the war undertaken by the American Army separately. Success was more cheaply attained than might otherwise have been the case, for the Germans were themselves on the point of evacuating the salient. By anticipating this move the Allies reaped an immediate and profitable victory. The forty-mile front was held by six weak German divisions—about fifty thousand men—with two divisions in reserve. Pershing's First American Army had six divisions and two in reserve, and as an American division includes thirty thousand troops, it will be seen that the attackers were in overwhelming force. But they had, besides, the assistance of French troops, together with heavy concentration of artillery and about a thousand tanks," and so on.

Strange how easily the English forget and how they dislike it when the shoe is placed on the other foot. In Notre Dame de Paris there is one of the most impressive tablets a man can find. It is of stone and it is emblazoned with the arms and the scarlet of Great Britain. It is small, and on it are the words: "To the memory of over a million men of the British Empire who lie buried in French soil." And yet last summer the French papers were filled with editorials in which, lumping Englishman and American together, we were asked how we dared come to France with our money when we had given only in gold and France had given in flesh and blood?

Only in gold! When England or France talks about us in such a way, I remember the four million and a half American soldiers who were raised in a year and a half of warfare. The one hundred and twenty-six thousand American dead—not a bad record for so short a time—and the men who died in camp or hospital died just as surely as the thirty-seven thousand or so who died in battle; the thousands of Americans still in hospitals; several friends who even nowadays occasionally shriek in their sleep because they are wading in the blood of the Argonne; a whole generation of American boys pretty nearly ruined for the term of its life. And I remember how, even on this side, I saw the coffins piled ten deep from influenza and measles. Only in gold!

This is not sentimentality, merely decency.

No, it does not do to call names or to make generalizations. The ignorant may be convinced, but not those who have been about. Let me, in conclusion, show Mr. Wells and his coadjutors just how some hypothetical American could describe England—even a well-intentioned American; that is, if he wished to dwell solely on English follies and vices and not on English virtues—and yet say nothing that was untrue and nothing that, on the other hand, was just. It would be rather in the spirit of the Scotchman who, after damning everything French, added, "And that from a well-wisher, too." The description will sound strange to English ears, coming from American lips. I doubt if it has been done often enough.

A Distorted Picture

Let us begin. I know England better than Mr. Wells knows America, although I can't be quite as sweeping as he or Aldous Huxley, since my mind works naturally in categories. I am bound to divide the English into classes. I will, however, play for a little while the part of the hypothetical American.

Very well, then. I despise the English upper classes. I think they are the stupidest, most conventional, silliest and least progressive upper classes I have ever met, and above all, the most inhuman. The vicious ones are as conventional and inhuman in their vices as the good ones are in their virtues. They are the only people I know who delight in rudeness. But they are bullies; for if you challenge them they wilt. I understand the Frenchman, the Italian and the Spaniard; but I don't understand the Englishman, and no one else does. Nor do I care to. He is all in shadow save for flashes of vulgarity, snobbishness, cruelty and meanness. He has no honesty about money and no honor about women. He is constantly subjected to a disintegrating publicity.

There are half a dozen periodicals devoted solely to describing his comings and goings and to printing photographs of him. He cannot eat a sandwich at a race meet without being snapshotted. I am tired of seeing him being married under an arch of swords and making one of a party formed for the purpose of shooting tame birds. Far from being frank—as he imagines himself to be—he seldom says what he means,

Valley Creek Near Valley Forge, Pennsylvania

and he is so hedged in by tradition and accepted standards that what he says means very little anyhow. His dialect is more sparse than any other human being, save the Eskimo, as Ernest Hemingway aptly remarks, and he has no metaphors whatsoever; simply slang phrases, horribly bent and flattened by excessive use. The lover wrung to ecstasy may say, "You're a decent little vixen." The phrase for all occasions seems to be "Rather!" And since we are going into things deeply, I might add that I particularly dislike the fact that the English upper classes so seldom change their underclothes, when they wear any. I do not like the custom of playing a game all afternoon and then coming in and taking a bath and putting on again what you just took off.

In other words, English society, to the mind of the hypothetical American, seems a butlers' society—a society where a man is judged more by his clothes than by his mind or his manners or his grace. This American, for instance, knows of no other great city in the world, save London, where a decent man cannot enter any restaurant he wants after dark without evening clothes. In Paris or New York it is taken for granted that a gentleman wears evening clothes if he wants to, or if he hasn't them on, that there is some good reason for the lack; but the Englishman apparently does not know a gentleman unless he wears a white tie. Here then is a country run by tailors for tailors who have left off tailoring to become peers.

As to the English middle classes——But I will stop. I cannot talk about the English middle classes lest I think too much of adenoidal teeth and a sickening familiarity; nor will I talk about the English lower classes lest a vision of the gray, sodden wastes of London and Manchester come up to me, and the sweet, sickish smell of gin. In fact, I will not go on at all, for what I am doing is absurd, insulting and impertinent, even if the English visitor to America does not know it. England has many sides to her. Indeed, I still think, as I have always thought, that the future of the world lies, and must lie, with the English-speaking peoples. When I was young I imagined this union might be effected by sympathy and by some such talk as "hands across the sea." Now I know it cannot be done that way. Let a man mention "hands across the sea" now and watch what happens to him. If he is not derided as a sentimentalist he will be hissed as a hypocrite. A new approach is necessary, and that is what I have been attempting.

If the English cannot like us, they must at least be made to respect us. At all events, of one thing I am certain and will always be certain: When it comes to deep going the English and Americans understand each other better than they understand anyone else. On the surface the French and the Americans are happier in each other's company, because both nations appreciate the value of politeness, but in a crisis politeness is not what counts. I have always been sure that if you lock an Englishman and an American up together where they can't get out, inside of a week, if they haven't killed each other, they will emerge fast friends.

And now we come to the real reasons why Mr. Wells and the rest of them fall into such gross errors, and one of these reasons is also the reason, referred to before, why, if any country develops a world mind, it will be America.

Europe's One Interest

For one European who has visited America there are a hundred Americans who have visited Europe; for one European who knows anything about America, there are a hundred Americans who know a great deal about Europe. To begin with, most Americans are Europeans comparatively recently transplanted. Mr. Wells cannot cut us off and make a separate race of monsters out of us. Even three hundred years is not enough to clear racial traditions and folkways out of a man's unconsciousness, and consciously there is not an American family of the educated or semi-educated classes which does not bear in mind knowledge of its particular European descent, near or distant. But that is by no means all. American children are brought up on European classics, European fairy tales, European myths. All great European books are immediately translated into English and sold in America. American papers carry an immense amount of foreign news; European papers carry very little American news, and most of that, canards. Contrary to common opinion and despite the insularity and laziness of the average American, he is, none the less—whether he knows it or not—much more interested in Europe, and that in a more intelligent fashion, than is the European interested in him or his country. Every year about two hundred thousand Americans go to Europe who have never been there before.

On his part, the average European is interested in only one American thing, and that is American money. The eagerness of the lower classes to come to America has only one motive; the visits of the business classes have only one purpose; the conclusions of the upper classes are formed before they enter. America means gold to Europe and has meant that since the conquistadors of Cortés. Surely not a tactful way to approach any race; and if the European finds the American more and more inclined to speak only with his wealth, and that in a domineering fashion, he has only himself to blame, since he has taught the American that that is the way to make the European come to his call. The American is a little weary of trying to make the European love him for himself alone.

Egocentric Parenthood

The average European does not read American books, except when, as in the case of Elmer Gantry, Babbitt and An American Tragedy, they flatter his preconceived notions. He does not read American newspapers or reviews; he does not buy American paintings; he knows nothing and cares less about the inner heart of America; and, most important of all, he seldom meets the American upon the basis on which he meets all other white races. To get along with the average Englishman, the American has either to fight, keep quiet, or else allow himself to be regarded as an exotic pet. English society is sprinkled with exotic American pets. They take the place of the dwarfs of the eighteenth century.

Europe stands in regard to America exactly in the position—not uncommon—of many parents toward their children. Old age has a tendency to become disinterested, to become even more egocentric than youth, to become cold and selfish. There are a good many old people who are aware of their offspring only for what their offspring can bring them. But that is never true of the offspring. Children invariably bear toward their parents a sentimental interest, no matter how inaptly expressed or apparently quiescent, or even, as often happens, emerging in the shape of hatred and rebellion.

At least half of the American population expects to go to Europe at one time or another, and when they go, spread out before them, in architecture, in art, in countless ways, is the soul of Europe from the beginning. Many, to be sure, fail to assimilate any of this, but the vast majority assimilates a great deal.

In short, the American, all save those of Oriental or African descent, is a European with something added, while the European can never be an American unless actually he becomes one. Perhaps this is the reason why certain Americans seem to me fundamentally older souled than any Europeans. They have a certain shining benevolence, a rather beautiful humbleness never found in a European. I do not mean that there are not millions of loud and vulgar and unpleasant Americans. I am speaking of an especial, gently bred type. And even those not so gently bred are willing by the myriads to spend patient and humble years trying to learn all that England and France and Italy and Germany can give them.

Something very fine has come and is coming from this patience and humbleness. Meanwhile many Americans can understand Europe; no European can understand America—not completely—not even Keyserling or Bertrand Russell.

Reason Number Two why no foreigner can understand us—least of all an Englishman—is that at the very beginning all foreigners make concerning us a denial they make toward no other country—they deny us all semblance of class, using the word "class" in a sensible way. No wonder Mr. Wells is able to attack our universities because, in An American Tragedy, a bell boy commits a murder. No doubt he imagines that Mr. Lowell of Harvard is merely a bell boy gone good.

Naturally, therefore, no description of America is typical or realistic unless it is written in a language which the foreigner chooses to think is American and unless it describes people the like of whom he has never known before. Again, this is especially true of the Englishman, since his ancestors invented the English language and left it to him, apparently, in secret patent. An American book which is not exotic—and as a rule, vulgarly exotic—is not American, but merely an imitation of something European. It may have to do only with America; it may describe accurately the American scene, American characters, American psychology; it may have the mysterious and individual pulse of America in it; but none the less, it is an imitation. Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, for instance, is American; The Lost Lady is not. Why not both? The American writer is in a predicament. Having been born to speak and write English, he is not supposed to do either.

I have before me a clipping from the London Spectator, headed The Blatant Beast in America. Yes, yes, you have guessed it. It is a review of Elmer Gantry.

"The novelists of the United States are a distinguished company," writes the reviewer. "Some are still European in their souls and styles. A transatlantic birth has but given a new twist to their petals, a sharp flavor to their honey, something hybrid, even morbid, to their grace. Christopher Morley, Elinor Wylie, Joseph Hergesheimer, James Branch Cabell are varying examples. But another group—Sherwood Anderson, Theodore Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, Ruth Suckow in her minor mode—have been developed from American conditions and are absorbed in American affairs."

The People Who are America

In other words, if an American describes gentle people going about their comparatively well-bred ways in a country that after all is Anglo-Saxon by tradition, custom, speech and law, if by no means by blood, he cannot be talking about Americans or thinking in American. But if he describes—and this is not said in disparagement of the writers involved—a lecherous scoundrel, a murderous bell boy, a hypocritical business man, or a Middle Westerner blackly drunk with sex, there, then, is the real America. The people who on the whole most decidedly run America—the American educated classes—do not count, for it is obvious that there can't be any gentle people in America going about their comparatively well-bred ways since, in America, there are no gentle people—they all live in Europe.

Undoubtedly American life is fluid; undoubtedly the country was founded on the supposition that all men, as much as is humanly possible, should have an equal opportunity; but undoubtedly America, like every other nation in the world, is marked by all the perplexing differences of human society. Class is inescapable. It is inherent in human affairs. If three men were cast away upon a desert island, within six months there would be class. Men are not born equally gracious, equally brave, equally intelligent. Nor is there any nation in which the gracious, the brave and the intelligent are not on the whole, despite the smallness of their numbers, the ruling element and the element to which all other elements, consciously or unconsciously, look up. Moreover, Mr. Wells, of all people, should know that there is no social or political theory intrinsically so aristocratic as the democratic one.

The third and final reason why, not this time the foreigner in general, but the Englishman solely, can never hope to understand America, is because the Englishman has always persisted and will continue to persist in his delusion that Americans are close to him in blood. We are not allowed a common speech or ideas in common, but we must share a common lineage. As a result, to all the other irritations involved, there is added the irritation a father always feels toward a self-willed son.

A Lesson From Spain

We are not English—only a small per cent of us. The English blood in America is filtered thin. But we are Celtic—a vast number of us. On the whole, we are a Celtic, or, in much smaller proportions, a Teutonic people, living, as said before, under Anglo-Saxon traditions, customs, speech and laws. When Mr. Wells understands the Irish, the Scotch, the Welsh, the Germans and the Scandinavians—something no Englishman has ever done—he may begin to understand us, but not until then. Understanding the Frenchman won't help him a bit, unless, among the French, he includes the Bretons. Even in his own land I doubt if the Cornishman likes Mr. Wells unreservedly. Mr. Wells is too Anglo-Saxon, too cocksure, too bland, even if his name has in it a trace of Cornwall.

I am reminded of what a Turk said to me a little while ago. I had been praising Kemal Pasha. He touched his chest and head, and said, "Thank you to God, sir. And now, if you will all leave us alone for a little while we will try to do something."

The Spanish are a wise race. For centuries they have lived in the midst of Europe, and for the past two hundred years they have not allowed this to bother them in the least. They travel about a great deal, they are always polite, smiling, good-humored; utterly Spanish and utterly self-contained. If the rest of Europe does not like them, that is Europe's fault. Occasionally they eat with their knives; they are not ashamed.

Just at present I am in a place fifteen hundred miles from New York and almost five thousand from England—to be exact, in the northwestern corner of Yellowstone Park. I am sitting in a most comfortable hotel lobby and all about me are exceedingly polite and pleasant bell boys and a multitude of tourists who, for the most part, are as soft-spoken, as well-mannered, as well dressed as any I have seen, and infinitely more patient. And it is difficult to be pretty and patient as a tourist. To the north, south, east and west is wilderness; range after range of uninhabited mountains. Fifty-seven years ago there was nothing here at all, for the Indians feared this stretch of country and kept out of it. Instead of wondering why we have done so little, Mr. Wells and the shade of Henry James might profitably pass their time wondering how we have managed to do so much.

The greatest misfortune that ever befell America was when it came to be regarded as a phenomenon, a great experiment, a melting pot—the last of which it never was and now is prevented from being by law. If our visitors would simply regard us as a nation of one hundred and twenty millions, marked, as is every nation, by all strata of human class and intelligence, by all human virtues and vices and follies, a nation doing on the whole the best it can, they would understand us better.

It is the European who is inhuman when he approaches America, not the American who is inhuman—unless outrageously approached.

Distinct . . . as the separate notes of a song

. . these flavors that are mingled

WHAT WOMAN has not known this thrill? When the success of some new dish is certain—when the family lingers at table and forgets to hurry?

Back of it all, no single thing she merely bought—but her own handiwork: a linking of taste to taste, to create some wholly new delight.

"Seldom," writes one noted authority, "does our greatest pleasure come from foods just as nature yields them." How true this is of one food we all enjoy!

From many distant lands, hundreds of different kinds and grades of coffee have been brought to us for years. Flavors in some as distinct as the separate notes of a song. Others with differences almost too fine to taste.

Yet no one of these has ever pleased the critical people throughout the entire country. It is a rich mingling of flavors—a special blend from the old South that has won the first real nation-wide fame that ever came to a coffee.

The largest selling coffee in the United States

The special shade of mellow goodness which Joel Cheek created years ago in old Tennessee, and which delighted the great families of Dixie, is today swiftly changing the habits of a nation. From New York to Los Angeles, Maxwell House Coffee is pleasing more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale.

A new experience awaits you. When you pour your first cup of this blend, when you taste its smooth, full-bodied liquor, you will realize why Maxwell House Coffee has become so famous. There is new pleasure at breakfast and dinner, in its special, mellow goodness. Your grocer has Maxwell House Coffee in sealed blue tins. Cheek-Neal Coffee Company, Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York, Los Angeles, Chicago.

The same coffee, with all the rare flavor that delighted the guests at the old Maxwell House, is now on sale at all better grocery stores everywhere

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

It is pleasing more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale

WHITE HANDS

(Continued from Page 32)

lost in the forest; and being lost, he remembered, was primarily a state of mind, a surrender to blind fear, a relapse to panic. He could see where she had run this way and that way, where she had torn foolishly through briers and underbrush, where she had stumbled weakly over a rock ledge, where she had staggered on and fallen and left a small splotch of blood on the dried caribou moss across which she had collapsed. But she had gone on again, like a wounded doe, with no sense of direction and no lucid thought of destination.

He knew, as he followed those uncertain steps, that she could not be far ahead of him. But his brow knitted as he studied the signs she had left behind her. They made up a record of struggle that was both determined and desperate. She was, he could see, humiliatingly intent on getting away from him. It was not easy for him to understand white women. And she might be still unwilling, whatever her straits, to have him rejoin her.

But in that, he remembered, he had no choice. And it would be settled now before much more ground was covered, for he could see by the freshness of the tracks that he was close on her heels. He even shouted from time to time, and stood motionless, straining his ears for some answering call. But no answer came back to him.

So he pressed on, moody and silent, unconscious of his own hunger, of the woodland heat that left his face wet with sweat. He looked up once, sniffing at the pearl-misted air like an animal, and still again the frown deepened between his crow-black level eyebrows as he stared up at the sky that was now more brazen than blue.

"No wind!" he muttered gratefully. For that faintly modifying light, that indefinite pearl mist in the air, meant fire somewhere in the distance. And this, he knew, was not the time and place for bush fires. So he hastened his steps as he followed the erratic trail through bracken and thicket and jack pine, and then on through shadowy and clean-floored spruce lands, where the resinous boles stood so close that they left little room for undergrowth.

Then, just beyond a rock shelf in the thinning timber, he found her. He found her fallen forward on her face, half panting and half sobbing with helplessness. She did not seem to know him at first, and even after he had carried water to her and bathed her scratched and bloodstained face, she remained indifferent to his presence.

That torpor of listlessness remained with her until he had carried her to a more comfortable resting place and fed her from his ration pack and explained to her that he was taking her back to her own people.

He let her sleep for an hour, sitting beside her and studying her face as she slumbered. She was no longer entirely lovely to look upon; but her relaxed body, for all its tattered clothing and lacerated skin and deep-shadowed face, left him with his habitual touch of awe when in her presence. He was still in some way afraid of her, as he had always been afraid of her. She was, after all, not of his race and his world. And he had a nameless fear of her complexities, just as he knew a nameless discomfort in studying the overintricate machinery of the white man, his mysteriously propelled automobiles and his incredible flying machines. She was, like them, intricately and delicately beautiful. But she was beyond his comprehension. And now, even with that trampled air of exhaustion hanging over her, she was wonderful to look upon, to be near, if only for another day.

But Black Arrow was not at peace with his own soul. He stirred uneasily at the end of an hour and looked up at the afternoon sun that shone less opulently down through the pearl mist slowly deepening in the sky. He noticed for the first time a rising breeze that stirred the spruce tops and gave birth to a faint sighing sound in their lower branches. And his face darkened as he sniffed, animal-like, at the thin but pungent odor that gave birth to a vague disquiet in his body.

He wakened her at that, and was relieved to find her, once she had groped her way back to consciousness, both lucid and self-possessed. "We must go on," he reminded her.

"Is it late?" she asked, with a perplexed look at the more pallid afternoon light about her.

"No, but there's a bush fire to the north of us and we've got to get through to open water."

"What open water?" she asked, still frowning.

"There's Half-Moon Lake ahead of us," he explained. "We ought to make that. We'll be all right there, no matter what happens."

"What could happen?" she asked, as she struggled to her feet.

Black Arrow's shrug was an evasive one. "I've a canoe cached at Half-Moon -an old canoe I use for my fishing. That'll make it easier for us to go on to Wapanapi. And if we can't get to Half-Moon, we can at least get to Lac Roulette and raft over."

"All right," she said, quietly enough. But she was not unconscious, a moment later, of his anxious glance back over his shoulder. "Where is that fire?" she demanded.

"It's away back," averred Black Arrow.

"Is there any danger?" she questioned, stopping short and fixing her gaze on the other's barricaded face.

"Not unless this wind gets stronger," was his answer. "But I want to be on the safe side. And once we get the canoe it will be easier for you."

She did not seem entirely satisfied with this. "But if fire comes," she persisted, "what can we do?"

"Just what we're doing—get out to open water."

"But didn't I hear someone say that people can back-fire in cases like that?"

"This timber," he explained, as they forged on, "is too heavy for that. It takes time—time to burn up trees of this size, time to die down and clear up. And it won't be needed, anyway."

He spoke casually, and he tried to appear casual as he turned to lift her over a windfall. But as he glanced up at the graying sky he was disturbed to see a flock of wild birds streaming southward, a prolonging army of them, a migration of them, emitting unfamiliar calls as they went, big birds and small birds together, in a newfound armistice of unrest.

"It reminds me of an eclipse," said the white woman, as they stopped knee-deep in a brawling brook to drink of the root-tinctured water. And from the open rock tops beyond the brook she stopped to look back.

"I can smell smoke," she cried. "And that wind is getting stronger." She panted on, however, instinctively responding to his hurried pace.

"How far away is that lake?" she asked, with her hand pressed against her side.

"Not far," he equivocated. "Are you tired?"

"Not very," was her adequately courageous response. But in spite of herself, she was lagging a little behind him.

"I can carry you when you want it," he reminded her. She started to laugh at that, acidly, but the laugh died on her lips.

"Is it that bad?" she asked.

To that question Black Arrow essayed no reply. He was disheartened at the moment by the discovery of several animals of the wild trotting determinedly along in the same direction, running steadily southward, preoccupied with a common impulse, oblivious of one another, and of even that ancestral enemy known as man. Janet leaned against a tree trunk, grateful for her moment's rest, when he stopped abruptly to look back and listen. He seemed reassured by what he heard or failed to hear.

"Can you keep on?" he asked, as they went plunging down a gray-misted alleyway fringed with broom-top spruce.

"Sure," she said with forced lightness. But she was glad enough by this time to save her breath. Yet sharp as seemed the tightening band about her straining lungs, she was startled the next moment to glimpse a flurry of red deer through the ghostly tree trunks—red deer heading south. The sun, she saw, was entirely blotted out. And a little later, through the unearthly gray twilight, she made out a she bear and her cubs, scuffling southward. Everything, in fact, was traveling southward with the wind. Then came two foxes, lean and sinewed and self-contained, without even a side glance at the two humans staggering along behind them. And on their heels loped a gray flutter of hares, thinking only of the wider and redder enemy behind them. Even a stodgy beaver, waddling from side to side as it forced speed from its short legs, succeeded in outdistancing the panting woman.

"We must go faster," Black Arrow was calling back to her.

She made an effort to call out "All right," but the words failed to form themselves. She was wondering, with a dreamy sort of unconcern, just when her heart would burst. She could feel the tang of smoke in her throat, biting sharper. But she refused to give up. She went stumbling on after the forward-bent malodorous figure in front of her, veering when he veered, mopping the salt sweat from her eyes as she ran. She was thinking of water by this time, of cooling and freshening and dark-green water, of runneling and gurgling and singing water crowned with fairy arcs of mist, of drenching and thunderous breakers on a sandy beach, crested with foam and tumbling blue-green over her panting body. And then the inevitable happened. The leaden agony of weariness crept up from her legs to her body, from her body to her brain, and she fell forward in her tracks with a little moan of surrender. She lay very still, her breast pumping.

Black Arrow had to help her to her feet and hold her up. He could feel her body shake against his own. "I'll have to carry you," he said. He spoke huskily but quietly, and his self-possession shamed her into drawing back from his grasp.

"No, no," she gasped. "Just a moment." She stood fighting to regain her breath, setting her jaw as she motioned for him to go on again. But the smoke bothered her more and more, and her vision was no longer clear. She knew well enough what was behind them by this time, and she pictured to herself what it would be like to die by fire, to have a living wave of it sweep over you, as a breaker sweeps over a beach idler. It wouldn't last long, of course, but it would be hell for a moment. The mere thought of it gave her a brief second wind of panic. But she could no longer be sure of her footing, and she feared at any moment that she might fall again. So she reached out, in her dilemma, to clutch for the foolish beaded belt of her guide. She found it and pawed at it blindly, but her fingers were without the strength to close on that sustaining girdle, and once more she fell.

"I can't do it!" she gasped, her wet face pressed close to the cooling club moss where she lay. "Don't wait for me. I'm not—not worth it."

"I must carry you now," proclaimed Black Arrow, after one quick glance back over his shoulder.

"No, no!" she panted. "Go on!"

But Black Arrow refused to go on. "We can make Lac Roulette," he said, as he stopped to pick her up, "and that will save us."

She shuddered against his shoulder as a new sound came to her ears. It was something more than the mere sound of wind. It was a muffled roar shot through with a fainter crackling noise, like the far-off rattle of musketry. And instead of a vague and enveloping gray pall now, the smoke was a wide and driving current of striated murk, rolling up on them as they went. She could see, when she lifted her head, that the upper billows had taken on a faint tinge of red. That meant fire, the reflection of fire, and it sent a new tingle of terror through her tired body. She understood then why the air was thick with dragon flies, with moths, with unknown insects, all traveling in the same direction, all in flight before that pursuing wall of destruction. She could even make out a snowy owl, dazed and silent in its flight, drifting onward through the dark tree trunks, and it, too, was traveling southward.

The white woman no longer revolted against the ignominy of her position, where the moist-shirted Indian had flung her so unceremoniously across his shoulder. He was running now, with a stride a little longer than a dogtrot, bent forward from the waist, so that her arms lay along his wet back and she could twine her fingers in under his beaded belt and steady her body against the shock of his slowly accelerated steps. They were descending a long valley slope, clean-floored as a park, with a pooled stream at its bottom. As they plunged into this stream a marten swam beside them, so intent on escape that it went oblivious of their presence. Black Arrow did not stop to drink, as she had hoped. He did not even slacken his pace, as he went up the opposing slope. But at the crest of the slope he wavered a little and came to a stop. She slipped from his shoulder, as he did so, and was glad to lie in a tumbled heap at his feet as he leaned against a tree trunk panting.

"Come on!" he commanded, almost roughly, as he groped for her in the gray light. "We've got to make it!"

"I can go," she gasped, fighting her way to her feet. "Go on! Don't carry me!"

He did not argue about it, for across the valley they had just traversed they could see an ominous dull crown of flame that ripened even as they looked into a living wall of fire, a rolling and roaring and seething wall that snatched writhing tree tops into its black-and-red vortexes of fury and volleyed the heavens with glowing embers.

The white woman turned away from it and ran. She ran with her hands before her, in a childlike attitude of expectation. But the goal she seemed to look for was not there, and she could not run far. Her throat burned and the strength oozed out of her legs. She knew that she would fall again, that no grimness of will could hold her up. She tried to call out to Black Arrow, to tell him to keep on, to leave her behind.

He must have heard that gurgle of despair, for he swung abruptly about and picked her up again.

"I'm not worth it," she said in a foolish little wail. "Don't bother about me."

But he was fighting his way forward again, holding her, as he went, across his chest, as a woman carries a small child. He could not run so fast, thus burdened, but he was running with all his strength, with the ancestral doggedness of the hunter and tracker and *coureur de bois*, with the accumulated sullen pertinacity of the red-man blood that had brought him into the world.

"There's water ahead!" he gasped, as he heard her repeated whimper of agony at the crackle and roar that seemed to be closing in around them. "We'll make it!"

She wanted to believe him, but she knew it was too late. For already she could feel the blast of a hot and blighting wind on her face, she could see, from pine ridge to pine ridge on either side of them, the resinous timber give itself to that pursuing fury, throw itself into its maw and explode with fresh exultations of dancing crimson. But

(Continued on Page 116)

Again This Year ~

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—*Eddie Hearne*

8th "Of course I used Perfect Circle Compression and Oil-Regulating rings in my Detroit Special at Indianapolis. They are good enough for me always."

—*Tommy Milton*

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10th "Finished tenth in five hundred mile race with Junior Elgin Special using your Oil-Regulating and Compression rings. Your rings are very reliable and I have used them in all races I have driven in the last three years."

—*Frank Elliott*

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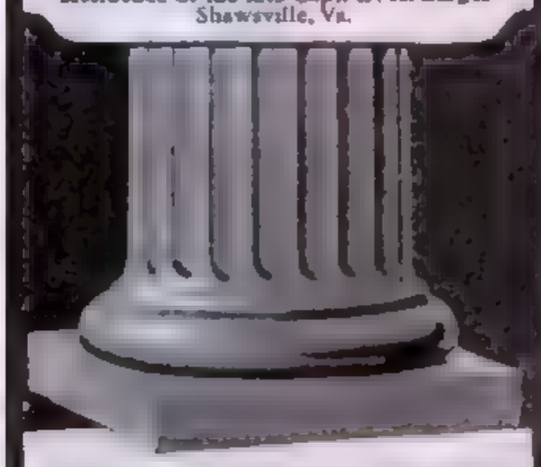

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before she was quite conscious of it, they had emerged from the heavy timber and were doubling along a twisted aisle floored with thin-fissured rock, an aisle that ended on a small open promontory. On the edge of this promontory she saw a heavy-bodied black bear standing solitary and monumental in the thick air. It looked prehistoric and dreamlike, but it no longer amazed her. She could see it lift its hoglike snout and show a moist red throat within three feet of her, as it gave voice to a forlorn bellow of perplexity.

But Black Arrow neither heeded it nor paused for it. He threw himself over the lip of rock and went tumbling and staggering and sprawling down a long slope of loose pebbles, runneled and windrowed with sand, sometimes knee-deep in the rubble as he went. He lost control of himself as he reached the bottom, recovered himself and tumbled again. The two entangled bodies went rolling over and over until the force of their flight expended itself, leaving them lying on a cooling mattress of water sedge and lily pads along the shallow shore of a lake, across which, at the moment, a bull moose was snorting and threshing its preoccupied way.

Janet could feel the water oozing up about her hot flesh, and the coolness of it, the soft wetness of it, was infinitely relieving. She even turned half over, where her cheek lay on its surface as on a cushion, and sucked some of the tepid green liquid up through her parched lips. She was willing, she felt, to lie there forever and forever, to lie there and think of nothing. It disturbed her, accordingly, when she saw that Black Arrow was struggling to his feet.

"We can't stay here," he was calling out to her. "There'll be too much heat when this heavy timber burns."

He was reaching for her, but she seemed still reluctant to rise.

"Can you swim?" he asked, as he glanced back over his shoulder.

"No," she told him, pressing her fevered arms into the cooling green water between the lily pads.

"Then, quick," he commanded, with another glance along the misted shore line.

She pulled herself together, kneeling in the leafy shore water as she looked up at him. Her mind was clearer by this time, and the grayness of his haggard bronze face made her think of a last year's oak leaf, a weathered oak leaf streaked with soot.

"Aren't we safe?" she asked, her voice coming husky from her smoke-scorched throat.

"I must get the canoe," he told her. "You will need it to keep wide of the smoke clouds, and to go on again when the fire passes."

"Can't we wait until then?" she gasped, shaken by a terror of being left alone.

"But the canoe would burn," he called back, as he staggered heavily along the bank slope. She saw, as her eye followed him, the wall of fire that was already sweeping along the rock ridge above them, sending gray-blue billows of smoke toward them as it raged. The sight of it sent a renewing wave of terror through her body. She even started after him, stumbling knee-deep through the root-tangled shore water. But she was dazed by heat and smoke and fell headlong across a piece of driftwood that lay in her path. She saw, as she struggled to keep her head above water, that it was a forked tree trunk, half afloat, and that she had fallen between its two sun-bleached branches. She let herself sink weakly forward into the narrowing angle between those two sustaining arms. The impact set the timber afloat and her numbed brain was prompted by the heat so close behind her to find her way out to open water.

So she pushed her divided log free of the shore weeds, and when her feet could no longer touch bottom she paddled weakly with her hands, first on one side and then on the other. Through the billowing gray cloud that enveloped her came burning brands that fell hissing into the water. But these failed to trouble her. What troubled her most was the thought of Black Arrow, and next to that was the smoke—the ever-darkening smoke that stung her throat and made it hard for her to breathe.

This smoke made it equally hard for her to see, and she fell to wondering how she would ever make out to meet Black Arrow in his canoe when he came. Then, as she floated on, splashing the cooling water over her head and shoulders and cupping her quavering hands before her face in a foolish effort to shut out the acrid pall that stung so sharply, stung right down to her very lungs, she fell to wondering why it was taking Black Arrow so long.

Someone, she remembered, had called him a lazy dog, a side-show Indian who had gone back to the blanket. Yet he had been anything but lazy that day. He had been a Trojan. He had come dangerously close to being a hero. He had been almost noble—yes, a noble red man, like the kind that she and other pop-eyed children had once read about, like the kind that Casey said no longer existed. He was a queer mixture, was Black Arrow, and she didn't want anything to happen to him—not now. He'd been bigger, all along, than she had. He'd thought less about himself and hurt others less. And being a little unsteady in the head, she croaked aloud, with a grimace of hysteria:

"'You Lazarushian-leather, Gunga Din. . . . You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!'"

She wondered where she had heard that. But she couldn't remember, and she didn't much care. She wished she could call up Peter, dependable old Peter, and tell him she wanted a tonic for her morals. She wished there was a bell she could reach so she could order a couple of pillows, and something to put on her hands, which were sore and scratched and swollen. They weren't very pretty hands any more. She could see them a little plainer now, and that meant the smoke was getting thinner. It meant that Black Arrow would have a better chance of seeing her in her crazy old tree crook when he came paddling his light canoe across that Lazarushian lake where all the poor little fishes were turning their tummies up to the sky. And she'd be doing the same if Black Arrow didn't come soon. Or if it was her father who came, he'd certainly not be able to complain about her hands. He'd be satisfied with 'em at last. But he wouldn't be satisfied with her. No, he couldn't be. She hadn't played quite fair. She could see that, now that it was all pretty well over.

"It's a dirty deal I've been giving dad," she croaked indifferently, as her drifting tree trunk grated against a gravel bar below the blackened and still smoldering shore line. But she was too indifferent to notice it. "A dirty deal," she repeated dreamily, as her head drooped wearily against the sun-bleached log crutch.

XVI

CASEY, as he flew back with a tankful of gasoline and his cockpit half filled with five-gallon cans of extra fuel for Doctor Summers and his pilot, decided on a little detour of his own. It was still early and the air was crystal clear. He could easily scout over as far as Lac Lumier and be back in time for breakfast.

Yet his spirits were none too light as he scanned the unrolling panorama of the pinelands. It was, he remembered, no place for a tenderfoot, and no place for a woman. Every day and every hour that passed would make the situation more serious, and if there was any finding to be done, he wanted to figure in it.

His pulse quickened a little accordingly when, against the ruffled dark green of the forest floor far ahead of him, he thought he saw the faint gray drift of smoke from a camp fire. As he dropped down and swung over it, however, he discovered that it was nothing more than the floating spray above a mad little waterfall. Yet as he mounted again, swinging slowly eastward, he made out a second drift of gray against the furred green of the landscape several miles to the north. It came from beside a small and silvery-watered lake at the end of a twisted thread of river—a lake that made him think of a silver herring on the end of a slack line. But as he swooped down on that quietly rising column of gray he saw that it was, indeed, smoke—the smoke of a camp fire. He could see a diminished figure moving about this fire, an overturned canoe on the near-by beach, a second figure standing almost knee-deep in the lake water.

That second figure looked like a woman—a woman with white arms and shoulders—and as far as he could make out, she seemed to be washing in the unruffled lake shallows.

She was barefooted, he saw, as she suddenly stood upright and turned and ran ashore. But a moment later she was running back toward the lake brink, waving a pale-gray garment of some kind over her head.

Casey's heart skipped a beat as he heeled down into the lake water, turning its quicksilver quietness into a decrescendo tumult of sound.

"That's Paddy," he said aloud as he drifted all too slowly shoreward. "That's Paddy," he repeated as he poled his weathered gondola end into the ribbed sand.

She was wading out to meet him, but he motioned her back. Her face, he noticed, looked pinched and there were shadows under her eyes.

"Jinny?" was the one word she uttered as he stood beside her on the sandy bank. But all her soul was in her face as she uttered that word.

"Not yet," he answered with a shake of the head. His quick glance made out old Pierre, calmly frying black bass in bacon fat over a fire of birchwood. "Are you all right?"

"Yes; but isn't there any word of Jinny?"

"We'll get her today," Casey assured the girl who had lost so much of her old-time audacity. She seemed very young and small and helpless against that background of rolling forest and tangled waterways.

"We?" she repeated, frowning.

"Your father's on Wapanapi," he explained, "and a man named Summers, with another plane. We can cover a lot of territory with our two boats. We're sure to dig her out before nightfall."

But Paddy refused to swallow that oversugared pill.

"She's such a poor little tenderfoot," murmured the girl with the suspiciously moist lashes.

"That sister of yours," ventured Casey in his man's maladroit effort to console her, "impressed me as a rather sagacious young woman."

"Kindly speak of her respectfully!"

That flash was as unexpected as a bolt from a summer cloud. "It's not insulting," he contended, "to say that a woman has intelligence."

"She's just a tenderfoot," countered Paddy, "in these Polar regions of yours."

"And she's probably just finding it out," amended Casey.

It surprised Paddy a little to find him refusing to back down before the threat of her enmity. But she respected him for it, she finally decided. The morose light in her eyes even softened, like meadowland from which a cloud shadow passes, as she stood watching him where he strode over to Pierre and fell to plying the impassive old Indian with questions. She watched him as he took up her blanket where it still lay on its mattress of pine boughs and proceeded to fold it up slowly and solemnly. He was disappointingly matter-of-fact about it all, Paddy concluded. He hadn't so much as said he was glad to see her. He hadn't said much of anything, she remembered; but there had been a light in his hard young eye that was balm to her troubled young soul. It was a light that women are seldom mistaken about.

(Continued on Page 118)

A new IROQUOIS
~and QUIET as ever!

This new *quiet* Iroquois is indeed beautiful in its all-metal cabinet—white enamel inside and outside! A thing of beauty that will prove a joy forever in any kitchen. It plugs into any electric socket, and can easily be moved about like any piece of furniture. And in operation it is as *quiet* as the gentle whispering of the woodland pines!

And it is so compact—occupying even less floor space than your favorite easy chair—only 61" high, 22½" deep, 26¼" wide—but what a lot of shelf space it has! 9½ square feet! More food storage capacity, too—5½ cubic feet—than is usual with an apartment type refrigerator!

Here's another important feature! This new Iroquois makes *110 ice cubes at one time—more than 9 pounds of ice!* And there is an extra tray to store ice cubes.

Just think of such a plenteous supply of crystal-clear ice cubes for chilling water and beverages—how refreshing these hot August days! Adding a few drops of fruit syrup to the water—or putting a cherry or a mint leaf into each little compartment—while freezing the cubes, gives an added touch of daintiness.

Besides these advantages, you get in this new apartment model all the other exclusive *quiet* Iroquois features. *Simplicity of construction—requires a minimum of servicing. Economical operation*—current cost less than ice in most localities. Automatically maintains a constant low temperature—nothing to remember, or forget.

You owe it to yourself to see the *quiet* Iroquois. And bear this in mind—it is a product of The Iroquois Electric Refrigeration Company, associate of The Barber Asphalt Company. Behind it are all the vast resources of a $40,000,000 corporation engaged in business for a half-century. Famous the world over for its Iroquois machinery; its Trinidad Lake Asphalt used in street paving, shingles, roofings, mastic flooring, built-up roofing and other asphaltic protective products.

Write to us and we will gladly send you our interesting booklet, and also tell you where you can see this new Iroquois. Notice particularly its *quietness*—a feature which distinguishes the entire Iroquois line—eight other sizes of all-metal porcelain enamel white or gray cabinets. Or you can get a quiet Iroquois electric refrigeration unit for your own ice box.

THE IROQUOIS ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION COMPANY, 1600 Arch Street, Philadelphia

Associate of The Barber Asphalt Company

DISTRIBUTORS: An exclusive arrangement for selling the quiet Iroquois offers exceptional opportunities. Write us for complete details—today!

IROQUOIS

The QUIET Electric REFRIGERATION

Fruit High Ball
as made in the QUIET Iroquois. A cherry is frozen in each ice cube.

French Vanilla Ice Cream
—frozen in the QUIET Iroquois Made early in the day —ready for dinner.

Iroquois Maple Walnut Pudding
—one of many tasty desserts easily and quickly made in the QUIET Iroquois.

THE CRISP DRY COLD OF A FROSTY NIGHT

CARE-FREE tires are essential to care-free days. Rolling up mile after mile of uninterrupted service—straight through two summers where the urge to faster speeds and sun-baked highways would wilt a tire of lesser quality. Never tampering with quality goes far to offset the ravaging effect of heat on tires.

Built in Akron, Ohio, by The General Tire and Rubber Co

The Mark of Lasting Tire Stores Everywhere

The GENERAL TIRE

—goes a long way to make friends

(Continued from Page 116)

So she was smiling a little forlornly as she made her way over to where he stood. His face was thoughtful as he took one of the pieces of hot fish in his hand and ate it.

"You're coming with me," he said, wiping his mouth.

"But I want to find Jinny," she objected.

"That's my job," he said, as he broke off a piece of bannock and sank his canine-white teeth into it.

"And I'm with Pierre," she reminded him.

"Then Pierre had better come too," was Casey's prompt enough decision.

"No go," proclaimed Pierre, frowning at the flying boat. "Me paddle."

Casey gave this a moment's thought. "All right," he said. "But you're coming back to Wapanapi?"

Pierre's old eyes were veiled. "By-um-by," he solemnly proclaimed.

"Why not now?" asked Casey.

"Me find um," was Pierre's reply.

"Find who?" queried Paddy.

"Black Arrow," was the answer.

"And then what?" prompted the girl.

But Pierre essayed no reply to that question. He busied himself instead in smothering what was left of the burned-out camp fire.

"He said once that he'd kill him," the troubled Paddy explained to Casey, as she moved with the leather-jacketed figure step by step toward the lake shore. "Do you think he'd do that?"

Casey's short bark of a laugh was both a trifle curt and a trifle indifferent. "He won't, for the simple reason that he'll never get near Black Arrow. He hasn't a chance in the world, mud-catting around these backwaters in a birch bark. That's our work—patrolling. And we can cover two hundred miles, where he couldn't cover ten."

Paddy stood staring out over the rolling tiers of timberland. "I'd do anything," she said, with her hands locked together, "if we'd only find her."

Casey looked down at her. "I may hold you to that," he said, with a little of the hardness gone from his face. She turned to him, at that, and studied him with an unwavering look. There was neither alarm nor agitation in her eyes. Her gaze, in fact, seemed more estimative than rapturous. "Casey," she said, still with that lake-water look about her eyes, "are you really wonderful or is it because you're the only pebble on my beach?"

"I'm not a pebble."

"No, but you're the only man in reach."

"Then why don't you take advantage of it?"

She managed a grimace. But it was not without a touch of tenderness. "This last few weeks," she irrelevantly observed, "has made me rather serious-minded."

"It's done worse to me."

"In what way?"

"I can't get you out of my empty head."

She turned about under the wide shadow of the flying boat's wing. "Why do you say that?"

"Because you're like the Grenadiers' Band going by on a sunny morning in April."

"Mostly brass?"

"No; all glory and music."

She studied him once more—studied him with eyes that were thoughtful and honest and a little shadowed. "I ought to have a comeback for that," she averred, "but I'm such a fool about you I can't think straight."

"Then you don't hate me?"

"Not by a long shot."

That avowal, however, brought no exultation to his face. He was buttoning his oil-stained flying jacket about his throat, but his fingers, for all his pretense at unconcern, were none too steady. It was Paddy who lifted her small and sunburned hands and quietly buttoned the top button for him.

"Will it work out?" she questioned, with her hands still clinging to his abraded coat lapels.

"Why shouldn't it?"

"I'm a bad lot."

"We all are."

She smiled at that, rather wintrily, her face still clouded by a sense of inadequacy in a scene that was in some way refusing to live up to its expectations.

"We're not doing this much in the story-book style, are we?" she demanded, as she turned toward the weathered gondola of the seaplane. "But I suppose it's really the wrong time to be happy."

"Oh, we'll revert to type," he said, as he stooped and unexpectedly caught her in his arms.

"What are you doing?" she cried, a little quaver in her voice.

"I don't want you to get wet," he explained, as he lifted her up into the cockpit. He was silent as he placed her in the worn leather seat behind the litter of gasoline cans still in their shipping crates.

"You adorable old dumb-bell," she murmured, as he buckled the seat straps about her. Her hand hovered over his bent head for a moment, but did not touch him. It was not until he had adjusted the last strap that he lifted his face and looked into her eyes.

Then, with an altogether unexpected savagery, he seized her in his arms. He held her close against his leather-covered shoulder and kissed her upturned mouth.

"You know, Casey," she said, as she got her breath back again and stared frowningly down at his control stick, "when you marry me you'll most certainly have to give up flying."

"I intend to," announced Casey. "And there are a number of things you may have to give up."

"I'm ready to," Paddy asserted with an altogether unexpected note of humility in her voice.

"And you don't hate me?" he repeated.

Her movement, as she turned to him, was one of abandonment.

"Oh, Casey," she cried with an ecstatic small shiver, "you most positively should be cut up into stars and pasted across the midnight sky!"

XVII

YOUNG Bodkin knew that John Winslow wasn't quite himself. He couldn't, of course, be expected to act altogether normally, with his womenfolks wandering around the open forest and so worried himself that he moaned in his sleep and went out to pace the dewy hills before it was quite daylight.

But Bodkin didn't expect to be cursed for making a bad landing which wasn't in any way his own fault. He had opposed that early morning hop-off from the first. He had explained that his gas was low, and he had wanted his breakfast, and he was supposed to take his orders from the city doctor, still asleep in his wall bunk. But old Winslow had a hunch and insisted on acting on it. The big bully had told Bodkin to fly, and Bodkin had flown. He had flown until his engine had stuttered and stopped and he had blamed near wrecked his machine in making a forced landing on a three-cornered frog pond of a lake where there was scarcely room for a trumpeter swan to heel down and come to rest. And they would stay there, notwithstanding all Winslow's bad language, until somebody stumbled across them and portaged in to them with a gas supply.

"Casey'll bring it," maintained Winslow, as he fell to pacing a stretch of yellow-white beach sand. "We'll give him a smoke signal so he can spot us."

"What good will that do?" demanded the breakfastless Bodkin. "He can't land in a duck pond like this."

"There's nothing yellow about Casey," averred the older man. "He'll land if he has to."

"And if he does, he smashes two planes at one crack. He'll see that the moment he flies over us. It simply can't be done."

"All right," agreed Winslow, "we'll have him drop our gas."

"And just how'll you tell him that?" was the none-too-pleasant inquiry.

Winslow stood silent a moment, engaged in the obvious effort of holding himself in. "I'll tell him, all right. And instead of whining there like a white-livered half-breed, you get busy and make a smudge fire on the end of that sand bank."

So while Bodkin slowly and sullenly built his signal fire, Winslow fell grimly to work carrying moss-greened stones down to the sand slope beside the lake. These he placed side by side, in rows and loops and curves twice the length of his body. And when Bodkin climbed to the crest of a near-by slope to make sure his smoke signal was floating high enough, he discovered that these cryptically placed stones, lying dark against the yellow-white sand, clearly spelled out the two words:

DROP GAS

"The old bird has brains," conceded Bodkin, as he made his way back to the water front.

But he was tempted to reverse that decision later on. For as the morning wore away and the sun swung higher and higher overhead, Winslow's restlessness sharpened to impatience and his impatience soured into a low-spirited irascibility that left him dangerous of approach. And when Winslow, frowning up at the pearl-misted sun, suddenly caught Bodkin by the arm and demanded to know if he smelled smoke, the younger man concluded that his fellow exile's nerves were pretty well shot to pieces. For sniff as he might at that warm and balmy summer air, he could catch no odor of smoke on the rising wind.

"That's a forest fire," proclaimed Winslow, his haggard face losing the last of its color.

"I think you're mistaken, sir," said Bodkin, with a glance toward his own signal smoke, now driving southward in a widening gray fan.

"That's a forest fire," repeated the older man, sniffing upwind, his heavy head thrown back. He made Bodkin think of an old hound—a big old hound baying an unfamiliar trail. But Bodkin, the next moment, was thinking of other things. For on his ear was stealing a far-off but familiar sound—the steady drone of an engine coming closer and closer through the faintly misted sunlight.

"That's a plane," he proclaimed, as he turned to climb to higher ground. "I can see him there above the tree tops."

"Which way is he headed?"

"This way, practically."

"It's Casey," said Winslow. "Thank God for Casey!" He was running, the next moment, to throw fresh punk wood on the signal fire.

"He sees us!" cried Bodkin, busy with his binoculars. "He's swinging round again."

But as the flying boat veered and swung lower and went over the triangular little lake with a crescendo roar of sound, Winslow was waving and gesticulating up and down the sandy beach without quite knowing he was doing so.

"It's all right, sir; he sees us," explained the younger man, his eye glued to his glasses as the engine roar diminished, faltered, and still again grew stronger. "There he comes again. He seems to have a—yes, there's a woman in that boat with him. He has a girl in there with him."

"Are you sure?" asked Winslow, in a voice that quavered.

"Yes, quite sure," was Bodkin's answer. "See, she's dropping a case over the side. That's some of our gas, and I guess I'll have to wade for it."

But Winslow wasn't listening to him. He was waving frantically back at a half-bare arm, a slender young arm, that was waving down to him over the cockpit's rim.

"That's my Paddy," said the man with the haggard face. There was a choke in his voice, but a little of the tragedy had slipped away from his reddened and restless eyes. "Yes, that's Paddy," he repeated, as the roaring engine once more arrowed overhead and another case fell splashing in the lake

(Continued on Page 131)

That's *One* Reason Why I Want 100 Men who can earn $600 a month

THE demand for *Fyr-Fyters* is growing fast. Five hundred million dollars' annual fire loss, 17 000 lives and the mortal dread of fire that's in everybody are reasons why we must get men in our open territory to take orders and supervise installations of *Fyr-Fyters*.

Selling *Fyr-Fyters* is comparatively easy, so powerful and convincing is the story of fire losses. Previous selling experience, although desirable, is unnecessary. Without charge we train our men to become high-powered salesmen in a short time, and they also become real fire-prevention experts. Earnings start immediately, no investment in stock or territorial rights asked.

Big Earnings Possible

Payne averaged $20.77 a day for 217 days; Graham and Mendenhall each averaged $100 a week working only part time; Depries made $500 one week; Hill sold 1400 *Fyr-Fyters* in one sale. In our records are many other instances of earnings of $50 to $60 a day and incomes of $3600 to $7200 a year by *Fyr-Fyter* men.

An Amazing Story for You to Tell

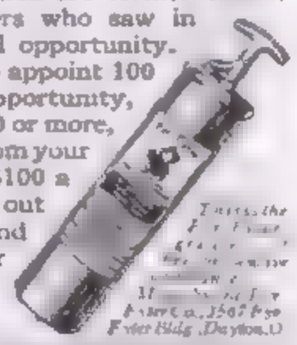
Read your daily paper, listen to the fire alarms, ask your local fire chief, notice the inflammable material everywhere and judge for yourself the need of *Fyr-Fyters* and why we are able to make this offer. Let us tell you the sensational story which sells *Fyr-Fyters* so rapidly and puts men in the high-earning class so quickly.

Fyr-Fyters have the approval of the (Fire) Underwriters' Laboratories, are used by Standard Oil, Ford Motor Co., International Harvester and many other of the largest concerns in the world.

Factories, stores, garages, auto owners, warehouses, schools, hospitals, farmers, private homes and other places use thousands of *Fyr-Fyters*. Thousands more await their installation. The market is vast, unlimited, and your earnings as a *Fyr-Fyter* Representative are only limited by your ambition and desire to work.

This Opportunity is for You

Among *Fyr-Fyter* men are former clerks, mechanics and others who saw in *Fyr-Fyter* their real opportunity. Now we are ready to appoint 100 more. It is your opportunity, your chance for $5000 or more, easily and quickly, from your first year's effort—$100 a week to start. Fill out the coupon below and mail immediately for full details of our offer.



THIS COUPON GETS DETAILS

The Fyr-Fyter Co., 1567 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio

I would like to know more about a position on the *Fyr-Fyter* Sales Force. Kindly send details.

Name ...

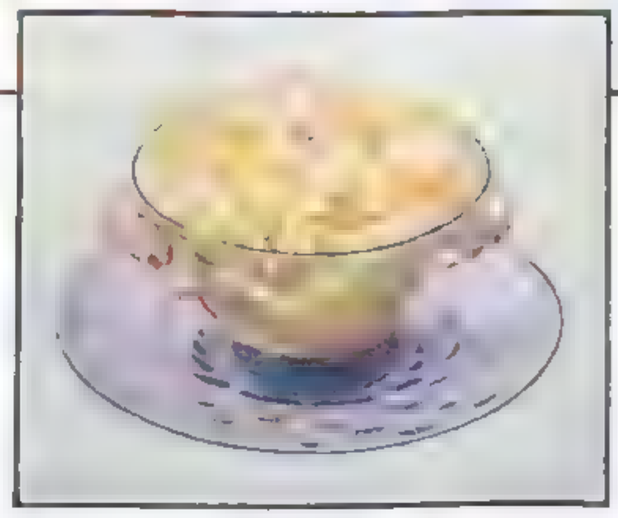
Address

City .. State ..

NEW WAYS

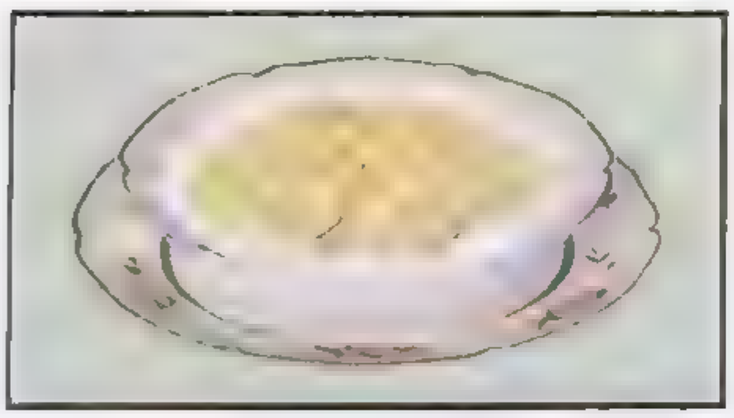
Women Have Found to Delight *Summer Appetites*

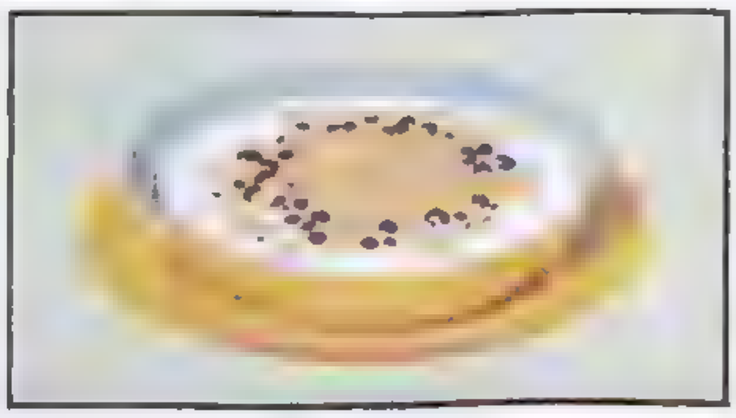
These toasty, wonderful grains—the most unique cereal foods known—supply breakfast with the great adventure of variety



Serve Puffed Rice with cubed pineapple; pour the juice over generously and add cream or half-and-half. It's delicious!

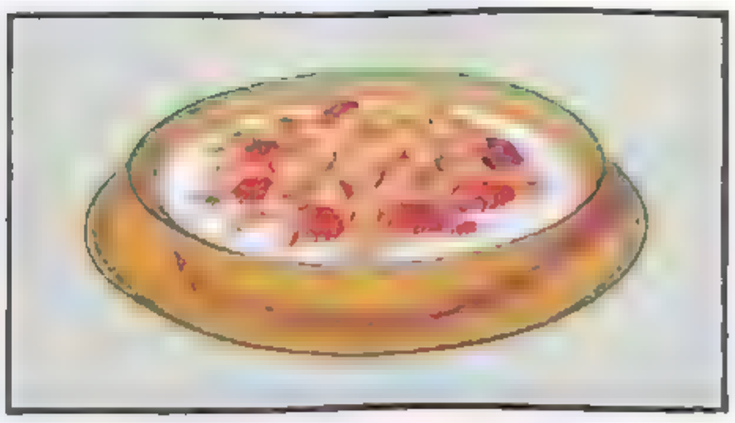
Children and grown-ups alike love sliced bananas with Puffed Rice and plenty of half-and-half. Sweeten to suit the taste.





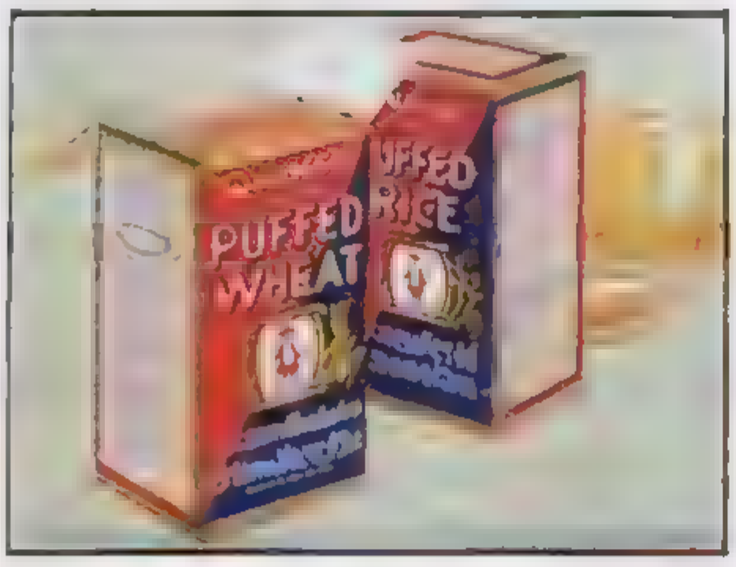
Blueberries with Puffed Rice is another pleasing way to serve this versatile cereal . . . children love these dainty tidbits.

Serving Puffed Wheat in a ripened half canteloup with sugar and cream is a new breakfast delight that tempts the appetite.



Raspberries, Puffed Wheat, sugar and cream . . . let them eat all they want; it's good for them any way they eat it.

Now they'll eat cereals because they like them, not because they're good for them. Try these new ways to serve Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.



THE art of making breakfasts attractive is the art of supplying variety. Everyone's appetite grows tired of eating the same thing over and over. Try something radically different at breakfast tomorrow. Note how it appeals and attracts.

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice are different from any other cereals known. They look different. They taste different. Their appetite appeal is different. Eat them to tempt the appetite with food that is "good for you," that you eat because you love it.

Their food value is that of rich grain foods. The Puffed Wheat is over 20% bran; but you would never know it, so delightfully is it concealed.

Each grain is steam puffed to 8 times its normal size. And thus every food cell is broken to make digestion easy.

There are many delightful ways to serve. Note the illustrations. Try too as a luncheon dish—at home, or in any restaurant. Serve as a before-bed snack that does not impose on the digestion. Give to the children, in place of sweets, as tidbits between meals.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

(Continued from Page 119.

end. "So let's get that stuff aboard and get out of here. Let's get out quick, for I've got to find my Jinny."

But it wasn't Winslow who found his daughter Jinny. It was Casey, with Peter in his observer's seat, who three hours later swooped low over Half-Moon Lake and through the smoke that still drifted up from the blackened stumpage made out a gray-faced figure that waved faintly to them from the shallows at the lake end. And the plane, with its wings darkened with wood smoke, its gondola blistered with heat, its two passengers streaked and sooted with two frantic hours of flying over burning pinelands and smoke-smothered waterways, swung round into the wind and settled down into the lake, where Peter leaped into the waist-deep water and waded ashore.

Casey, who had his craft to look after until the last of its headway was taken up, remained in doubt as to whether Paddy's sister fainted from that final effort of struggling to her feet or merely let herself fall into the sooty arms of the man from the city. But she was conscious again by the time the young flyer got ashore and joined them, for she was clinging abandonedly to the smoke-stained Peter and crying over and over again: "Oh, Peter, I'm not worth it! I'm not worth it!"

But Peter, who was busy getting a hypodermic ready, quietly observed: "Just leave that to me."

She winced as the needle penetrated the scratched and reddened flesh of her arm. And Casey did the same, vaguely disturbed by the sight of that instrument of medicine.

"Are you all right?" he asked, as he stooped over her. He felt very helpless beside the efficient-handed Peter.

"My throat's sore," she complained in a husky whisper.

"Of course it is," contended Peter. "And you've got a strained heart and God knows what else, and you're going to bed for a week, if I have to nail you down to the mattress."

Jinny's smile was a wan one. "And you're going to stay with me?"

"Of course!"

"Think of all the perfectly good patients you'll lose."

"They can wait," recklessly averred Peter. "They always do—for a good man."

"Are you a good man?" And the shadow of some old diablerie crept into Jinny's tired eyes as she ventured that question.

"They seem to think so, even if you don't," was Peter's altogether solemn answer.

"Oh, Peter, you're perfect!" she cried in a voice a trifle thinned by weakness. "You're so perfect that I'm almost afraid of you."

"A fat lot you're afraid of me," muttered Peter, as he gave her something to drink.

"And I'm not going to be mean to you any more," she huskily protested, once she was able to catch her breath again. "And I'm never going to be insulting to you—never once. D'you remember, Peter, that day I was going from the dining room to the library and you asked me if I'd need to call a taxi for the trip, and I told you to go to hell? Well, I'm never going to act like that again. And I think I'm a little tired of being a thrill hound. And I guess I'm going to settle down and marry a steady man as like old Peter Summers as I can get him."

"You bet your life you are," asserted Peter.

"And you can face a fate like that with a calm eye?"

"Quite easily," he said as he snapped shut his medicine case.

She smiled at that, and then grew sober again.

"But I'm still all kinds of a she-devil, Peter," she warned him. "Don't think I've been scared into any of that chocolate-seraph stuff. I'm a dyed-in-the-wool devil."

"That's what all women are," proclaimed Peter, as he unrolled the blanket which Casey had handed him—"perfected devils."

"You may have an awful time getting me tamed," she croakily warned him.

"Your bark, my dear, is much worse than your bite."

"Northern breezes," she contended, "can't always carry you back to better days."

But that seemed to remind her of something, for the smile went suddenly from her fatigue-thinned face. "Where's Black Arrow?" she abruptly demanded.

"That," said Peter, "is what I wanted to ask you."

The old shadow crept into her stricken eyes. "But he left me, as the fire came, to find a canoe. He went back to get a canoe to carry me where it would be safe. Hasn't anybody seen him?"

The two men exchanged glances. "Trust an Indian to take care of himself," proclaimed Casey.

But Jinny did not approve of that. "Have you seen him?" she demanded. Casey admitted that he had not. "Then he's dead. I know he's dead. He'd be back here if he was alive and breathing."

Casey, conscious of Peter's tug at his jacket sleeve, followed the other man a step or two to one side.

"How about that Indian?" demanded the city man with the soot-streaked face.

Casey's keen eye studied the blackened shore line and the smoldering slopes of ruin behind it. He stood silent a moment, with his face muscles working. Then he slowly nodded his head.

"She's right," he admitted. "There's not a chance."

"You mean he went out—in that?" exacted the older man.

"He must have, poor devil!"

But Jinny, who had heard that, called Casey over to her side and fixed an accusatory eye on him.

"He's not a poor devil, Casey Crowell, and you know it. He died nobly. He wasn't thinking about himself. It was me he was thinking about and trying to take care of. It was me, no matter if I wasn't worth it. And he had a white streak as wide as this lake. You knocked him when he was alive, Casey. But in one or two ways he's a better man than you are, Gunga Din."

"Let's get aboard," said Peter, a trifle brusquely. "You've got a father out there who's almost crazy with worry."

"Poor dad," said Jinny, as Peter took her up in his arms. "I spose he's lost about umpty million dollars' worth of timber in this awful fire."

"But he's got you," Peter reminded her.

"Will he want me?"

"Well," said Peter, breathing a little heavily as he carefully lifted her over the cockpit side, "if he doesn't, I do."

But she wasn't listening to him. She was looking down at her hands, her sun-reddened and brier-scratched and work-hardened little hands.

"He won't be ashamed of 'em now, will he?" she said with a catch in her voice.

"You're talking too much," growled Peter, as the turning propeller flashed in the pallid sunlight. "I want you to keep quiet."

"I won't," asserted the blanketed woman nested so close in his arms.

"You've got to," commanded Peter.

"Well, I won't unless you kiss me," conceded Jinny.

(THE END)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28

"I wasn't going to call you a solipsist. As a matter of fact, what I was going to call you was a ——"

"But only through solipsism can we be sure of the Universal. And if the Universal goes, what is left but despair?"

The driver flung his arms wide apart to express despair. I shut my eyes and the bus slid off the road and lay down on its side in the ditch.

No one was hurt but the driver. We laid him, unconscious, on the grass. After a time he opened his eyes.

"Did anything happen in the sensory world?" he whispered.

"Everything's all right," said a salesman who had been examining the car, "but your universal's busted."

"The Universal's busted!" said the driver.

He uttered a great cry and passed away. —*Morris Bishop.*

Season's End

THERE are hearts that I could harry,
There are maids that I could marry,
But unwedded still I tarry,
And the reason seems to be:
Every maiden that I long for
Someone higher up is strong for,
And I wouldn't give a song for
Any girl who'd fall for me.

—*L. Mitchell Thornton.*

Take Your Pick!

A Geographic Ballad

HERE'S something extra special in a ballad;
Here's something very nifty in a song.
I'll make these other troubadours look pallid,
I'll put 'em on the mat where they belong;
They talk of "going back" along their traces
To "Somewhere in some little country town ——."
I'll let you have a choice of thirteen places;
Just take your pencil, kid, and jot 'em down:

CHORUS:

I want to go back to Fond du Lac, Oconomowoc, Eau Claire;
I want to be close or close to the town of Wauwatosa,
And in Oshkosh there's a girlie waiting there,
Manitowoc and Baraboo, Menominee and Neenah, too,
Are places I have lingered for the nonce in,
I want to go back—I want to, to Chippewa Falls, Oconto,
And Waukesha and Beaver Dam, Wisconsin!
That's giving you the value of your money;
You cannot say that I am holding out;
That's serving you your griddle cakes with honey;
There's thirteen different towns to sing about.
There's thirteen towns for you to find response in
And some of 'em are large and some are small,
And if you sing this ballad in Wisconsin,
You ought to be a riot, that is all!

—*Berton Braley.*

Yesterday

YESTERDAY I loved you.
Yesterday I knew,
By your very breathlessness,
You loved me too.

Yesterday to see me
Could make a holiday.
How your heart would thunder!
But that was yesterday.

Yesterday you loved me.
Today's today, I know.
But—yesterday was not so
Very long ago.

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

This Sturdy Gauge is built on a principle that assures Permanent Accuracy!
IF you expect maximum tire mileage and riding comfort, you must test the air pressure in your balloon tires—regularly—with a gauge of known accuracy.
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Look to them FIRST *for that tired run-down nervous condition*

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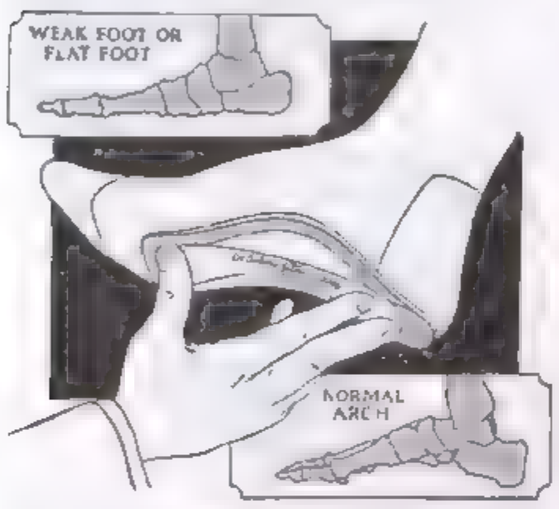

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has restored millions of people to foot health and happiness

Science has never been able to improve on Dr. Scholl's FOOT-EAZER for relieving tired, aching feet and weak and broken-down arches. This small, light, flexible, comfortable device gives support where support is needed. Also corrects cramped toes, callouses and painful heels. Adjustable as condition improves. Sold and expertly fitted by leading shoe dealers. $3.50 per pair.

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Thin, healing, antiseptic, protective. 35c. at shoe and drug stores.

BUNIONS
DR. SCHOLL'S BUNION
Relieves bunion pain. Reduces enlargement and preserves shape of shoe. 75c. each.

Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Service is World Wide

HEADQUARTERS
Dr Scholl's
Foot Comfort Service

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Free Sample On request, we will mail you a sample of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns, and Dr. Scholl's Book, "The Feet and Their Care." Address, The Scholl Mfg. Co., 213 W. Schiller St., Chicago, Ill.

Dr Scholl's
Foot Comfort Appliances and Remedies

HANDICAPS

(Continued from Page 19)

course I'll work here during vacation same as I've always done," he answered, and Ruth went on eating her ice cream without giving the matter another thought.

Next year Lloyd departed for the Hub, to go to Tech. His mother moved to the outskirts of the Cove to live with a maiden lady of her own age who had a spare room to rent, and tried to save every dollar she could toward his education by taking in sewing.

That was almost the last the Cove saw of Lloyd for some years. They heard he was doing creditably at Tech, but instead of coming back to work in the drug store during vacation, he landed a job of some kind with a big corporation in the city and his mother journeyed to Boston to spend a month with him. A fine "sit," Sam Baxter figured, that would provide for such a trip, little guessing it cost them both every cent they dared to spend. However, the work would help Lloyd in his profession and he could not spare time from it to visit the Cove.

Meanwhile Art Hayden had entered his father's bank. It would be foolish, so everybody agreed, for him to launch out in any business elsewhere, with one already made for him. Moreover, he liked banking. It gave him prestige in the community and it was an unhurried existence, nearly devoid of competition. The country people had confidence in the institution and the Haydens pursued a safe, conservative policy, content to hold their own without taking the risks of expansion. A metropolitan banker might grin at it as note shaving, but there had never been a whisper against the Hayden integrity, so let the smart city slickers put that in their pipes and smoke it!

People expected Art and Ruth would marry soon. It was known that Mr. Hayden looked with favor on the attachment between the two young persons, and the match would lift the Glendenning fortunes out of the ditch. They were a proud family. It was a Glendenning who first settled in the Cove, and with a hundred years back of them they drew a lot of satisfaction out of their ancestry—a satisfaction somewhat out of proportion to their achievements in tavern keeping and store keeping, possibly, yet with a certain tone derived from thirty years of genteel poverty and doing nothing.

Ruth's sire had declined any sort of work after he inherited sufficient income from farm rentals to keep a roof over their heads; but Ruth's grandfather had been a figure in the community and proprietor of the store in which Hayden got his start in life. Hence the friendly eye the banker turned on the engagement.

However, Art and Ruth did not marry immediately. In fact, the romance received a check which nearly wrecked it soon after his return from college to his native town. Perhaps Art was not to blame, but Ruth could never be convinced. After all, he was only a youngster, and a boy in the early twenties is apt to be flattered by notice from an older woman, more particularly a woman like Mrs. Streeter, who was quite a great lady in the fashionable world and had a house in London, another in Paris and a place on the Riviera. When she opened her Cliff cottage, the list of guests read like a Social Register. All the Cove people knew them well by reputation and obtained quite a kick out of rolling their names familiarly in their mouths, almost as though they were friends.

Well, they did know enough about them to justify a sense of close acquaintance, because every doing of Mrs. Streeter and her set was sedulously chronicled by the metropolitan newspapers and not a week passed that pictures of them did not adorn the Sunday supplements.

One day Mrs. Streeter espied Art and his blazer and pipe lounging on the pier when she stepped out of the boat, and inquired in a tone audible to everybody, "Who is that boy? He looks quite nice."

Young Hayden blushed a fiery red, then tried to affect the indifference of a blasé man of the world, whereupon Mrs. Streeter laughed; but a couple of days later she dropped into the bank on a trifling matter of business, simply paralyzing old Hayden, to whom a multimillionaire was a being from above. So Art attended to what she wanted and next day received an invitation to the cottage.

He bragged about it for months, casually mentioning the zippy story Mrs. Suffern Mackrel had told him, and how Mr. Whoosis—you know the man I mean, the famous polo player who also hunts his own pack—how Mr. Whoosis had said to him, "How about a game of billiards, old chap?" From that time onward Art old-chapped everybody of any consequence until he became a pest and blight to mankind, and he pulled the high handshake on people who had petted him as he drooled in his go-cart.

Mrs. Streeter took him driving twice and had him out to a dance for which there threatened to be a shortage of younger men. The Cove stuck its tongue in its cheek and winked. That Hayden boy surely had the widow jumping sideways—yes, sir, he was a gay dog!

Then the *grande dame* tired of Art as suddenly as he had taken her fancy. "He's a perfect stick, my dears," she told her friends. "He stands and poses and expects everybody to fall down and worship. Not an idea in his head. I was never so disappointed in my life." And she dropped Art like a hot cake, in favor of a young singer with more temperament.

Art went back to his Ruth, but it took him some little time to make peace with her.

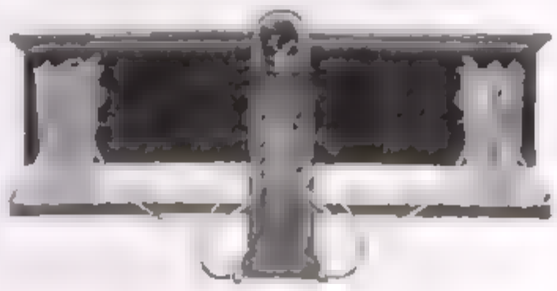
"Not that I care," she told him for the twentieth time. "I hope you don't think I'm jealous of that enameled grandmother! But I hate to see you make yourself ridiculous."

Of course she wasn't jealous; yet during the next ten years nobody could mention Mrs. Streeter's name in Mrs. Hayden's presence without sending the temperature around zero.

He and Ruth were married soon after the reconciliation, and as though he had only been waiting for this crowning of his life work to pass to his reward, old Hayden lay down and gave up the ghost. On second thought, that is much too imaginative a flight, because the old cuss never gave up anything easily. He died hard, clinging with tenacity to the last breath. Indeed, it required two attacks of pneumonia to make Art the owner of the big white house next to the church.

Just at first he did not step into the presidency of the bank, as everybody had anticipated he would. His father had owned 40 per cent of the stock and controlled all of it, but after his death the other stockholders got together and voted as a unit, and they voted for Miles Fish, who had grown up with the institution and knew it inside out. However, Art remained as vice president and, of course, he would eventually succeed to his father's place. So he bought a motor car and settled down to the comfortable routine of a big man in a small community.

Changes were occurring, however, that got under his skin. Life had always moved placidly in the Cove, with the smoothness of a settled social order. Now it became different. All sorts of people were moving in, most of them of alien stock. A swarthy, thickset Greek, who looked as though he might once have handled cargo on his head, opened up a grocery store.



Some Portuguese settled on the water front and gained control of the fishing business; and the barber shop, the pool room, and finally the drug store, passed into the hands of wops.

If these people had remained in their own sphere Art would not have resented their presence so much. But as time slipped by they accumulated money, and first thing he knew the wop was building almost next door to him and the Greek moved into the old Pratt homestead, once the boast of the countryside, and announced that some day he aimed to build him a real house, like they had it on the Cliff.

The children of these newcomers mixed on familiar terms with his own. It was no good trying to set up barriers—the youngsters ignored them; and presently the young people's parties resembled a congress of nations.

As a protest against the new order, Art resigned from the bank when the Greek was elected a director, and Fish did not oppose his leaving. But, at that, he maintained his position better than most of the old breed. Many another representative of pioneer stock went down and out. Men whose ancestors had once been lords of the countryside were now glad to secure jobs as watchmen or ground keepers for the estates built up by wealthy city men through purchase and combination of farms.

And Art's resentment could not hold out long. To buck a tidal wave is a losing game, and the new order was gathering such momentum that he either had to go with it or be submerged. It seemed to him that only yesterday these men who now called him Art or Hayden had entered the bank, hat in hand, to solicit small loans. They did not take off their hats now. In fact, some of them progressed so far that they became exceedingly careless toward Art, almost ignoring him at stockholders' meetings. The Cove was certainly not what it used to be—no, sir—gone to the dogs, in Art's opinion.

Everything was so changed that Lloyd Shumway scarcely recognized the place when he paid a visit to it with his mother many years after she had moved away to keep house for him. Most of his boyhood friends were gone; Doctor Somers was long since dead; only the ex-druggist and Art Hayden remained as links with the past, and the druggist was doddering.

"What're you doing now, Lloyd?" Art inquired when he met him in the street.

"I'm with the X. Q. Z. Electrical Corporation."

"That's about the biggest of them all, isn't it?"

"It's big," Lloyd admitted.

It was curious how the old relation became instantly established. Lloyd's manner was almost diffident to Art, just as it had been in boyhood.

"Well, I'm glad to hear you're getting on," Hayden continued.

"Thanks, Art"—and he meant it. "How is Ruth?"

"My wife," said Art, a shade stiffly, "is very well, thank you. Are you married?"

"Married? Me? No, I should say not. I've never run around with girls much—couldn't afford it, for one thing."

He seemed embarrassed, and Hayden suddenly remembered how sensitive he had always been about his limp.

"Well, glad to have seen you, Lloyd," he said, and walked away. That was all Shumway saw of him while in the Cove.

"Why didn't you ask him for dinner?" Ruth demanded that night.

"It never occurred to me. Lloyd Shumway? I don't believe he was ever in our house in his life."

"Yes, but nobody cares about that nowadays. Look at the people who do come

(Continued on Page 124)

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RAY-O-VAC radio batteries have always been known for their remarkably long life . . . but now a new type of construction gives them still more staying power and greatly increases their length of service. Hence when you use Ray-O-Vacs you do not have to buy batteries so often and you reduce the expense of operating your set.

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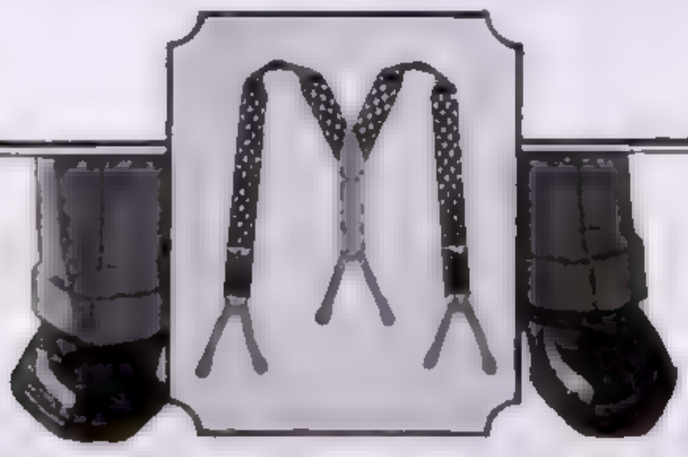

SUSPENDERS

(Continued from Page 122)

here! And I was thinking if we ever paid a visit to New York ——"

"He did tell me to let him know when we came," said her husband. "I wonder how he's doing."

"Mrs. Spratt was telling me yesterday that people say he'll be the next president of the corporation. He's invented some kind of thing they expect to make a lot of money out of."

"Rats! I don't believe it," Art scoffed. "Why, I remember when he used to carry in wood for Doctor Somers!" Then he grew thoughtful. "Little Lloyd Shumway," he muttered, seeing him in his mind's eye trudging through the snow.

There was silence a while.

"Did you know I could have had Lloyd if I had wanted him?" She shot the query at Art triumphantly, but his complacence was not to be disturbed.

"I don't doubt it," he answered, laughing easily. "But when did this happen?"

"He proposed to me once when he was in college—wrote me a letter. I've got it upstairs."

"Got lonely and homesick, I guess."

"That may be what you think."

"Were we engaged when he proposed to you?"

"Yes, but Lloyd didn't know it, and I never told him."

"What did you tell him?"

"Nothing. It was too ridiculous, of course—then."

"Then? Somehow I can't imagine you ever marrying Lloyd, no matter how well he did. And I can't imagine him ever having the nerve—well, to presume."

"Don't be absurd. It sounds silly to talk that way now. Look how well he's done. And Mrs. Spratt says he's right at the top of his profession."

"Possibly. But ——"

"But what? He's doing things, at any rate—and he doesn't have to live in this hole."

It was a poisonous scratch, but he had grown hardened.

"There doesn't seem to be much sense in arguing about it now, do you think?" he retorted evenly, only half believing what she said.

She may have been telling the truth, however, for about the first thing Lloyd Shumway's wife said when they landed at the Cove five years later was, "And now I want to see this Ruth you've talked so much about."

Lloyd reddened like a boy. "Pahaw, I haven't seen her since I was a kid. But she was the prettiest girl in the county then."

His wife smiled, yet her voice was subtly barbed as she remarked, "The village belle, eh?"

"Ruth was a fine girl," retorted her husband stoutly.

They got into a car and drove to one of the cottages on the Cliff. From the way Mrs. Shumway treated Lloyd, it appeared that she either did not notice his limp or it made no difference to her.

"Well, I've seen the marvel at last," she announced next night at dinner.

"Who? Ruth?"

"So you recognize the description! Aha! Yes, I saw her today in the drug store."

"What did you think of her? Wasn't I right?"

His wife's eyes were dancing now. There was no sting left for her in that memory he treasured. "I want you to see her. You say you haven't seen her in twenty years?"

"Twenty-three, to be exact."

"She must have been awfully pretty once, Lloyd—when she was a young girl, I mean."

"Why, Ruth —— Surely she can't be old! She's only —— Lord lumme, you're right. She's getting on to forty-five."

"Yes, and quite matronly, too, my dear," declared Mrs. Shumway with satisfaction. "And she has an expression about the mouth —— Did Ruth have a temper, Lloyd?"

"Not a bit. She was an angel."

"What on earth are you two arguing about?" inquired their hostess. "The town's lady killer? Has he been vamping you, too, Meb?"

"Not yet. It's his wife. Lloyd says she's an angel."

"My dear Lloyd—really now! That pair fight like cats and dogs. He can't call his soul his own. And everybody is frightened to death of her too."

"Oh, well," muttered Shumway, and then demanded heatedly, "Who the mischief started this topic, anyway? I say we get up a game of contract."

He had half expected to see something of the Haydens on this visit to the Cove, but his hostess did not know Mrs. Hayden except by sight and neither Ruth nor Art did anything to get in touch.

"Yes, I hear they're out on the Cliff somewhere," remarked Ruth with fine carelessness at a dinner party given by the Greek to open his new house. "But we never had Lloyd Shumway inside the door when he lived here, so why should we start now? Of course he's done very well, I hear. But if one is going to take up all the new people ——" And she made a movement of her shoulders.

It was what the prize ring calls a one-two punch, aimed both at Lloyd and their host. That was Ruth's way too. She was apt to let fly at anybody when her rancor was stirred, and Art had made her furious by insisting they should accept this invitation.

"I—ah—I saw him from a distance," Art put in hurriedly.

He could cheerfully have throttled his wife. Didn't she know better than to insult people in their own homes? And he owed Papadopolous money too. It was mighty hard to live decently nowadays on what had formerly been a comfortable income and it did no good to make enemies needlessly, especially of people who could be useful.

Yet he was every bit as resentful of Shumway's presence among those people on the Cliff as Ruth could be. It was all very well for the Cove crowd to pretend, but the summer colony cut a big figure in the outer world in more ways than one, and here they were taking Lloyd up as one of themselves. Hayden had never received another invitation to a cottage since his flirtation with Mrs. Streeter, and although he blamed Ruth for their being ignored in this fashion, it rankled. They made him tired, that clique, with their airs and their money. What was money anyhow? All sorts of people had it nowadays.

Nevertheless, he was often to be seen lounging on the pier when their yachts put in. Lloyd saw him there on the afternoon of his departure and was startled to observe how youthful Art looked. He had grown a trifle stout, perhaps, and his wavy hair was beginning to thin just where the part started, but he was still a handsome man. Hayden sported white ducks and a blue blazer with a school crest on it, smoked a cigarette in a long holder and wore his shirt open at the neck.

"Hello, Art!" Lloyd called out, waving his hand from the launch that was taking him out.

"How do you do, Shumway?" Art returned with the casual brusqueness of the man-about-town.

Now when middle-aged men sport school blazers for everyday parade it is a confession of failure. Shumway grinned at the get-up, but it was a kindly grin too. Superior physique held his deep respect, and probably Art would never cease to be a hero to him.

"I don't believe I ever saw a handsomer man than Art Hayden when he was young," he remarked to the boatman. "And even today—just take a look at him—nearing fifty and looks like a boy."

"Why shouldn't he?" said the boatman. "That's all he has to do. You ought to see him giving the girls the eye when he drives through town, Mr. Shumway! One of these fine days somebody's goin' to bounce a rock offa that bird's head, too—you see if they don't—the big stuffed blazer!"

OUT OF THE WEST COMES MARLAND

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It is seldom one ever hears of trouble from a Ford car with the exception of jerking and jolting in starting and stopping. This is caused by the brake and transmission bands becoming hard and glazy so that they slip and slide, grab and release in an uneven fashion. This is no fault of the car, but is usually caused by faulty lubrication.

Marland Super Motor Oil for Fords is specially refined for this double lubrication job. It is refined from only select Mid-Continent paraffin base crude under patents that are exclusive to the Marland Company for all of North America.

Used consistently, it gives an unusual velvet smoothness in starting and stopping. Bands remain soft and pliable. There is a marked economy in quantity used; a reduction in carbon deposit; cleaner spark plugs and a splendid job of lubrication for the rest of the motor.

The results obtained through the use of *Marland Super Motor Oil* for Fords are nothing less than amazing. These results are so quickly noticeable that Ford owners and operators of fleets of Ford cars or trucks in a surprisingly large number have expressed themselves in no mistakable terms to the effect that here at last is perfect Ford lubrication.

Dealers and jobbers are requested to write our General Office for complete specifications, prices and sales plans. For Ford owners we have descriptive literature we will gladly mail on request.

There is a grade of *Marland Super Motor Oil* for every type of motor, all refined under patents exclusive to the Marland Company for North America. The Marland chart for correct motor lubrication includes trucks, tractors and motor cycles. All are identified by the Marland Red Triangle and can be had at Marland stations and those of Marland Dealers.

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Candy is food in its finest form. It will add to your health and happiness and has become a recognized social custom. Take home candy for Sunday

NATIONAL CONFECTIONERS' ASSOCIATION

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT 1627 LOCUST ST ST. LOUIS, MO.

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A MANUAL OF EDUCATION FOR THE EDUCATED

(Continued from Page 27)

The annual cost of the public-school system alone far exceeds the bonus paid American soldiers after the Great War. And when we remember the conservative estimate that the population of this country will be doubled thirty-two times within the next hundred years, it is scarcely possible to compute the future expense even of elementary education in this country. Health insurance is included. Every child is entitled to medical service, and the sanitary conditions of every school are inspected. Textbooks and free lunches are provided when necessary. And the whole plan is backed up by compulsory school laws in nearly every state, to the one end that the children of the rich and the poor, white or black, native or foreign-born, may share and share alike the same opportunities for an education.

So far, nothing commensurate with the effort and expense of the experiment has transpired. Quite the contrary, in fact. What the idealists fail to take into account is that human nature is much more firmly graded than any system they can invent for grading classes in the public schools. Neither wealth, nor poverty, nor environment determines the innate quality of a child. It is only logical and rational to think so, which goes to prove that much thinking is fallacious. Some very inferior children are born to prosperous parents, and some very superior children are born to poverty, with all their sparks flying upward.

Whatever may be said or proved to the contrary, the fact remains that the breeding of men cannot be improved by the same methods used in producing better stock. Some mystery of spirit is in that business which invariably queers the experiment. A child may inherit the features of a long line of malignant ancestors and still pop up in the eighth grade with the attributes of a noble mind winged with the finest illusions of the spirit. By the same token, one descended from saints will turn out to be a degenerate. And not only one here and there, my masters, but hundreds, thousands, of them, enough to double-cross all your well-written theories to the contrary. It would not surprise me if it turned out after all that we know more about God than we can ever learn about ourselves, because the evidence of the former is found to be consistent when we learn how to construe it, but no man will ever learn enough to find out how to construe or predict any other man, or the youngest child among us.

Shielded From Responsibility

The best we can do is to give him the right chance and no more; never give him the reins. This is the trouble with our ideal plan of education. It is impractically catholic. After fifty years of the experiment the waste material in youth is on the increase. And it is being graduated along with the best material, made more efficient by mental training for crime and corruption. No censorship except in scholarship and schoolroom conduct. Youth is amorphous, subject to every influence and suggestion. So we are indeed reaching the level between classes and masses, but not yet the high one the ideal predicted. The masses are encroaching on the classes in the schoolroom, imparting to them the herd consciousness, not elevating. The increase in young criminals is appalling.

We are conferring every kind of degree upon these young people, from the common-school certificate to bachelor degrees from state universities, except the degree of personal responsibility. The most elaborate preparations from earliest childhood are made to shield them from that. Everything from traffic regulations to enacting a junior code of laws is being done to protect youth and to shield it from responsibility. If they get it, it comes from some other source—pressure outside of their homes and schools. They rule the former in too many instances, and they can graduate from the latter without ever hearing of Genesis or of the Ten Commandments. But they are thoroughly trained by association in the mob spirit. If one of them becomes a student, he joins a school of thought and thinks accordingly until the spirit of the times forces him to matriculate in the next school of thought. If he must work, he joins an office force or a gang of laborers where his mind is steadied by the crutch of the crowd, and all responsibility is vested in the boss. Set a youth who has had the best possible advantages a gratuitous educational system affords to perform the simplest task alone and, even if he has had some training in the same kind of work, observe the result: If the performance is not absolutely idiotic, it will be done with the childish inefficiency of a person who has no practice in the use of his own hands and mind. He must be directed.

The Stepchild of the State

Get this: Public schools are public works. Any kind of school is. They are graded; every day's task in learning during the student's formative years is measured off, not to him, but to the grade to which he belongs, shared by all of the students and recited by all of them. The science in which they are most proficient is that of telepathy. Knowledge of the text they study is a pool they unconsciously hold together. The lazy student who falls down on his recitations, but invariably passes his examinations creditably is not necessarily a cheat; neither does he cram so much as he is supposed to do—he is a sort of psychic drone in the schoolroom, clairvoyant. He adds to his smattering of the subject what the best students in the class know. He trails their processes of thought with the mental nose of a fyste. Knowledge may not have an odor, but it leaves traces in the common mind easily followed. I have done that myself.

To this day I can cast back into the mind of my husband, dead these many years, rake up information he had that I never had, and use it; because for a long time I was the barnacle upon his great mind, familiar with his processes of thought, knew where he kept his best ideas and ideals, and how to inherit them for a moment. Most of us are plagiarists by a thousand indefinite routes so faintly traced that we are scarcely aware of them. But these youngsters develop a genius for that sort of thing which leaves them hipped and dumb when they are removed from the common multiple of the schoolroom crowd into the graduate school of life, where they must make good literally in a business or at a job by using the mind so trained in the schoolroom. It is digit training of a mass mind, and as feeble as any other digit divorced from a huge sum total.

But all this is collateral evidence of the point I am trying to prove—namely, that school training for the individual, however generously provided, is inadequate; and this brings us to the crux of the whole matter. It is a notorious fact that the American child and youth no longer receive the discipline and careful private instruction parents formerly gave. He is short on home culture. He is the romping young stepchild of the state. Interest in him has become a public-spirited virtue. Modern mothers are determined to get provisions made by the state for delinquent boys and girls, defective and dependent children. They want junior codes of laws passed for dealing kindly and tenderly with these abandoned youngsters. They are as much obsessed with this idea of education and protection as pious women used to be in the churches who gave their time and whole souls in prayer for the heathen. But they will work through it as usual and get back home in their mind and conscience in time to save the next generation of delinquent little boys and girls, who all belong to this class until they are revised and joined up according to private domestic standards in duties. Ages ago when ancient Athens was a modern city the Greeks tried the same plan of education into which we are now drifting, and it did not turn out very well. The citizen babe failed to make good as a citizen. They were obliged to go back to the old copy book for parents, of bringing them up line upon line, precept upon precept, in family-life groups.

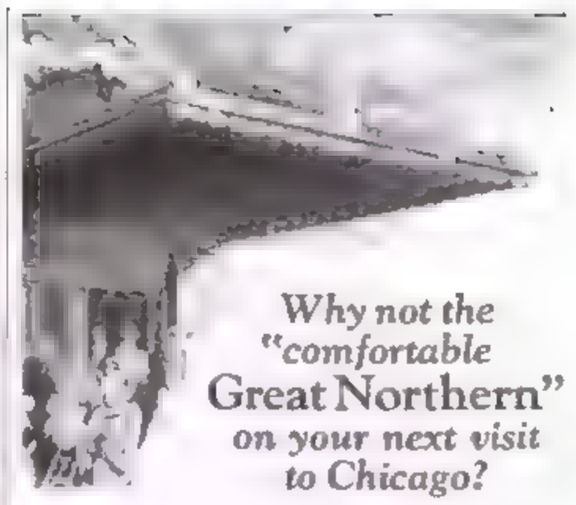
For an old person, now in her amiable second childhood, I have gone to and fro in the world a good deal these last years, and, if I must say it in order to clinch my point, I have seen as many of the best people, young and old, as I have seen of the other kind; probably more of the former, because I never had much talent for welfare work, and very little curiosity about the poverty and vices that make some people less good than I have had a chance to be. I am not fastidious about vice or poverty, but I am squeamish about staring the victims out of countenance. Whatever I have done for them is little enough, to be sure, but always with my eyes turned the other way, not in contempt, but out of some kind of embarrassed compassion. I seem to belong irrevocably to my own class, which is a reasonably good one, considering that all of us are tarred more or less with the same brush, and I am more and more inclined to rest in it without doing so much good.

Maybe this is because I am growing old and tired; then again it may be that I have always been a trifle mean at heart, and the trait is showing up on me now in spite of all the good things I have written about the circuit rider's wife I used to be. Old age is the big dictionary which certainly does define us. We may have had a reputation for loving and serving the poor in our prime; but after a while, when our powers of self-control weaken and we become childishly apparent to all men, no longer capable of concealing our former motives, it turns out that we were only shrewd advertising agents of the virtues we did not really have, and with no more charity than any other tightwad. I have known such people, and I have been well acquainted with others who lived like tares among us, but fell heirs, by some secret quality of their spirit, to a nobler sense of duty when they began to die down in the flesh and went out humbly at last, clothed in the shining garments of every charity. It is very confusing; we never know who we are until toward the end.

Overworked Sentimentalism

But, as I said awhile ago, I am beginning to feel hidebound to my own class, lacking in the egotistical fervor of sacrifice to get down under the fallen edges of mankind to hoist them. They have outweighed too many braver spirits in that position without being lifted enough for us to notice any perceptible difference in their elevation. We have all seen sentimentalists feed coal miners and their families during a strike when thousands of people who work and never strike were freezing in bitter winter weather for the lack of coal. I have even known my dear husband to carry provisions to a poor family only to have his hat stolen when he bared his kind head and knelt in prayer for the Lord's blessing also upon them. Such charity does not set well with me. My idea is to give them the chance we all have to work and to better their condition by thrift and economy. Over and above that, I am for leaving them to the professional sentimentalists and to the better homes for incorrigibles which we are being taxed to provide.

But I have long wished to offer a little personal private advice to the young people of my own kind which is not stressed as much as it should be in their homes or schools. I had a busy working hand in the



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bringing up of two or three families of boys and girls before this breach widened between modern parents and their still more modern children. I enjoyed the vagaries and confidences of these young people for so many years that I still feel sometimes like a wise old person sitting in the quiet shadows behind their brighter times with a kind hand upon their dear heads.

"Callow youth" is a phrase that has been used, I suppose, since a father saw his first son "going up fools' hill." But why remain callow and why spend so much time "going up fools' hill"? The descent on the other side represents arrested adolescence, which is a factitious phrase for defining arrested development, a condition peculiar to backward people and defectives. It seems to me that you are prevaricating by prolonging this period of irresponsibility. If you accomplish something worth praise you are very well satisfied to be recognized as a man; but if you commit a crime when you are thirty years of age, you take some comfort in the fact that in the next morning paper you are reported as a youth who killed his friend the night before, or robbed a bank the day before. Everybody under thirty who commits a crime in this country is a youth. The distinction belongs to the sentimental vocabulary of our times, but in view of that fact it does seem to me that grown men would prefer to be recognized as such as soon as possible.

Somewhere in the course of my travels I drifted into the background of a lively set of young people, and remained there like a piece of overstuffed furniture—no more noticed than that, is what I mean. Their antics, their follies and points of view were a revelation to me. They indicated the inferiority complex by boasting continually about what they could not do. It was a kind of game to match each other in their deficiencies. One young college graduate said he could not spell or write. A girl who had been in a conservatory of music for two years said she could not play or sing. She only took music to pass the time. They had wrecks and roadhouse adventures of which they were exceedingly proud. And they exchanged confidences about the merits of their respective bootleggers. Blackbottom-dancing butterflies out of the best families; young men old enough to be settled in business still supported in idleness by their fathers; no conscience, no self-respect. One of them had the singing face of a boy angel. He had just graduated. His class motto was: "It's a great life if you weaken a little." He had a puerile talent for perverting the meaning of proverbs and noble epigrams, and he had composed a parody on the Twenty-third Psalm addressed to his flivver.

Youth's Best Teacher

Now, as an old person grown gray in reverence for the Word, I am not bearing down too hard in my judgment upon these youngsters for their vulgarity and sacrilege, because there is really more meanness in Pharisaism, but what astonished me was that they believed they were hard-boiled. My feeling is that there was never a time when there were more indications of soft-boiled youths. So many feminists among the boys and young men, lit by garish little ideals about freedom and tolerance. Few of them have enough courage of righteousness to believe in capital punishment. They are sentimentalists about enforcing the law. And they like to break a few of them on the sly, but never openly like a hard-boiled man. What they need is sterner teachers and sterner experiences in living. Not so much protection from hardships and no money at all from the old man to spend upon their follies and indulgences. Necessity is the best teacher youth can have from which to acquire energy and to learn economy. Firms you up to work for your living, rots you not to do it, no matter how rich your old man is.

There is a top and brighter side to the exploits of our youth. Earnest young scientists whose discoveries are revolutionizing the treatment of diseases, insuring health, improving agriculture. Rich young capitalists who are building civilization along with their big businesses. Thousands of young engineers who are performing miracles of power and light with electricity. Inventors who are preparing us for living in an age of machinery after the natural fuels are exhausted. Not all our heroes are tennis champions, pugilists and baseball sports. We fetch a surge now and then and produce a youth who crosses the Atlantic on the wing to prove the mettle of the pasture from which he comes. They make less fuss than the foolish ones, so attract less constant attention.

Buried Talents

I think, however, that even serious-minded young people might save time and some ineffectual stutterings morally and mentally if they would settle a few questions arbitrarily at the beginning. What I mean is that they should have a point of view from which to sight the future. For example, you should make up your minds about whether patriotism is a weakness or a virtue, and whether it is wise or foolish to obey the laws of your country.

These are moot questions just now. Some very smart people hold that love of country makes a man narrow in his sympathies with the world at large, and that he is under no more obligations to love this country than he is to love China. Sounds broad as the brotherhood of man, and you might manage it if you were one of the traveling delegates of the Third International at Moscow, which is the source of much specious inspiration, but if you are an American citizen your naturalization instincts are rooted in this land and you should be faithful to it, first, last and all the time. You never will be great enough to cover problems of international affairs without spattering yourself into an absurdity. Observe the fate of some distinguished men among us who lately showed too much solicitude for the prosperity of Europe at the expense of their own country. One should not go so far as to say their glory has departed, but it certainly has been dimmed in the opinion of the average hawk-eyed American citizen.

My advice is to suspect every man or group of men whose humanitarian instinct inspires them to give away other people's money.

By the same token you are warned against joining some of the various societies for the good of your country. They are alleged to be controlled either secretly or openly by the Third International of Moscow. I could name half a dozen, some of them intercollegiate organizations. If you wish to be a communist ruled by Soviet Russia, move over there where they can get a better chance at you than they can here, protected by a better government.

The sensible thing to do is to affiliate with one of the two great political parties in this country, go ahead and vote accordingly, whether you elect anybody or not. That is not the prime object; the important thing is to keep up a healthy competition between them.

A young man in every other section may take his choice between being a Democrat or a Republican, but if he is a Southerner, living in the South, he may as well bend his back and become a Democrat no matter what divergent views he holds along some lines. Don't worry about them. The Republicans are usually strong enough to take care of them anyway, without your vote.

I contemplate retiring from the political field entirely before the next presidential election, and going into a "retreat" as a blessed old lady of the past who had no ballot bee in her bonnet and trusted God more than she did political parties.

But you youngsters have no such traditions for an excuse. It is your duty to practice voting, right or wrong.

You are fortunate if you have not already limited your future prospects with the idea that you have some one excessive talent and must devote yourself exclusively to developing it. Our best talents are usually buried talents. Your later education should consist in digging them up and using them. The finest culture that fits every man and every woman for a good and successful life is a talent for hard work. Endeavor to acquire a highly trained coordination between your hands and your brains. Some clever young people have idiotic hands, or what is worse, a finicky use of them.

I was in London in 1911, during the great railroad strike. Victoria Station was crowded with panting locomotives and long trains of cars. They had been guarded for days by mobs of striking railroad employes who refused to take them out. Then one evening a long line of young men appeared there elegantly dressed. They made their way in silence through the yelling mob, climbed into the cabs of the engines, took their places as firemen, brakemen and conductors. And the trains began to move out. Before midnight every train was on its way, manned by crews from Oxford, Cambridge, sons of the noblest families in England. There were no wrecks, no mishaps, and the strike was broken.

This is what one may call education in the best sense, a training in knowledge and courage that fits men to meet emergencies in their own lives and in the affairs of their country with efficiency and dignity.

A Chain of Evil

But it is not what a man knows, after all, that determines his worth or character; it is the things he hopes and believes. The whole of life for us is one illusion after another. Therefore, choose your illusions wisely and stick to them, for you never can get beyond one without falling into another. Endeavor to keep a few fixed prejudices. They are always more colorful and personal to a man than principles, as your features distinguish you from your twin man who greatly resembles you in character. Avoid sleazy tolerance. Broad-mindedness is frequently the refuge of scamps passing as intellectuals. They are for making that honest and terrible little word "sin" obsolete by calling it "consequences." The fact remains, "the wages of sin is death" no matter how much you elongate the word.

I think colleges and universities should have a "Chair of Evil," and so called, filled by a man of exceptional ability and more of a human being than a psychopath ever is, whose duty would be to expound evil and tendencies leading toward evil, their history in human nature and their effects upon human character. At least half the scriptures of mankind are founded upon his victories and defeats over these tendencies. Why should he not take an intelligent course, then, in the knowledge of evil ahead of the game that Nature, mind and spirit are sure to play with him? It requires a man of the highest integrity and intelligence, not merely a moralist, to teach this subject properly. The fact that young people receive no such legitimate instructions explains the reason why so many of them get it from corrupt companions—disgusting knowledge, not of life, but of vice.

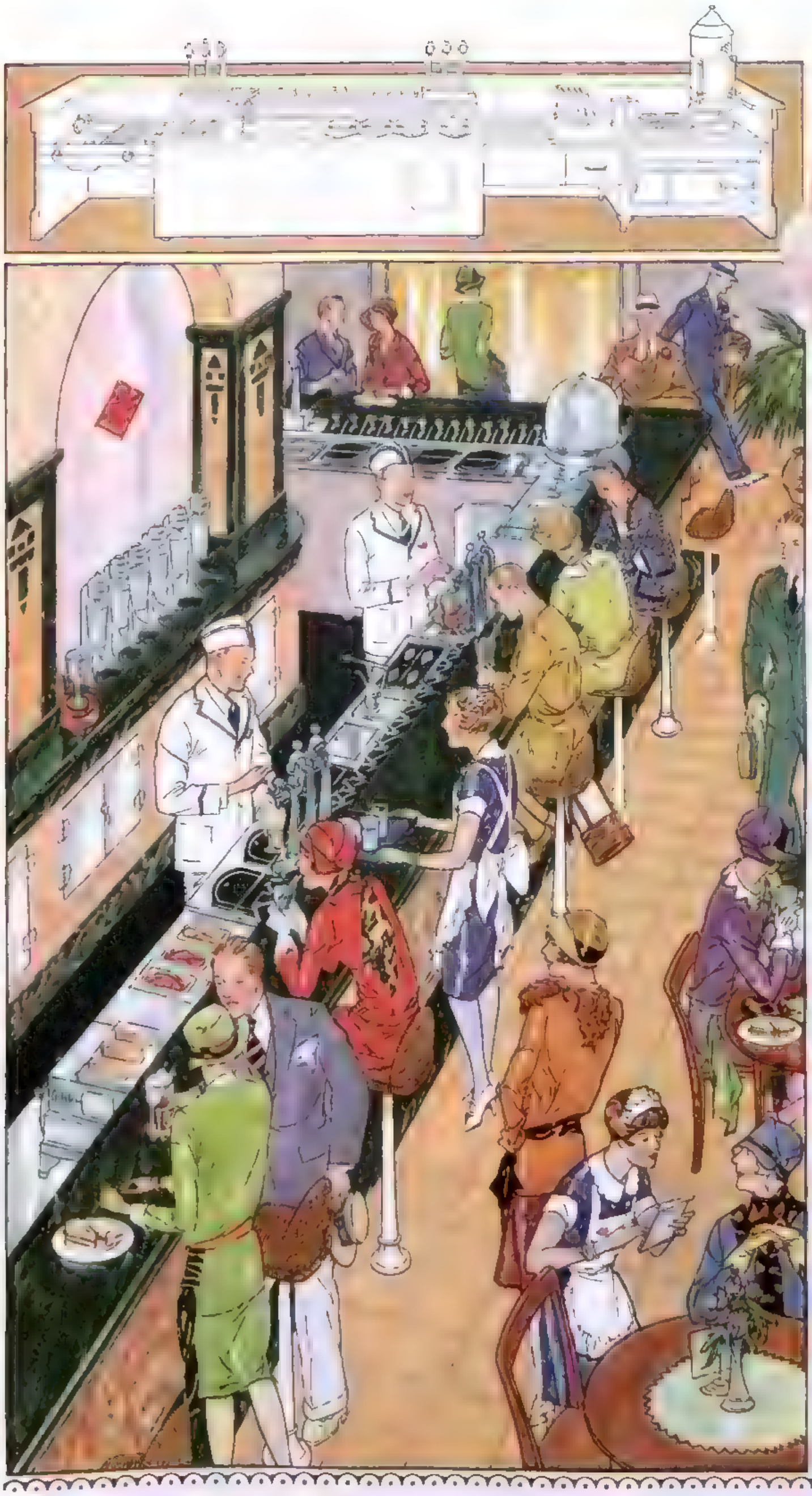
Unfortunately no such provision is made for you; only a few lectures in social hygiene, vague stuff on ethics, a little textbook biology. In this emergency I recommend some of the sixteenth-century literature when evil was more of a classic than it is now. It had an epic quality, lost now. And for you it would be merely informing, as it should be from the historical standpoint. Not so suggestive as those of an amateur in vice from whom you are so often reduced to get your information, since it is no longer possible in the civilization or social conditions where the scenes were laid.

The Tone of Time

The idea I wish to convey is that young people should not risk vulgarizing their minds, tastes and characters with gross interpretations of the worst knowledge. Since you must and will have it, it is better to get it from a master, like Cellini or Shakspere.

And finally, my young brethren, the only living classics are not books; they are older, mellower, wiser men and women of your own times. Fine elder masterpieces in patience, honor, reduced now to things of good report in their memories and thinking. The fact that you no longer associate with them is apparent and a regrettable circumstance. Too many of you are raw sketches of yourselves made without a teacher; you lack the fine old grammarian's passion for the right word properly parsed. You have a witty, obstreperous vocabulary with a heel kick, but not enough elegance. You need the tone of time, some cathedral shadows on your garish mind. You are frequently soulless sentimentalists without much capacity for affection or reverence. In your effort to be smart you miss some of the high spots in human relationships. It seems to me the emotional episodes in modern life are singularly trivial. You will bury a fallen woman in a silver casket, but you are beginning to entertain very grave doubts about good women. I am telling you it is wrong. You should cultivate a few of the elder fashions in manners and ideality if you expect to escape the cynicism of a mean old age. Your mind will become some kind of a Sodom and you will be the Socrates of it.

We elder ones are not such a bad lot. Years ago a certain man in this country had an iron foundry, and a contract to furnish certain arms, probably cannon balls, to the Confederate Army. The time came when he was in great financial straits and was about to fail. His friends heard of his difficulties and subscribed the sum he needed. Sherman's Army came through after that, and destroyed the foundry, but not the shaft of granite he had raised to his friends there, with all their names and their deed inscribed upon it. They are dead long since, but sixty years later somebody found the monument hidden deep in the river forest beside the ruins of the foundry, chipped all over by Federal bullets, but the inscription still legible, commemorating the classic genius men of that period had for friendship. I suppose you will raise many finer memorials in your day, but not one so simply expressive of the archaic eloquence of a noble and grateful heart. You may do big things—I believe you will—but see to it that you also accomplish some of the unaffected lowliness of the best things.



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Promise yourself to try your next treat at a Liquid Mechanicold Fountain. Ten thousand, coast to coast, are serving these new-way food-drinks. They're the coldest, freshest, creamiest, dreamiest Sodas and Sundaes you've ever tasted.

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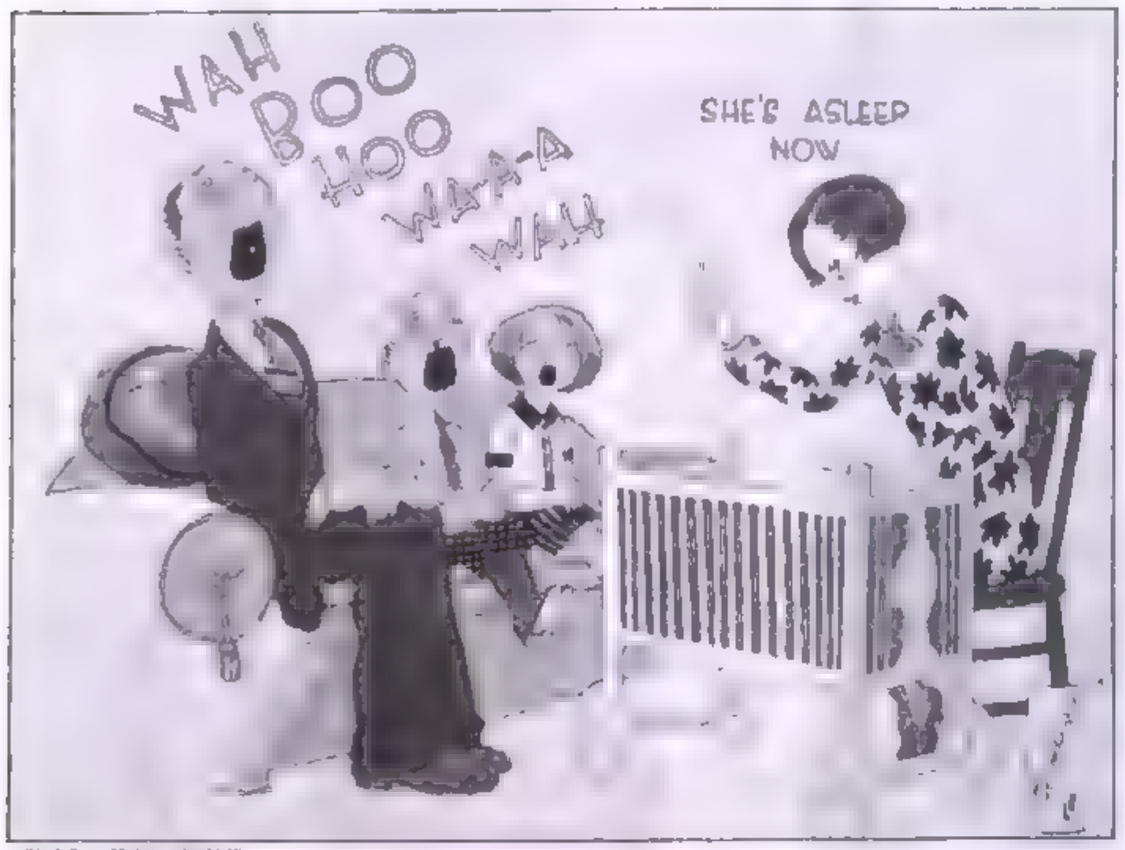

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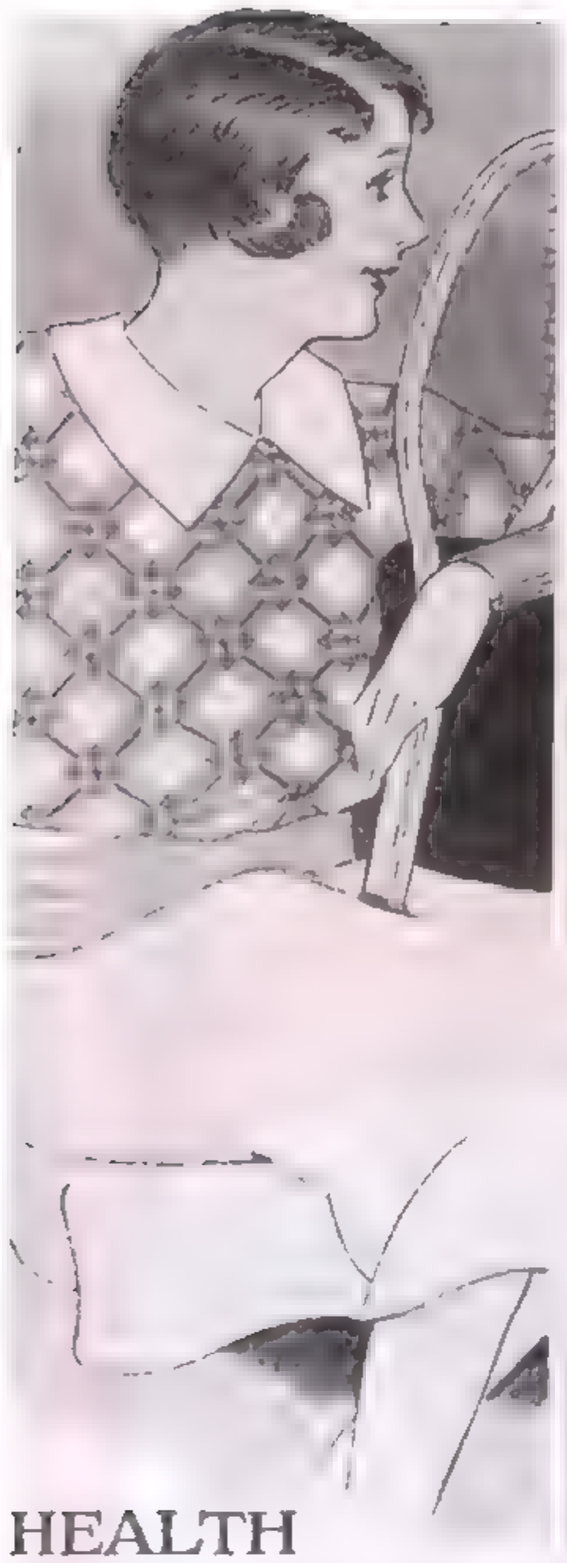

HEALTH
and HAPPINESS
largely a question of diet

Feed too much oil or too rich a mixture of "gas" to your motor's engine and it becomes heavy. It loses its speed and power. So it is with the human machine. A diet of rich, indigestible foods, sooner or later, results in misery. You can't be healthy and happy if your diet is wrong.

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Leading dairies everywhere deliver clean, wholesome milk in sanitary glass bottles.

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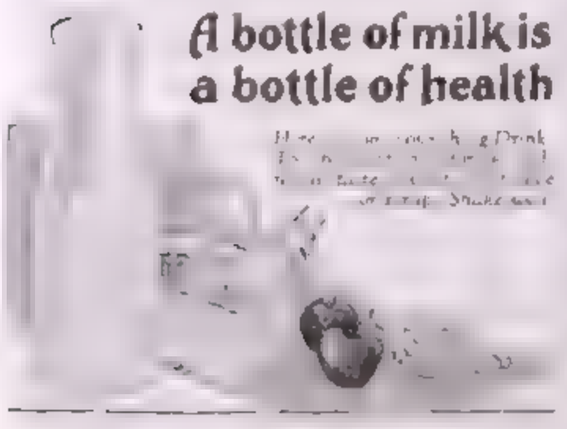


A bottle of milk is a bottle of health

**See What You Buy—
BUY IN GLASS**

A MARRIED MAN'S JOB

(Continued from Page 17)

So that wasn't it. Shortly, however, it came out. "What do you think a bunch of men want for supper after a poker party?" Cort demanded.

"Why"—Sally had to stop and think—"beer, I should imagine, if they could get it, and rye bread and Swiss cheese ——"

"And onion sandwiches," said Cort, "and liverwurst."

He paused, dramatically aggrieved.

"And what do you think Cristabel came out with?"

"What?"

Cort's disgust almost prevented speech.

"Lettuce and mayonnaise sandwiches! Cut as thin as a playing card. Coffee, in that hand-painted set—she even had sugar tongs! And ice cream and gooey layer cake! And pink candy wafers!"

"Oh, dear, what a shame!"

"A shame! It's an outrage. Those fellows will rag me about it to my dying day."

"I know just how you feel. It's a downright shame. I can't understand why Cristabel ——" And then, suddenly: "You told her what you wanted, didn't you?"

"I told her," said Cort, "that I wanted a first-class supper."

A little dignified pause. "That's all I ever had to tell anybody before."

Another pause. Then: "I see," said Sally. And she did, of course. Rose would never have let a thing of this sort happen.

Well, it had been Rose's job not to. It wasn't Sally's. Rose had undertaken to be a housewife, Sally had not. And Cort had agreed that she was not to. Sally staunchly refused to feel guilty about the poker party. She d d wish it had occurred to her to speak to Cristabel in advance; it would have taken but a moment. Sally, in love, was no hound for principle. But as long as it hadn't occurred to her, she refused to feel guilty over it now.

It was a mere trifle anyway, significant only as one of the straws that always blow with the wind. And as a trifle it was more or less forgotten. Cort was so very fair about everything of importance. A sudden illness of his mother, who had been left with a just barely sufficient income for smooth sailing, meant a frightfully expensive operation. Cort met the expense with unquestioning loyalty out of his pretty scant savings. He had never had a chance to save much. Before Rose, there had been a younger sister he had been helping through school. Then Rose had been an expensive wife. This sudden demand practically swept away his reserve.

Sally found his concern over this strangely touching. He seemed to feel that it was doing her such a great injustice. Sally, who had had to live pretty close to the ragged edge for several years, refused to share Cort's sense of anxiety.

"Oh, don't worry, darling; you aren't going to be taken sick right now. People don't necessarily get sick at just the wrong time. We're husky. And if we were both stricken at once, we'd manage some way or another, you know. People always do."

But Cort could not share her careless optimism. A man who has been protective to some woman all his life does not easily shuffle off the attitude. Without consulting Sally, he took out a large accident and illness insurance policy. It scrimped them considerably, here and there, to carry it, but Sally, who, for one reason and another, hadn't been able to save much either, admitted that it was probably a wise precaution. And after years of being entirely on her own in the world, she found something almost tearfully sweet in Cort's wanting to protect her.

Oh, in anything of real importance she and Cort were so close together that it seemed silly and childish that the little unimportances should have access to them both. But the unimportances did. After all, no marriage is made at the altar. It takes time to make a marriage—time and the adjustment of just such trifles.

What troubled Sally in it was the feeling that, without this ghost of Rose always coming between them, the trifles could have been so easily adjusted. In theory Cort heartily approved of their other kind of marriage. He was proud of Sally's success in her work; he was amused and delighted by her cocky, red-headed independence. He realized that she could not keep on with a rather exacting job and render at the same time all the little traditional wifely services—in theory. In practice—and that was what made the trouble—he was used to having a woman look out for him.

How completely Rose had done this—and before Rose, for that matter, an adoring mother and two doting sisters—Sally might not even have guessed if it hadn't been for one of these doting sisters. But Margaret was under no pledge of silence in regard to Sally's predecessor. From Margaret's well-meant sisterly hints and suggestions Sally was able to build an appallingly vivid picture of Rose's wifehood.

"It makes Cort simply furious if you don't go through his pockets before you send any of his suits to the presser," Margaret would caution. "He's as likely as not to leave a pair of theater tickets or even his watch or his money." Or: "Rose never had a pickle in the apartment. They don't agree with Cort, but he will eat them if you have them around."

Cort's mental diet had evidently been quite as solicitously guarded.

"Mr. Millard will probably send you a wedding present," Margaret prophesied, "but you needn't feel you've got to entertain him. Rose never did. She was always afraid he'd get off on spiritualism, and Cort can't stand that."

Sally was always friendly but determinedly flippant about these suggestions; insisting that Cort was of age and robust, perfectly able to look out for his own diet, both physical and mental.

Despite the flippancy, however, it was a bit disconcerting to a bride to be making a marriage, with a ghost in the house. And a ghost who had been so thoroughly mistress of all the ancient technic of wifehood.

Rose had been letter-perfect in the ancient technic. She had, for instance, practiced countless ways of bolstering up Cort's self-esteem, of standing guard over his vanity. If he lost a golf tournament the trouble, Rose had been eager to assure him, had been with the course or some unfair handicap or some opponent who had coughed on the putting green. If he didn't get a hoped-for raise it was, Rose aggrievedly insisted, because the entire United States banking system had conspired against him.

And then, besides mothering him, Rose had evidently had quite as adorable and reassuring childishness. Little ways of asking Cort's advice on all points—you never had to pay any attention to the advice after you got it, Margaret explained sensibly to Sally, but just asking for it made a man feel good—of coaxing him prettily for this extravagance or that, making him feel himself an indulgent Croesus when he finally yielded.

Her tremendous respect for Cort's bank position. She had had, to be sure, but the haziest idea of what Cort did after he got to the bank, but she had flattered him by her childlike pride in being a banker's wife. Her clinging dependence on him, her touching heartbreak when he forgot her birthday. All the charming old ways of working a man and making him like it.

And yet Rose had not had the slightest idea, Sally felt sure, of what a brilliant man Cort really was. In his work, for instance. Cort was assistant cashier of one of the biggest New York banks. A most dignified position for a man of only thirty. And Sally knew that Cort deserved it. She felt, indeed, that he deserved something a great deal better. He was in the credit department and, from rather simple investigations of businesses of the bank's customers, he was being intrusted now with more extensive reports and often had rather important decisions to make.

Sally loved the little glimpses she had occasionally of Cort at work. Not in his office trappings. She was too much of a realist to be especially impressed, as Rose had been, by the gleaming broad mahogany desk, with his name gold-lettered on a chaste black standard, by his array of bells for summoning numerous hirelings, by the general air of quiet expensive deference which surrounded all the bank officials. Sally understood that big city banks often go in rather more for atmosphere than salaries; knew that many a small-town merchant, unpacking his own goods in his shirt sleeves, shows a larger profit at the end of the year than an assistant cashier among the Persian rugs and marble pillars.

What fascinated Sally was the working of Cort's mind. Her own business experience had been largely of detail; she recognized, with a sort of awe, the different sort of mind her husband had. He could look right through an obscuring cloud of details to the broad, general truths of a proposition.

Neither surface differences nor surface similarities ever tricked him. He could go, with the sureness of a surgeon's scalpel, straight to the hidden strength or weakness of a business. And with a logic made flexible by more imagination than is given to the average banker, he could outline a course of action with uncanny good judgment.

He was sure of himself too—with the ability to convince others that comes with inner sureness. Mr. Brackton, the vice president in charge of the credit department, had more than once yielded his own judgment under Cort's keen urging for or against some loan.

Oh, Sally felt sure that Rose had never really appreciated Cort; just as she felt sure Rose had never loved him as she did. There were times before their fire, Sally in Cort's arms, his cheek pressed against her bright hair, when Sally knew this. Times of tenderness and passion when a sense of togetherness laid a reverential finger on the lips of speech.

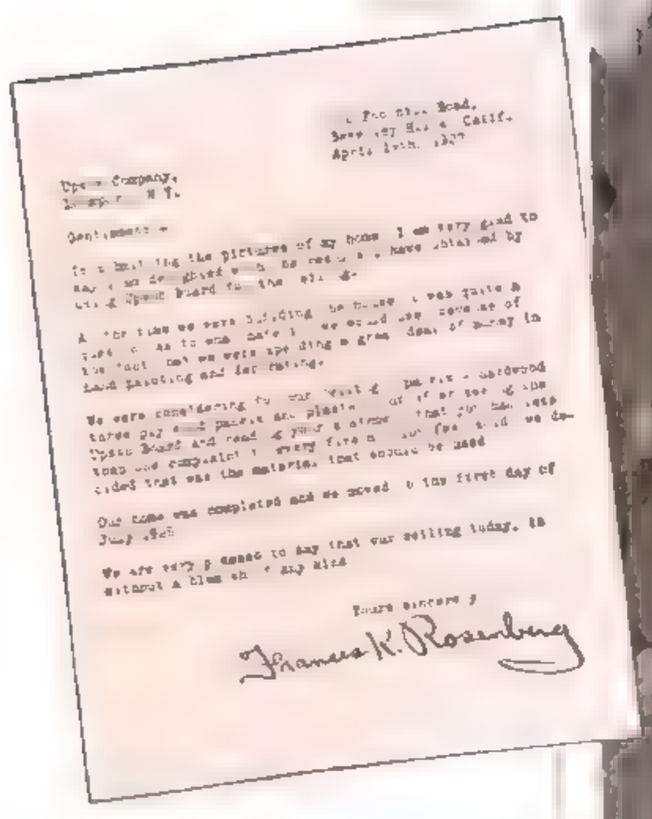
Then there was all the gay companionship they had. The excited interest in each other with which they never failed to meet at their fireside dinner hour. Moments of mutual, breathless laughter. Discussions of some book or play or bit of office gossip. Glorious, carefree, cheap holiday excursions. An impromptu rolling back of the rugs to dance to the radio, just the two of them in their living room late of an evening.

Surely this togetherness was true marriage. Sally clung to it desperately, all the time that she refused to darn Cort's socks or write his letters or see that the moths were kept out of his dress suit. Through their occasional hot arguments, when she refused to pretend to agree with him unless she was really convinced. She knew, however, that this was not supporting Cort, psychologically speaking, in the style to which he had been accustomed.

She knew that Cort felt this and at times resented it. A man who has been taken care of for thirty years does not learn in thirty days to do it for himself. Does not, quite possibly, even want to learn. It is one thing to agree, in general, that it is all right for a wife to have a job; it is quite another to be expected to like it when the maid burns up some valuable papers which he left on a chair and the same wife refuses even to speak to her about it. Merely says: "Speak to her yourself. You know best how far you want to go, because if she leaves, it's your turn to hire the next one."

Oh, Sally knew that there were dozens of times when Cort longed to break his one premarriage pledge. When "But Rose ——" hovered on his very lips and the enforced silence pinched him like a tight shoe.

(Continued on Page 135)



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April 14th, 1927

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We were considering the use of plaster, or of hardwood panels, but plaster was plainly out of the question because of the cost and hardwood panels are plainly out of the question because of the cost. Upson Board and read of your [illegible] that the [illegible] tests and comparison [illegible] every fire [illegible] for walls we decided that was the material that should be used.

Our home was completed and we moved in the first day of July 1926.

We are very glad to say that our ceiling today, is without a flaw [illegible] any kind.

Yours sincerely,

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in nation-wide contest with ..

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Upson Board ceiling in the home of Frances K. Rosenberg, Beverly Hills, California, which won first prize for the best ceiling in the recent $2500 Upson Prize Contest. Try Upson Board in one room—[illegible] it all through the house. Nothing better for ceilings at any price. Other prize-winners in this nation-wide contest will be announced later.

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This ceiling is Upson Board . . . beamed and finished like expensive hardwood panels . . . and at *a fraction of the cost.*

The owner chose Upson Board because it resists jars, blows, heat, moisture—because properly applied, it should last as long as the building stands.

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We invite you to write today, describing [illegible] you plan and enclosing 10 cents for [illegible] of Upson Board and Upson [illegible] literature, and full [illegible]

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This is not to say that sixteen-dollar shoes are not worth the money. Doubtless they are. But you will find in Smith Smart Shoes most of the things that make them worth it; counters of select leather, stitching that's double throughout, uppers of such choice material that only 8% of the tannage of America will do.

Where is the difference, then, between the ten-dollar Smith Smart Shoe and its sixteen-dollar brethren? Ah! that's for you to find.

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TEN DOLLARS

YOU CAN'T WEAR OUT THEIR LOOKS
Young men will like this new Smith Smart Collegiate Oxford . . . In Tan Hickory Calf—at all authorized dealers

Smith Smart Shoes

WRITE FOR STYLE BOOK

(Continued from Page 132)

But she felt sure she was right, and she was so confident in their true love that she pretended not even to recognize these irritated moments. One gets used to most things in time and it is quite possible that Cort would slowly have adapted himself to the new relation, that the ghost might have been laid, offstage, as it were, if it hadn't been for the matter of Mrs. Brackton.

But when it came to Mrs. Brackton, Sally ran up against a real issue; no trifling, irritating difference to be condoned or ignored. Mr. Brackton was Cort's superior in the bank. Mrs. Brackton had been in Europe since Sally's marriage to Cort. She had returned now, and Cort came home one evening to announce that both the Bracktons were coming to call. By the fact that Cort brought with him a box of maraschino-filled chocolates and a box of Mr. Brackton's favorite cigars—since his mother's operation, Cort had stopped smoking himself or bringing candy to Sally—she knew that he considered the call to be something of an occasion. Knew this, too, by his approving "That's the girl!" when Sally put on her most becoming dress, a slim little gray chiffon affair above which her short curls gleamed like burnished gold. "You'll make a scandalous hit with the Bracktons."

So Sally did her best to. Mr. Brackton proved a pleasant gentleman with sound, conservative opinions and nice manners, a little set under a thin shellac of caution. The typical, successful New York banker. Mrs. Brackton was the kind of wife that only a successful man can afford to have. A blonde in the early forties, expensively preserved, exquisitely dressed. She had been indulgently protected from any life experience which might have shown her that most of her ideas were wrong, so she expressed them freely, with an airy, smart intolerance. Exactly the kind of woman whose very presence brought out in Sally all that was cocky and irreverent and red-headed.

She carefully choked it back, however, out of courtesy, and love for Cort; remembered that Mrs. Brackton was the wife of Cort's superior and a person whom it would be only prudent for her to please. She evidently succeeded too.

"I knew they'd like you!" Cort said triumphantly after they had gone. "How did you like them?"

"He's all right," said Sally frankly, "but I think that they drowned one of the wrong kittens when they kept her."

Cort laughed. He would not admit it, but Sally guessed shrewdly that he did not practically enjoy the Bracktons himself. He did, however, consider them worth cultivating, so Sally determined to do her best. Despite the fact that from the very beginning she feared it was a hopeless task.

Not but what Mrs. Brackton seemed more than willing. She had taken Rose under her social wing and seemed quite willing now to do the same for Sally. She evidently liked having a younger woman who would flatter her a little, defer to her, fill in at her parties; a younger couple to come for dinner or over the week-end when she could do no better; a young woman whose husband was her husband's subordinate made the perfect protégé. Undoubtedly Mrs. Brackton had, in return, done a good deal for Rose. She was willing, prepared, to do quite the same for Sally.

The difficulty was that there was nothing she could do for Sally which Sally wanted. Sally, in fact, was such an independent little redhead that she resented the mere having to waste any of her scanty leisure on a woman she did not like. Then, Mrs. Brackton's favors were in the main something Sally had to decline. Wednesday afternoon bridge parties—afternoon engagements were as impossible for Sally as for any business man—intimate little luncheons at Pierrot's which would keep Sally out of the office three hours in the middle of the day.

Mrs. Brackton refused to take Sally's position seriously. She quite approved of it, assured Sally that it is very smart now for a young married woman to be working. But Mrs. Brackton's ideas of the way a young married woman should work would have been greeted with hilarity in any business office. She would telephone Sally at the busiest morning hour, all prepared for a long, chatty gossip; she saw no reason why Sally shouldn't get off in the morning to go shopping or early in the afternoon for a tea. And the idea that Sally might ever work so hard during a day that she would be too tired for some impromptu evening festivity struck Mrs. Brackton as downright whimsical.

Oh, it was a friendship foredoomed to failure. Sally should have known this. She did, in fact, but because Cort so evidently wanted it and because she loved Cort, she tried for several weeks to do her best—for months, indeed. It was midsummer before Sally realized suddenly that it couldn't be done.

She had accepted an invitation for a week-end at the Bracktons' country place reluctantly, knowing well enough that it would not be the kind of week-end either she or Cort would especially enjoy. Dancing all Saturday night at the country club, drinking rather too much, a great crowd in for tea on Sunday. Getting back to the office at nine, Monday, worn out and frazzled. However, Sally might not have realized that she couldn't go on if she had got back to the office at nine. That was what brought matters to a head.

Nobody, Mrs. Brackton assured her Sunday evening, was going to get up for the early commuters' train.

"You needn't worry," she told Sally comfortably. "It will be all right at the bank. Most of the officials get in late Monday morning. And Cort's coming in with Mr. Brackton would make it all right anyway." Mrs. Brackton loved her sense of Mr. Brackton's business importance.

"But I've got to get to an office too," Sally protested anxiously. "And I won't be coming in with Mr. Brackton, you know. You won't mind if I slip out early, before the rest of you are up, will you? I can get a taxi to come for me and not bother anybody."

The Brackton house was five miles from the railroad station.

On Monday morning Sally's carefully ordered taxi did not come. A whimsical little way of country taxis.

"Well, I hardly thought he would get here, when you spoke about it," said Mrs. Brackton carelessly, over the nine o'clock breakfast. "They take care of their regular customers first and, having our own car, we don't call them often. Have another muffin, Sally. Mercy, child, don't look so worried! Nobody ever expects a woman to be right on time anyway. Just give the big boss one of your pretty smiles and he'll forget you weren't there on the tick of the clock."

Sally reached her office at half-past eleven. She could scarcely have chosen a worse day for being late. There had been a directors' meeting at ten. The two directors who had important outside interests had left them to attend. Mr. Warlight himself, of course, was there. Sally was the corporation secretary. One of the office stenographers had been pressed into service to take the minutes and had proved herself grossly inefficient, and could not, of course, affix the corporation seal. Sally, meeting Mr. Warlight in the outer office, reflected grimly on Mrs. Brackton's facile remedy. Mr. Warlight would have taken a smile, pretty or otherwise, as a gratuitous insult.

Sally did not, however, tell this to Cort. They had agreed not to make their home a clearing house for minor business worries. But she made up her mind right there that there was no use attempting to go on being an intimate friend of Mrs. Brackton. This resolution was strengthened Tuesday morning, when the mail brought a note asking Sally to see about some lamp shades which Mrs. Brackton had ordered but which had not been delivered. A long-distance telephone to the store had not been effectual and she must have the shades by Thursday, when she was giving a bridge party. Would Sally be an angel and run over to the store right away and keep right after them till he said that the shades were on the way? Sally was sufficiently woman-wise in the ways of shopping to know that that would probably be an entire morning. She never took office time for her own shopping, but there was no mistaking the iron hand in the velvet glove of Mrs. Brackton's "angels" and "Sally, you little dear." In return for many social favors, Mrs. Brackton expected Sally to take time for hers.

But the nail, practically in already, received its final sinking blow on Thursday. Thursday was July first, the beginning of Warlight Builders' fiscal year. Every July first since she had been there Sally had received a monthly salary check pleasantly larger than it had been before. Three months ago Mr. Warlight had hinted that she might look for the usual increase this year.

Late Thursday afternoon the office boy handed Sally her check. It was for the same amount. There had been no raise.

For some little time Sally sat quietly, looking at the check. Was this merely reprisal for being late on Monday? Mr. Warlight was a quick-tempered man and it was possible. But he was also a very fair man, and Sally faced the fact that there had doubtless been other things too. Thursday afternoons when she had slipped away a little early to market for dinner, Thursday being Cristabel's day off; Mrs. Brackton's long telephone calls; luncheon with Mrs. Brackton that had kept Sally out till three; days after dancing at some night club when she had been too tired to keep her mind on the office activities.

There had undoubtedly been plenty of reasons. Sally was too honest not to admit this squarely. The salary check, with its mute rebuke, brought her to a sharp reminder that the ways of the lady of leisure are not those of the business woman. She had chosen one path and then allowed herself to be coaxed along the other.

Well, fortunately it was not too late to mend. The check had been a warning, that was all. Sally suddenly stopped staring at the blue slip and went to work, checking the drafts of a contract in a very furor of concentration.

She had decided to wait until after dinner to tell Cort about her check. One does not bring up an unpleasant subject till after a tired and hungry husband has been fed. A bit of ancient wifehood technic which Sally followed quite unconsciously.

It was not, she realized, a very good time to tell him, even after dinner. It was Thursday. They had planned to get dinner themselves. Sally, who had been going to bring the meat, had stayed at the office till after the butcher shops were closed. She reached home to find Cort already in straw slippers and a cool pongee dressing gown. It had been a wiltingly hot day and the apartment was a peaceful ten degrees cooler than the street.

Cort had said nothing in complaint of the change of plans, but he changed back to street clothes with an air of patient disappointment and ate his slice of tea-room roast and his anæmic salad with the air of a man somewhat borne down by secret grief.

Sally decided not to mention her disappointment and warning this evening at all. Cort was in a mood that, in any but a first-year bridegroom, would seem a bit grumpy. She dropped into a low lazy chair beside his in the breezy south window.

"Cheer up," she said, "it's only one more day till Saturday. We might have Cristabel put us up a lunch and go picnicking up at Old Beach."

A picnic at Old Beach had never before failed to win Cort to instant enthusiasm. Tonight, however, "Can't do it," he said shortly. "The Bracktons want us out there again."

"Oh, Cort," Sally's exclamation was a wail, "I can't go to the Bracktons' again over a week-end. There's no way of being

(Continued on Page 137)

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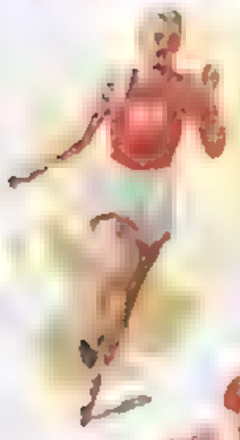

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(Continued from Page 135)

sure of getting in on time Monday morning."

"We'll tip one of the taxi drivers," Cort answered. "He'll get out there all right."

"He'll say he would," said Sally, "but I wouldn't feel any confidence of it. I can't take a possible chance of drifting into the office at noon another time. I'd be crazy with worry every minute of the week-end."

"You wouldn't need to be," said Cort. "The taxi'd get there all right."

Sally felt her reluctance growing firmer in opposition, like white of egg in boiling water

"You know there are a dozen kinds of week-ends we'd both enjoy more than another at the Bracktons'," she challenged.

"Can't help that," said Cort. "We'll have to go to the Bracktons'. They're counting on me for tennis."

"Well, you go without me, then. I don't play tennis anyway."

"I don't want to go away over a week-end without you." Sally felt herself weakening at this appeal. "They'd think it was queer as the dickens. Mrs. Brackton would take it as a direct snub."

"Oh!" The weakening vanished with great promptness.

"You may be willing to spend the one free time you have out of a week in something that doesn't give you any rest or pleasure," Sally burst out, "but I'm not." She paused a moment, then decided she might as well go through with it. "I've made up my mind today. Intimacy with Mrs. Brackton is simply out of the question for me. I've never liked her, and I couldn't afford to play around with her, even if I did. I should have known better than to get into it as far as I have. There's nothing left now but to begin to pull out of it as tactfully as I can."

"Can't be done," said Cort shortly. "Liking Mrs. Brackton or not hasn't anything to do with it. Without Brackton's friendship I won't get anything decent at the bank before I'm fifty." A little pause, and then, firmly: "I'm sorry, my dear, but I'm afraid you'll just have to make the best of Mrs. Brackton."

For several seconds Sally stared at her husband, not believing that she could have heard him correctly. Did he think he could make her decision for her? That cool, authoritative: "I'm afraid you'll just have to make the best of Mrs. Brackton."

"Well you can spare yourself your fears," said Sally hotly. "I won't." Her red curls fairly sizzled. "When I'm no longer free to pick my own friends I won't be married; I'll be dead!"

"This isn't any matter of picking friends," said Cort. "It's a matter of business."

"Then it's a kind of business you can count me out of. If it's necessary for you to shape your life around pleasing the Bracktons in order to earn your living, thank heaven it isn't for me! You'll have to manage as best you can without me. I didn't marry the bank." There was a dead silence for several moments.

"Go ahead, and say what you're thinking," Sally challenged, feeling herself suddenly trembling with a sense of impending panic. "You've thought it ever since we've been married. You may as well say it outright. Go ahead and tell me that Rose always did whatever you thought best. That Rose was a better wife to you than I am. You're thinking it; you may as well say it!"

There was a silence while Sally could hear her own heart beating like a tom-tom. And then: "All right," said Cort levelly, "I will say it. I love you better and I'd rather have you, but I do think Rose was a better wife."

There it was. Out in the open at last. Stripped of any veil of enforced silence.

They made up the quarrel before they went to bed that night. Red-headed anger is likely to change abruptly into quite as passionate penitence. And both Cort and Sally started back in terror from the perilous edge of the precipice which they suddenly saw yawning at their very feet. Affrighted, they both took back all that they had said in anger, tried desperately to brush it out of their very memories by the sweep of their love.

They were a hundred times tenderer to each other in the following days. But there are things one simply can't forget. "I do think Rose was a better wife." Cort's words thundered at Sally above the office clatter during busy hours; whispered themselves softly, tormentingly, in her ear, quiet evenings in their apartment; seemed to stand, like Rose's very ghost, between her and Cort when she wished most agonizingly to feel that they were growing closer.

Could they make a true marriage with this grievance between them? "I love you better and I'd rather have you." Even Cort's ameliorating phrases could not comfort Sally. They were what a man might say to his mistress in the ardor of infatuation. Were they the solid rock of which real marriage can be built? Marriage that must be made slowly of some granite of true union, a fortress and a refuge against the years when infatuation will fly away and ardor must learn to be patient and wise?

Sally was a true realist, unfooled by any false material pretense. She knew that in a room of solid wood and metal an airy ghost may be the one reality. Could she and Cort make a real marriage with this ghost between them?

Even in the most commonplace of material ways, she knew there was much to be said on the ghost's side. A man whose wife takes care of him, whose sole job in life is to stand staunchly behind him in every way, is freed from countless numbers of the petty worries that might have held him back. A man who had all his life been trained to expect this, who was in constant competition with other men who had it—wouldn't he always feel himself at a disadvantage without it? Wouldn't he feel, under any gallant pretense he might make, that he was being cheated?

For days, while they were going about their prosaic everyday routine, Sally's eyes kept meeting Cort's with the unspoken, anxious question. And every glance left her more uncertain, with a constantly growing unhappiness. For, under Cort's affection, under their commonplaces together, under their very laughter and love, she felt a hidden, grim brooding. The quarrel had got under Cort's skin too. He had not forgotten it any more than she had.

Suddenly, days afterward, Sally came to the place where she could stand this silent, unspoken suspense no longer. Knew that she could not go on any longer fighting it, and yet pretending not to see it—this invisible, soundless, potent phantom. The time came suddenly, inevitably, when she knew she had to have a show-down with the ghost. It was a rainy Sunday evening. Cristabel had gone home; Sally and Cort, eating their informal supper, had switched on one low light against the twilight grayness.

"Cort," said Sally suddenly, "let's not keep still about it any longer. Let's come out and say whatever we're really thinking. Now. Don't let's wait till sometime when we're both mad to say it. Do you think it's working things wrong for me to keep on with my job? When you first said you wanted me to, neither of us knew much about what it meant. We've got a better idea now. Do you still want me to?"

Cort, surprised by the unexpected directness, did not answer, puffing away at his cigarette.

"I still want to," said Sally bravely. "I still think we can make a go of it." She paused a moment. "But I don't want to be pig-headed. I'm willing to give the other way a fair trial. Do you want me to?"

Still Cort did not answer.

"I mean a really fair trial," said Sally. "I don't say that I could do Rose's way as well as she did. There are some things she must have done that I couldn't and wouldn't do. But there'd be plenty that I could, or could learn to do. Without a job to complicate things, I could"—she swallowed as over a wryly bitter pill—"I could even make it to be friends with Mrs. Brackton."

Cort suddenly stopped smoking, ground out his cigarette against the ash tray with unexpected savageness. Sally knew that she had gone straight to the sorest point.

"You don't think, do you," Cort asked shortly, "that it's any special pleasure to me to toady to the Bracktons?"

"Oh, Cort," Sally's protest was quick and shocked, "I never said you toadied to the Bracktons."

"Well, I have, all the same," said Cort savagely. "If I hadn't known it was true, what you said wouldn't have hit me below the belt. So long as Rose had seemed to like Mrs. Brackton, I had just taken it for granted; it merely seemed a very fortunate friendship. But when you didn't like her—well, I suddenly saw the relationship for exactly what it was. If you make up your mind to stay friends with a man, no matter how you feel about him, for what you can get out of him, it's toadying, whatever pretty name you call it by."

"If you feel that way about it," said Sally curiously, "why do you do it?"

"Because it's apparently the only way to get anywhere at the bank. Otherwise everything goes by seniority, no matter how good your work is. There are four men ahead of me, not one of them more than fifteen years older than I am. None of them likely to leave the bank. And it's pretty dull business, just sitting around waiting for them to die."

"And they do, I suppose," Sally admitted fairly, "sometimes push a man ahead out of favoritism."

Cort gave a brief and far from mirthful laugh.

"The day you turned thumbs down on Mrs. Brackton," he said, "I'd just learned that the job I'd been secretly counting on getting—and that I'd done most of the work for—was given, over my head, to the nephew of the president of the bank."

"Oh, Cort!" Sally's little cry was all remorseful tenderness. Cort had had his inner push to a quarrel that other night too. She slid over onto the arm of his chair, leaned her bright curls against his head. His arm came promptly around her.

They sat for a little while in silence while the rain spatted loudly against the panes.

"You've thought you might get out of the bank sometime, though," Sally reminded him.

"You have to get to a fairly conspicuous position in the bank first," said Cort, "before you're likely to have much come your way in the line of outside opportunities." He paused, then added, "Except something that's more or less speculative, of course."

Sally nodded.

"And you don't want to try anything speculative?" she asked.

"I've never been where I felt I had any right to," said Cort. "First there was Marian, still in school, to think of. Then ——"

He stopped abruptly. Sally patted his hand understandingly. No need to make him speak of Rose. Sally felt that she knew to every indulgently squandered dollar just how Rose had kept his nose to the grindstone. The better apartment this year, the new piano and the fur coat next. An expensive little person, wanting to dress and live like Mrs. Brackton. A socially ambitious little person who liked being a banker's wife; a dependent little person who would have been crushed and frightened by a real reverse. And a powerful person, in spite of her littleness and her dependence—powerful with every subtle, binding appeal of the feminine technic.

"When you and I got married," said Cort, "I did think that maybe—then there was mother's operation. Not," he added hastily, "that I didn't thank God I was able to take care of her."

"I know," said Sally. She was thinking of the insurance Cort had taken then to guard her own safety. Queer, how vivid a picture he had suddenly given her of all his manhood. Always some woman he had been protecting, taking care of, carrying,

"Mead must be pretty well fixed to have the city residence he described, pool and all that."

"You or I could have the same, if we were single like Mead."

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like a faithful pack horse. Why, he had come, slowly, to take it for granted, to shape his life, his ambitions, his whole point of view around it. No wonder he had come to take for granted, too, a comfortable stall to come home to at night.

"Good chances—even the fairly speculative ones—don't come every day or at your convenience," Cort went on. "I've had to pass up two or three. Why, I'd go with that new fire-extinguisher company we've been investigating in two minutes right now if ——" He stopped short.

"If what?" Sally asked, rubbing her curls against his cheek. Cort didn't answer.

"You're afraid it isn't sound?"

"If it isn't," said Cort, "I don't know a sound proposition when I see one."

"Then why can't you try it?" Sally asked. "Have they given you a chance?"

"They'd give me a chance quick enough. They want me to go out and establish their Midwestern branches. I'd start as assistant treasurer of the company. It would be awfully interesting—getting local capital interested in the key cities. And after that, if all went well, I'd have a better title and someone else to do the traveling for me."

"Then why—or don't you think you could raise the money?"

"I know very well I could," said Cort. "It's a proposition with tremendous possibilities and I've correspondence contacts with most of the banks that I'd have to work through."

"Then why"—Sally was frankly puzzled—"why don't you try it?"

"Simply," said Cort, "because they just pay a nominal salary. It's a case of future prospects rather than a lot of capital. But it's so good they know they can find a man—and the right one—who's game to gamble a year or so of his time and take stock in the company instead of salary."

"And you'd like to try it?"

"Would I!" The sudden eagerness in Cort's tone showed how spirited an animal it was that had been broken, through the years, to carrying a pack.

"Then why don't you?" Sally repeated, excitement quivering in her voice too. "Go ahead. We can find a way to manage."

Cort shook his head.

"It's no married man's job," he said. A little involuntary sigh. "It would be one swell chance for a bachelor, though."

"But, Cort," Sally protested eagerly, "you aren't a married man. Not in any business way. You've no wife to take care of. Why, honey, as far as business goes, you are a bachelor."

Cort smiled indulgently, as at a child.

"I mean it," Sally insisted impatiently. "Don't smile in that superior way. It's true. Look at the months we've been married. You haven't had one of the ordinary business advantages of marriage. You haven't had a housekeeper or a valet or a handy home secretary. You haven't even had a wife who was any real use to you socially. You've had every one of the disadvantages of a modern marriage. Why can't you realize that it's got at least one good point?"

The indulgent smile faded a little off Cort's face. His interest caught in spite of himself.

"You're quick enough to spot the assets in any business partnership," Sally pressed the slight advantage. "Why can't you see this asset we've got? There's no dependent woman to be thought of. The salary would take care of you by yourself, wouldn't it?"

"You couldn't carry this apartment alone," said Cort, "even if I were willing to let you."

"Of course I couldn't," said Sally. "And I wouldn't need it alone. I never had but one room before we were married."

"You can't go back to living in a furnished room," Cort's tone was outraged in its protectiveness.

"Don't talk tommyrot," said Sally. "Of course I can. You wouldn't be having much on me, you know, in your one hotel room or a berth in a Pullman car. We'd be gambling together, that's all, on the chance of a home some day that would make this apartment look like a charity ward."

"Lord, I'd like to do it!" Cort admitted. "If I had a little money ahead, I would too."

"I've got a little bit," said Sally, "that I had when we got married." She giggled. "My hope chest. Dollars instead of embroidered towels. It's precious little, but it would be there for any real emergency, in case you had to do something more for your mother, or something like that. We could each carry a sickness and accident insurance. We ought to be able to rent this place furnished for enough over my room rent to pay the premiums."

Cort was silent for several minutes. Then: "Suppose you lost your job?" he asked.

"I'd do what I've always done when I lost a job. Get another."

A longer pause this time. "But I'd be away practically all the time, for the first year or so. Two or three months, maybe six at a stretch. Wouldn't you mind that?" This from Cort, who had learned about women from one who had sulked when he had to be away from home a single evening.

"Of course, I'd hate it like the devil," said Sally. "Wouldn't you?"

Cort drew her off the chair arm onto his knee, held her tight for answer.

Sally relaxed a moment to the sweetness of it. Then she straightened again, every red curl afire. "You wouldn't let your own hating it stand in the way of doing the wise thing, would you? How can you think I would let mine!"

"It's different with a woman," said Cort. "She ——"

"Don't!" Sally stopped him shortly, something almost of fear sharpening her voice. "Don't talk sentimental twaddle now! This is too important. It isn't any 'different with a woman.' A woman's got guts or she hasn't—just like any other human being."

"But ——"

"Cort, my dearest, this may be the turning point of your whole life!" A very agony of appeal in her voice. "Turn whichever way you honestly believe is best. Don't think of me as 'a woman' or 'a wife.' I'm just Sally. I know you'd protect me if I really needed it, but I don't need it now. If things go right I'll share in the good fortune. If they go wrong I can stand it just as well as you can."

Battering breathlessly, defiantly, with sturdy small clenched fists at the walls that he had built through the many years—walls of chivalry and tradition; a stronghold for a popular ideal; a prison for a living man.

"You—you really think you could weather it?" The tottering of the walls sounded faintly in Cort's voice.

"I'll work hard and play hard, and there'll be letters, and we'll be loving each other every minute, and the time will pass," said Sally. "Think I can weather it? I know I can! I've proved it. Why, dearest, don't you see? I proved that I could live my life without you, years before I ever saw you."

There was a long silence. The street sounds from far below came muted and sweet; the rain beat against the window.

"You know," said Cort, almost shyly, "that's the way I always used to figure on running my life. To live in some way so that I'd be free to take a chance whenever I felt sure it was the right thing to do. But someway or other I'd got to accepting the idea that that way didn't seem to go with marriage."

"Well," said Sally lightly, "it's going to go with ours."

Such a thistledown of a remark. No heroics to hint the vastness of its portent. A woman lifting the pack off a man's back; handing him freedom as lightly as she might have handed him a cigarette.

For a long time they sat very close in the rainy summer darkness. Two hours later, while they were undressing, Cort said—and a new response to living registered in his quickened tone—"If I do go with those extinguisher people, next month'll be one busy time. There'll be a lot of things I'll have to wind up at the bank. And I'll have to spend a lot of time with the new people. Then I imagine there'll be a million details in our own private affairs to get into shape, renting this apartment and so on ——"

Sally could see her husband's face, reflected in the chiffonier mirror.

"You're thinking of Rose!" she challenged.

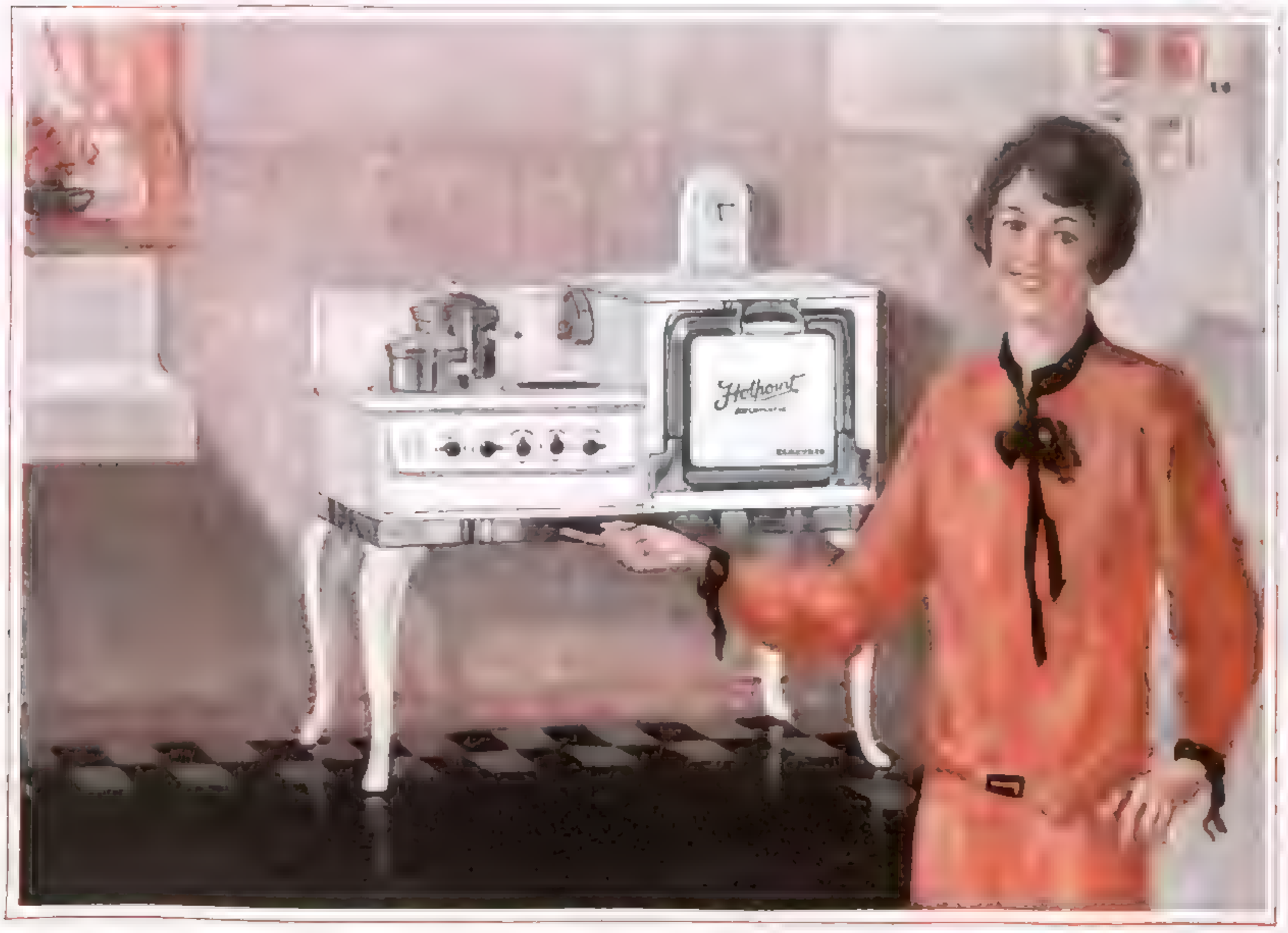
"Why, yes, I was," Cort admitted; "just for a minute."

"Thinking," Sally demanded, "that if you had Rose she'd tend to all those private details for you?" Cort shook his head—as Sally had known he would. Just a teasing exuberant gesture of sheer relief, that question. For Sally knew already that she and Cort could make their marriage now. Their own marriage, to their own design. Knew that the ghost that had stood between them was laid forever.

"No," said Cort gravely, "I was thinking—Rose was a dear sweet girl," he interpolated hastily, "and a good wife, but I was thinking"—something of true comradeship in his voice that nobody but Sally had ever heard—"I was thinking that if I had had Rose I'd never have gone at all."

Fishermen in the Lake St. John District, Quebec

Why I cook electrically–



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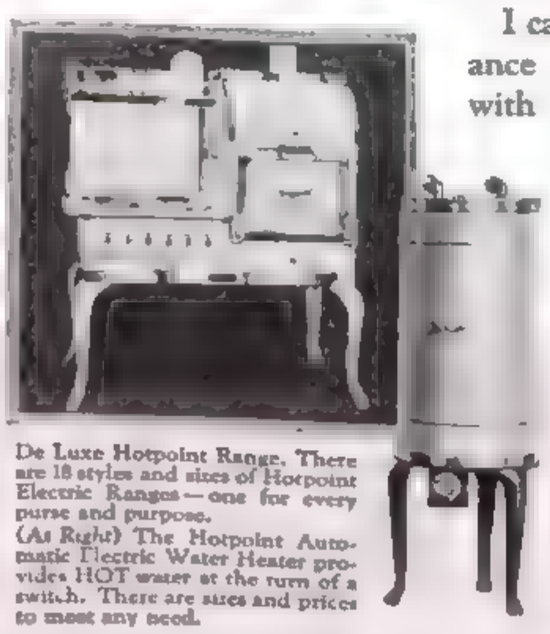

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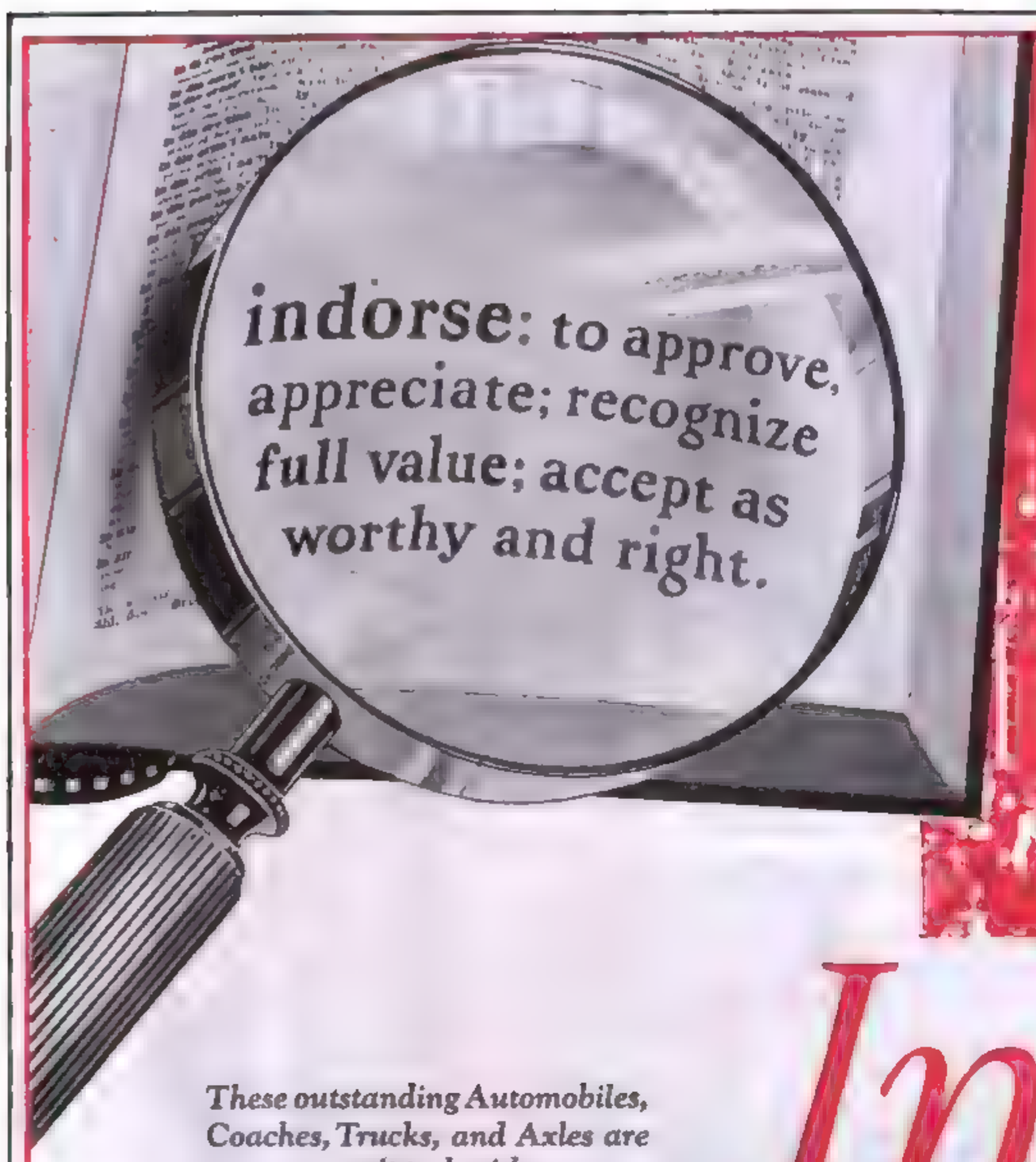

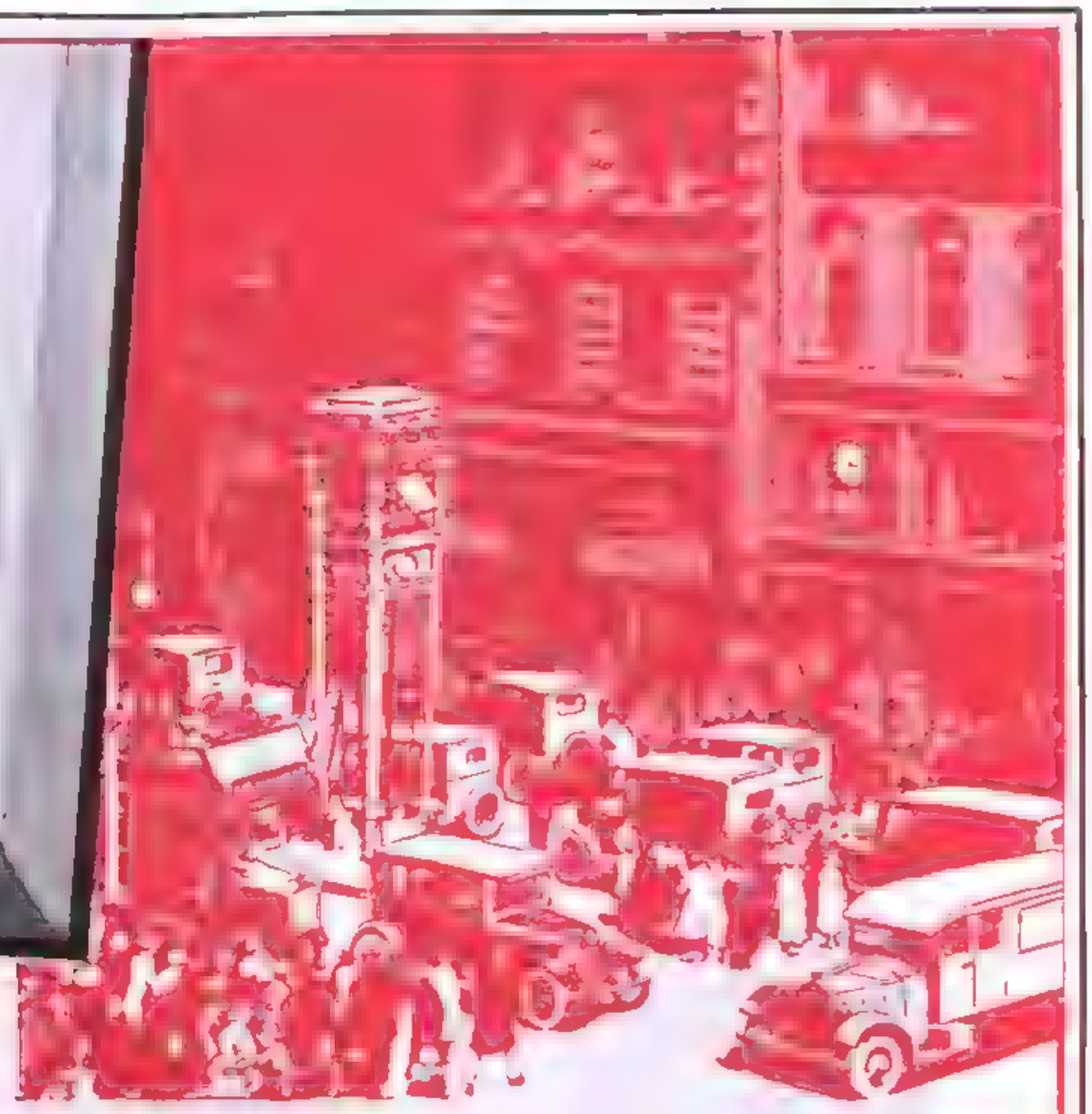

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MECHANICAL FOR SAFETY

ME—GANGSTER

(Continued from Page 25)

Right away Slug horned in: "How do we know? What are you gabbin' about anyway?" That was to steer us that Slug did not trust the dick, so nobody answered.

"Yeah," the dick sneered, "I suppose you guys been sittin' right here all night, eh? Talkin', you was. Tellin' parlor stories and havin' a little meetin' between yourselves!"

Twist, as I have said, was very smart. Right away he took up the idea that we had been there all night. "Sure," he said, "we had a poker game. Ask Clancy. We started playin' about ten o'clock and played straight through."

A funny look came over the detective's face and he rubbed his chin with his fingers. "That ain't so bad, at that," he muttered after a while; "not so bad." Then he went to the stairs and called for Clancy.

The saloonkeeper came up, and the dick said, "I ain't been here this mornin', Clancy, see?" Clancy nodded, and the dick went on, "But I will be comin' here in half an hour and I'll be after Danny an' Jimmie Murphy. They got a call out for 'em. But you get plenty of cards and poker chips up here right away and be ready to swear that these kids have been havin' an all-night poker party. Started at ten last night an' still goin' on."

He went downstairs and Clancy got the cards, and we smoked a lot of cigarettes and threw the butts around, and in a few minutes we felt we could fool anybody. But I want to tell you that I felt pretty shaky in half an hour when three cops, with the detective, crashed the door and covered us with rods. We pretended to be surprised, and acted like we were just finishing up a game, but I admit I was scared pink.

"We want you, Murphy, and you, too, Danny Critch, fer that shootin' last night. You better come easy an' gentle!" It was the crooked detective talking, and he made it sound good.

I could not speak, but Danny was great. "Sure," he grinned, cool as a cucumber. "What shootin'—crap shootin'?"

"Never mind that!" the dick snapped. "You two guys just break out of that an' come along. We'll talk it all over with the captain." Then he turned to the cops and told them not to disturb anything in the room, and for one of them to stay there till he was relieved, and not let anybody come in or leave.

That made me feel better, because I knew that he had brought the cops really for witnesses. Danny and me went along, and the dick said that somebody from the district attorney's office would come and talk to the rest of the gang.

Introduced With an Alibi

At the station the captain told us we were crazy to go gun fighting, but he did not ask many questions. He let the detective tell his story.

"When a call went out for these lads," the dick said, "I thought I would try Clancy's place. When I went in Clancy said, sure, they were upstairs playin' poker. I went up and found them in a game. I brought them along, but Clancy says they have been playin' there since ten o'clock last night, an' none of them had been out at all."

He stepped back of us, and as he went he winked a little, and that made me feel safer. I could see that our alibi would be a hard thing to beat, with eight guys to swear nobody left the poker room and with Clancy ready to do the same thing.

"You've been identified as a member of the gang that shot up a saloon last night," the captain said to me. "Knowin' that Danny and you are pals, we put in a call for both of you."

"Somebody's a cock-eyed liar," Danny answers steady and easy. "We never left Clancy's."

"I believe you, boys," the captain says, "but I'll have to hold you till we get this thing straight. I won't question you, but you probably want a lawyer."

I could see the captain was as scared and upset as we were.

"It don't take a lawyer to say we never left Clancy's," I said, making a show at being easy in the head. We sat around the captain's room for a while and then my old man came in. He asked me to tell him the truth, so that he would know what to do, but I figured the poker alibi was so good I had better bet on that. You know, there was a chance that the big boss might not go through for the old man. Nobody can really fix a killing if they hang it on you, and, anyway, I did not want the old man to have too much on me. I told him I had been at Clancy's all night.

The Law Leads an Ace

While he was there a man from the district attorney's office came in, and he was very nice, but sure was after information. He asked us a few questions and all we said was that we had never left Clancy's. Then he had five bums from the station picked up and he brought them into the room and lined them up with us. In a few minutes they brought in two of the uptown gang to look at us, and I thought I was going to drop. One of the guys had his head bandaged and the other had his arm in a big sling. They were the two we had left on the floor. The guy with the bandaged head came in and walked down the line. He looked at every man very carefully. When he came to me I saw a funny light in his eye. For just a second he looked me over, his face white and his eyes very bright and knowing, then he passed on. When he finished the line he turned to the captain and said: "I can't be dead sure, but I don't think any of the gang is in this line-up." I thought he was game then, but afterward Danny said he was not game; he was just mad and wanted to bump us off himself if we got out.

That lack of identification bothered the man from the district attorney's office, but it pleased the captain a lot. I could see that. At first I thought we were going to be let go, but the district attorney's man had another ace up his sleeve. He brought in a newsboy that had been selling papers on the corner when we went into the saloon to start the shooting

As soon as the kid walked into the room he came right up to me and said, "That's him, mister. He was one of them. He was the first one out of the automobile, but the rest of these guys ain't the gang!"

The man from downtown laughed, but before I could deny it, the captain had cut in like he was afraid I would say too much. "Better watch out, sonny," he said to the newsboy in a friendly way; "you're sayin' a whole lot when you say that! It might mean this man would be killed, and maybe you are wrong."

"I ain't wrong!" the kid says. "I'll swear I ain't. Gee! I'd know this guy anywhere. He was the only one I saw good, because as soon as I guessed what was up I ran away."

The captain seemed worried and acted as though he did not want to say too much before the man from downtown. I took my cue from him and said not a thing. All through the trial and everything, I never cracked a word.

"He hangs it on you pretty strong," the man from the district attorney's office said. "I guess all we can do is make a pinch, unless this kid changes his mind."

"I won't change my mind!" the kid pipes up. I could have killed him easy about that time. "I know this guy. I ain't wrong!"

"Lock him up, captain," the downtown guy said. "Hold him as a suspect for

(Continued on Page 143)

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(Continued from Page 141)

homicide. I'll talk with you over the telephone in a little while. Let him have a lawyer if he wants; give him the breaks. I know his old man here pretty well."

All of a sudden my old man seemed a hundred years older. His face looked like it did that time when Fletch was bumped off, only it looked worse. He never could talk much when he was like that, but he came over to me and said, "Whatever happens, keep your fresh young mouth shut." Then he beat it. I kind of thought he would go straight to the big boss, but I was not sure.

The captain let the bums go, and Danny too. As Danny went out he gave me the wink, but I never hated to see anybody leave me like I did to see Danny go. After a while the captain got rid of the district attorney's man, and then he came to me and sat down and drummed on the table for a minute, and finally he said, "Good night, kid; this is apt to be a hell of a mess'"

"Can't you shut up that newsboy?" I asked him. "If they believe that kid I might even—might even git the –the chair for this!"

"You was there, wasn't you?" he asked. "You and all that gang at Clancy's?"

"Yes, I was," I told him, something inside of me kind of quivering when I thought of the electric chair; "I was there. We all was—but you better not ——"

When a Lie Will Not Pass

I was just going to crack to him about what I had on him splitting with the old man and bumping off Fletch, but the way he answered me I knew he was my friend.

"I'll do whatever I can, kid," he said, his face looking quite the same as my old man's had. "I'll never see you take the rap if I can stop it. But it's a bad mess—a rotten mess."

"Scare that newsboy pink and shut him up," I said.

"Not now. That would be the worst thing in the world. But if they ain't got anything more than that on you, they ain't got much. No jury would convict you on that—not with the alibi you got. I'll handle it. Don't talk to anybody—not even your old man. He knows I'll do whatever I can to beat this racket for you."

"I won't talk," I said, but believe me it was pretty tough going back to that cell, even if I had all the cigarettes I wanted, and got my own way, except for being locked up. It was a tough rap to think of all the gang free and me in the can just on account of that newsboy.

There was Danny and Twist and Gat and Nick, and even Slug—him that had bumped off the poor driver—all free; and I was the one that was collared for the whole works. But I promised myself I would not talk no matter what happened. The next three months got pretty bad. As long as that newsboy stuck to his story I was in for it. Even the district attorney wanted to drop the case against me. I guess the old man went after him and told him he would lose every vote in our district unless he played the game, but he could not play too strong. He had to show the public a trial.

Finally the old man got me a lawyer and demanded an immediate trial, because the captain said that was the best way to beat the case. By that time the papers had shut up a little about the shooting and we were ready to go to the bat. All the police want when a big case comes up is a pinch, and they already had me, so the other guys in our gang were not worried very much. They never got a mention. They used to come and tell me how game I was and how regular for not cracking anything, but I got sick of that.

Finally Mary Dix came to see me and she told me my mother was pretty sick over this thing and that my father was changing. She said the old man had wanted to run for alderman, but the big bosses would not stand for it. I guess that worried him more than what might happen to me. After I had been three weeks in stir, my mother was able to come to see me, and at first I was glad she did. She came in and looked at me in the funniest way you ever saw, and after a long time she said, "Jimmie, did you do this awful thing?"

"No," I told her, "I never killed anybody. You oughta know that."

"Was you with the gang that night—when they did all that shooting?" she comes back at me.

I lied to her. "No," I said, "I never knew a thing about it."

For a long, long time she looked at me, and finally she got up, and she seemed to be bent over more as she stood there. There was something strange in her eyes—something I never want to see again. Her mouth looked kind of green around the lips and her cheeks were as pale as fleecy white clouds. She just stood there for a long time, and I reached out and caught her hand and tried to say something, but could not.

At last I got a little sentimental, I guess—because mothers make a guy do that—and I kissed her hand. She held onto me a minute and then she put her arms around me and drew me close to her and kissed me on the lips.

Before I could say or do anything, she was talking:

"You never could lie to me," she said. "You ought to know that, Jimmie. I know you were with that gang. I can see it in your eyes. I don't know what on earth is going to happen to you, but I do know that I married a crook and now I've brought one into the world too, and I guess I'm sick of it all, and don't believe in anything any more."

That was the way she went away from me, and I felt pretty rotten. I guess she could always see right through me. Mary Dix kept on coming to see me, but every time she came she would shake her head about my mother, and about two weeks before the old man made them bring me to trial on the newsboy's evidence, Mary came in one day, and I knew she had been crying and was ready to start right over again any minute.

"Don't be scared of this case, Mary," I told her, trying to cheer her up. "I'll beat it as sure as you're a foot high. What have they got on me? The word of a kid, that's all! Look at who I got for witnesses in Clancy and Twist and Danny and all the rest of them."

"I ain't scared of the case, Jimmie," she told me. "It ain't the case. I hardly ever think of that. It's—it's your mother. She sees through you so well and she is so unhappy because your father is a—a—a ——"

"Crook!" I blurted out. "Say it. You can't hurt my feelings about the old man. I know what he is. In his own way I guess about everybody is a crook."

"Not only that" —Mary plunges on like she had a lot more to say and was going to say it all before she lost her nerve—"not only that. Your mother hates herself because she feels she brought another crook into the world."

An Accusing Conscience

That meant me. I was quiet for a minute, but I could see my mother had filled Mary full of women's notions, and I did not want her to turn against me. I guess I showed some temper. I said, "Aw, Mary, cut that babble about women. My mother is gettin' old and what she thinks I can't help. But a guy has got to ——"

Right there Mary started crying again, and I put my arm around her and tried to make her quit, but she kept on, and finally, with her face buried on my chest and her words coming in jerks and muffled tones, she said, "Don't say that! Don't say that, Jimmie. Your mother is—Jimmie, she's dead!"

That night I did not sleep in my cell. I was wide-awake and all upset. All night long I remembered what my mother had said when she left me, and the way she had looked. I wondered if she had died on account of me. Maybe I had killed her.

Through the big boss, the old man got to the district attorney and managed to have my case brought up right after my mother was buried. They let me go to the funeral, but there was a strange dick on each side of me and everybody gave me the glassy eye, so I felt sure they all guessed it was my fault that my mother died.

The old man felt pretty confident that I would beat the case and he made a lot of political talk about it. I guess he figured he was in for it anyway, and might as well use it to build himself up with voters. He pretended that the whole thing was a frame-up to blacken me so that his political future would be damaged. I read in the paper where he said that everyone knew that he would be elected alderman unless some underhanded trick was done to hurt him. His political enemies, he said, had stooped to shatter the life of a mere boy in order to gain their own ends.

Persecuted Innocents

The old man said, in the papers, that everyone knew he was a fearless champion of the people and would defend their rights against the big-money men and the crooks. Well, as the saying is, comb that out of your beard! Imagine my old man posing as a reformer! But, at that, it went over pretty good. When the case came to trial my lawyer played on politics a lot, and pointed to my father as a self-made man whose enemies hated him for the good he had done the common people.

"There was but one way to reach this sturdy citizen," he cracked to the dumb jury, "and that was through the heinous blow you now see directed at his son. An only child! The apple of this fine father's eye! And they would have you believe he is a killer; a gun fighter who slinks the streets at night with an instrument of death trained upon his fellow man. I ask that you look at him; look at this beardless youth and believe, if you can, that he would kill!"

I looked as much as I could like a sap. The lawyer had a trick he did with his voice, and I almost cried myself at the way he talked. "Already this gang of political connivers has wrought ruin in a household previously tranquil," he goes on. "Hardly cold in her heartbroken grave reposes the sanctified body of this lad's mother and this broken man's wife!"

Well, you bet, that shot the newsboy's story all to pieces. Jurors were crying, and it was easy to see that a kid like that newsboy might easily be mistaken in his identification.

I will not spend too much time on that murder trial, because everybody knows about it anyway, but I remember the way that lawyer talked and I still got his speech where I cut it from the newspapers. He was so fine and great and his voice was so soft at times, and so hard at other times, that I almost believed he was a fine man and fighting for the rights of the lowly people that get tangled up in the law. But after the trial I knew he had fought my case so that my old man would fix charges against him for cheating a client. We never paid him a cent.

Well, I got acquitted. The jury was out only half an hour. Afterward my old man said he had the jury fixed, but I do not believe it, because that lawyer would have won anyway. The old man always wanted me to think he was a hell of a fellow.

All the papers talked a lot about the trial, and some of them, especially those that boosted my old man's political party, said the case never should have come to trial, because there was no chance of conviction and the whole thing was a dastardly attack upon my old man. After that I thought everything was jake, and the old man felt better, because it looked like the case had made him bigger than ever; but the very gang I had formed proved to be anything but pals. Twist and Danny shook me by the hand after I was out and told me that we had the world by the tail.

"Now we can have it our own way," Twist said. "These bum cops have learned

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"DOUBLE MALTED" MALTED MILK *at home*

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IF IT'S THOMPSON'S IT'S "DOUBLE MALTED"

where the weight is and they will lay off'n us!"

Danny said the same thing, and they started planning out a couple of jobs that would put us on Easy Street. I was scared to tackle them so soon, because, after being in the can, I could see how cops might work when they were sore on a guy, and I thought they might be following me a lot. But Twist and Danny got pretty nasty and said they had played the game as well as I had, and had gone in to testify for me, and the best thing I could do was play the game with them. Nick Capos and Slug Dolan sided with them, and Gat Malone went so far as to say that I would find, if I quit them, that they did not care much who they shot at. That meant me again.

Mary was after me all the time to get a regular job and go straight. I asked her a good many times to marry me, but she never would. She was a bashful kid and it was a long time before I learned that she really loved me, all right, but remembered what happened to my mother and was afraid she, too, might bring a crook into the world.

Between the gang and Mary and the old man, I hardly knew which end I was standing on. Then, to add to it all, the gang from uptown sent word to me that they would call everything square if I would talk with them. I was scared to go up, for fear it was a frame to get me bumped off, but I sent word back I would play the game and meet them halfway and call everything jake so there would be no more shooting. I never mentioned this to our gang, because, except for Danny, I was kind of anxious to shake them off. Things were getting too hot. Thoughts about the smoky chair up in that gray death house make a guy think new ideas, and I had done a lot of thinking while I was in the can.

Word came back that we could meet at a hotel, and I felt pretty safe on that deal. A big hotel is no place to stage a gun fight, so I took the chance. Then it was that I met Lefty Todd, the fellow who had refused to identify me down at the station that time. He came up to me and grinned and held out his hand. I kind of liked him at first sight. I figured a guy that can grin at you after you have busted his head open with a shot must be pretty regular. We shook hands.

"Things ain't breaking too tough for me, Jimmie," he cracks, "and I'll go for a nice supper downstairs in the grill."

The Hatchet Buried

Down we go, and I got to say that Lefty knew how to make friends. The first thing he did was to shake again and swear that all was jake between us and there would be no more shooting. Then I told him on the square that I did not pull the first robbery of that gambling house in his district, and he believed me. He asked if I would play the game with him and between us tie up the works for the whole town. He meant by that that we could run both gangs and cut into real money.

"Guys are running gambling houses around here that have a take of twenty grand a night," Lefty said, meaning that crooked gamblers caught chumps for $20,000 a night in some of the dives that were supposed to be high class. "I know the racket here, and with your old man's pull to use, we can clean up."

"I'd rather do that than throw guns," I admitted.

"Sure thing!" he snaps. "And the gambling ain't all, Jimmie. Why, there's one house in this district that peddles enough dope every week to sink a battleship. Two guys that I have something on are runners for the joint and we can take the owner for plenty through them."

It was in my mind then to make a quick clean-up and take Mary and blow the town. I was sick of the old man and I never got over worrying about what killed my mother. I knew that there were better ways to make money than stick-ups and robberies. Make it the way some of the crooked lawyers did—that was what I planned. So I said it was a bet and we shook hands again and had another bottle to seal the bargain. Then Lefty opened up some more.

"Guys that go in the gambling houses are rich sometimes," he said. "The average bum could not do what we can, Jimmie, because we know how to dress and have a fair sounding lingo. All we got to do is find out the big mugs that break the law and then let them know we are on to them. They'll pay for silence."

"Blackmail?" I cracked.

"Call it that if you like—but there are better ways."

"How?" I asked, thinking Lefty was pretty smart, at that.

"Well," he says, "one of my pals is an assistant district attorney. All he needs is a little help from a guy like your old man and the thing is set."

"My old man never would help me none," I told him.

"Mebbe he would never know he was helping you. Those things can be worked. You see, the idea I got is for you to pretend to go straight and then get a job with this pal of mine. He runs a law office on the side, and you could work there. That will make it look to others like your old man is his friend, and that is enough."

"I'm game for that," I said, thinking I might kid Mary with the same racket. "That's a cinch."

A Crack at the Old Man

Lefty laughed to himself and we finished our drinks and went to see the assistant district attorney. He was a crooked little rat and his scheme was simple and safe. He was interested in a gambling house and could get the names of rich men who played. Then he would start to indict them through another assistant district attorney, and when they squealed his outside law office would manage to stop the thing before it got to the grand jury. Of course he cut in for a fat fee for acting as their lawyer. Him and Lefty wanted my name to use on account of the old man's pull. That night I told my old man about going straight and starting the new job. When I told him where it was I thought he was going to faint away.

"That little pup," he bellowed, meaning the assistant district attorney, "has been trying to horn in with me for the last two years! He knows I could break him if I wanted to. You tell him to take his job and go to the devil. . . . Anyway, you couldn't go straight! You're just naturally rotten!"

That crack from my old man made me rave inside. I felt just like I did that night he hit my mother with the glass from the desk—mad all through. His hands were soft and white now, and I figured he was getting older and could not fight so good as he did before. So I came back at him.

"Rotten, am I?" I shouts. "A fine guy you are to say that about anybody! How about yourself? How about the foreman down on the docks splitting up with you? How about the captain luggin' in a split on the take from Clancy and Moriarity, and how about the woman with the red shades on her windows?"

That funny look came over his face again and I knew I had him on the run. I felt that the show-down had come at last and I would do better leading aces than holding them, so I went right after the old man:

"I know a heap more too. I even know a thing or two about poor Fletch who was bumped off down by the gas house! I could go on talkin' a long while without makin' you repeat yourself in rememberin' things! Don't talk to me about bein' rotten. You're as rotten as a man ever was!

"And get this straight and like it: I'm goin' to work for that guy tomorrow mornin', and if ever he loses his job I'll crack to him about Fletch and the foreman and I'll raise a lot of fire that you'll never put out. You can't run a bluff on me any more, old boy!"

(Continued on Page 146)

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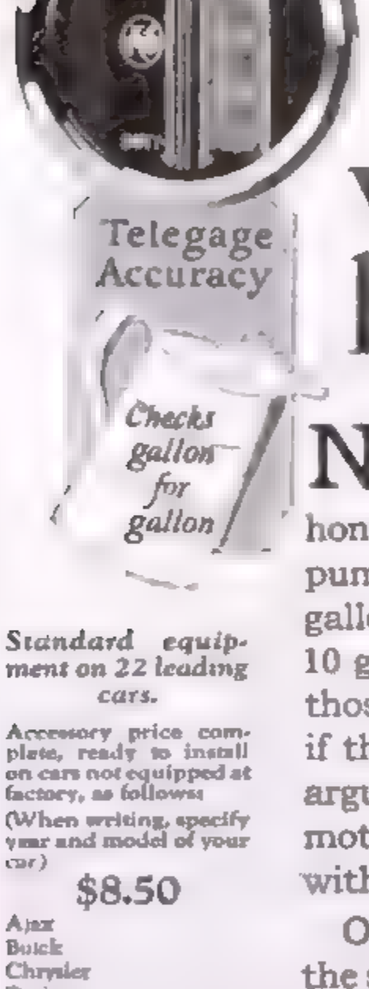

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The K-S GASOLINE Telegage

BE CERTAIN WITH THE K-S TELEGAGE

(Continued from Page 144)

He was sitting at the table by that time, and he looked just the same as he always did when he was worried or beaten for a time. I figured I had him licked a-plenty, so I walked out of the room and went upstairs to bed. But after I cooled off a bit I got to thinking. It was a cinch that Lefty Todd and that assistant district attorney were pretty cute guys. They knew the old man would see through this new scheme, and they must have something on him that I did not know about. They were using me to force his hand. I guessed that they were scheming to use the old man as a pry on the big boss. I had never seen the big boss, but I knew well enough there was one. I also got to thinking that we were all playing a pretty dangerous game. The old man was a hard one. He might even get me bumped off to save his own skin. It would be easy to do it now because the public might believe I was a gunman, on account of my murder trial, and had been killed by some friend of that driver's who wanted revenge.

I got up and went downstairs and found the old man still sitting at the table, but this time he had a whisky bottle beside him and he was hitting the booze plenty. When I walked in he looked up at me.

"Don't think you can shut me up by bumpin' me off," I told him straight. "There are other guys that know what to do if I go by the board some dark night. You may be my old man, but I wouldn't put a trick like that past you!"

Bringing in the Sheaves

All of a sudden he started to laugh. It was the craziest laugh I ever heard. He got up and walked toward me, and I could see that he never meant to fight. He put one hand on my shoulder and there was a queer look in his eyes.

"Kid," he cracks, at the same time raising his glass and holding it in front of the light until the whisky looked like a great big ruby, "I guess you're my son, awright! And I been doin' some thinkin' since you went upstairs. When I was young I had to play the game smart to get a start at all, and now that I'm started I've got ambition, an' I can't make it work because of the things I had to do to get started."

"You're soused," I said, not exactly following his line of gab. "Talk straight United States."

He laughed again and tossed off the liquor. "Get a glass, kid"—he cracked then—"get a glass and a drink. I've just found out that a man can't plant a lemon seed and grow an orange. Nobody ever sowed wild oats and reaped in pure wheat. This is my harvest time, that's all. I'm reapin', I am, an' you're the sheaves! I set out some pretty rotten stuff and thought I was wise. Well, I was. I live easy and I've got some dough, but I'm just now at the reapin' stage and you're the sheaves. I got just what I planted—a dirty, rotten, crooked little rat! Let's have a drink on that."

That night we came to an understanding, and it was dawn before we got to bed. We were both drunk, but I had found new things in my old man that made him look a little different to me. The last thing he said when he staggered into his room was: "Better get some sleep now, kid, or you'll be late gettin' to work the very first day of your new job!"

"Leave the new job to me," I remember saying to him. "I guess you know now that I ain't such a sucker."

He just laughed and shut his door, and I went into my own room and tried to think, but the bed kept going up and down like an ocean wave and I had to keep my eyes open or get sick. I went to sleep at last, but I did not do any thinking.

The next morning I was not up until eleven o'clock, and then I felt bad. I went to the assistant district attorney's office and they laughed at me for being so late. I knew they were glad to see me by the way they laughed. I could always sense things like that. It helps a lot, too, because lots of times you can get a bluff across just by knowing what the other guy is thinking.

"You didn't think I was goin' to do an awful lot of work around here, did you?" I grinned at them.

"Well," Lefty Todd said, because I found him there waiting for me, "there ain't a whole lot of work you could do. But it makes it look like a job to have you here."

"You mean," I cracked back at him, "it makes it look like this assistant district attorney is playing close with my old man!"

"Well, that way if you like it," he grinned.

"But you guys ain't as smart as you think," I told him. "Me and the old man got a snoot full last night an' had a love feast. I know you got somethin' on him."

"Oh, not much," Lefty grins and yawns. "We just got the dope on the dock-foreman deal, and the big boss is holdin' that over your old man's head because he was cutting in on those cases that disappeared."

Can you beat that? To think of that old racket coming to light as late as this! I certainly was surprised, but I tried not to show it.

"I guess, Lefty," I cracked, "if they really had anything on the old man they wouldn't need me."

"No? Well, it ain't our little pal that has got the stuff. It's the district attorney himself, and he got it through the retail merchants' association that has been checkin' up losses for a long time. He don't dare go after your old man on account of politics, but our little pal wants something on his boss in case anything happens to him later." All of this Lefty cracks without batting an eye.

After last night I felt a little different about the old man. I mean the way he laughed when I hung it on him made me think that maybe he was a pretty good sport after all, and he was my father and I hated to cross him. But I never let on to Lefty, because that would spoil it all. In the back of my mind was the idea that I could beat them all at their own game. Honor among thieves is a joke. I was finding that out and I also had found out why Lefty had refused to identify me as the man that shot him. Even then he was planning to use me.

While they were getting something on the old man through me, I figured, I would be getting something on them, and in that way protect both the old man and the real district attorney. That would put me in solid all around, and Lefty and this assistant guy could go to hell. I mean that was the game they were playing, and I had better hold my end up too. So I laughed with Lefty and told him all I wanted was a shot at the big and the easy money, and if the old man had to get caught, that was his lookout. Lefty fell for my line and everything was all set.

Too Much From the Gang

I hung around for a couple of hours that day, but I felt very punk, on account of the jag the night before, so I went home early. The old man was a better drinker than me. He was more used to it. So he was in good shape when I got home. That is, he did not have a hang-over, but it is not true to say he was in good shape, because he was crazy mad. The minute I came in, he walked up to me, and I could see in his eyes that he was in a fighting temper.

"Listen here, kid," he cracked, his voice steady and hard and cold. "I'll stand for you hangin' around with this ward heeler that got appointed assistant district attorney—I'll stand for that, because I can break him whenever I'm ready. But I'll be double damned if I'll have your bum pugs creepin' around here tellin' me what I'm goin' to do to protect them!"

"Pugs?" I asked him, surprised that all this should happen. "I don't get you. What do you mean, pugs—my pugs?"

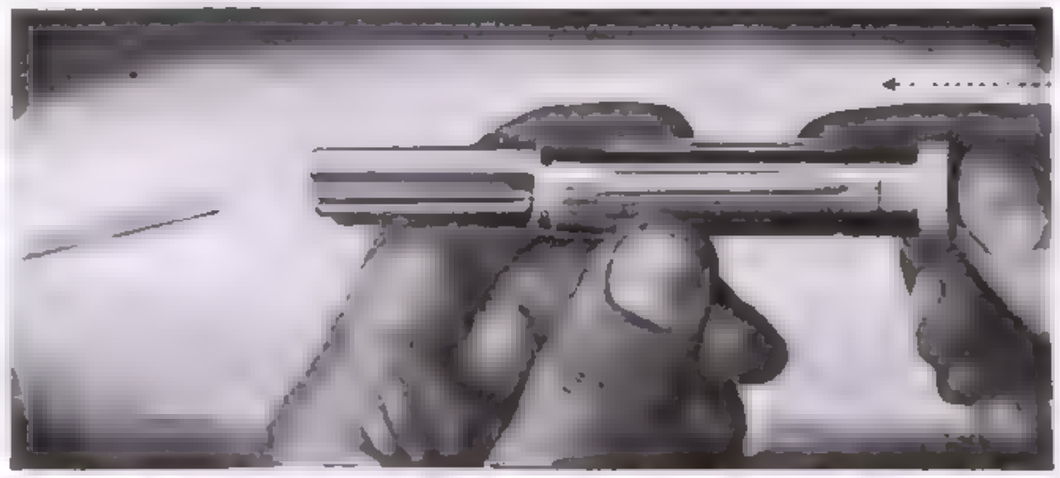
"This Slug Dolan! That's what I mean. He's a dirty rat. A stir bug he is, and he

(Continued on Page 148)

You *never* need to touch another razor blade

No parts to fuss with before or after shaving. Just tilt the razor head and shave.

Schick changes its own blades *instantly*

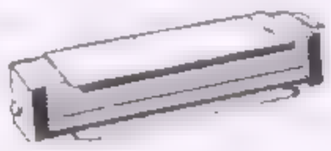


One movement of plunger—out and in—puts a sharp blade in the razor head.

YOU are through unwrapping and handling razor blades the moment you buy a Schick. A Schick blade has no paper wrappings to dull its keen shaving edge.

Twenty of these blades come in a handy clip. You slip the whole thing in the handle of the razor. When you need a new blade, a pull and push of the plunger puts one in the razor head. The old blade drops into the receptacle for used blades.

All done in a split second—right in the middle of a shave if you wish. When you finish shaving, you don't have to take your Schick apart. Just rinse it and put it away. Blade and razor dry with no further attention.



Twenty blades come in this compact clip. To reload razor, drop clip in handle.

Convenient as it is, the best news about the Schick is the way it shaves. The Schick blade is held at a flat angle in a new type razor head. The keen edge slides across your face—it doesn't hoe your beard or scrape your skin. It meets each hair squarely at its base and cuts it clean. You get a faster, smoother shave *—right at the skin line.*

Yet there is something more than Schick convenience and Schick shaving that fascinates men. Go into a store today and look at one of these new razors. Just see if you don't come home with a Schick tucked in your pocket.

If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send the coupon and five dollars. We will mail you a Schick Razor complete with twenty blades. Extra clip of twenty blades, seventy-five cents. Magazine Repeating Razor Company, 285 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Magazine Repeating Razor Company
285 Madison Avenue, New York City

I enclose five dollars. Please send me a Schick Razor complete with twenty blades.

Name

Address

City State

Dealer's Name

In Canada, Razor with 20 blades, $6.50. Extra clips of 20 blades, $1.00
Canadian Distributors, T. S. Simms & Co., Ltd., St. John, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

SCHICK REPEATING RAZOR

Continued from Page 146.

comes here an' tells me they have knocked him off in a stick-up, an' I'll see him through or he'll crack the whole works about you and the gang that shot things up in the other district. I knew you did that too. This guy has got it on you right!"

Well, I went cold all over. Can you beat that for a break? Here I was, the only one that got caught on that thing, and I kept my mouth shut and took the fall for the whole gang, and now Slug was putting the rap on me with the old man!

I mean you start with a little thing and you keep on meeting guys, and somebody has to know what you are doing, and all of a sudden you are in so deep you cannot get out. Here was a stir bug that always carried a rod, and he had been to my old man, and if the old man did not play with him I was sunk!

But an idea came to me quick: "You ain't so smart," I cracked to the old man. "Not so smart! I already been tried for that murder. They can't try me twice, even if they know I am guilty. Throw that bum out."

"Throw him out, eh?" the old man snarled at me. "Throw him out an' have him spill his guts about the whole gang? Then the rest of the crew will get knocked off and convicted, and there will be another stink, just before I am to make a fight for alderman!"

"Well, fix him up, then," I answered, disgusted a whole lot with the gang and everything else. "I got a job and I'm goin' straight anyway."

"Straight it is, huh?" he snapped. "You couldn't go straight with a ruler! You been nothin' but a nuisance to me from the minute you were born. Now you will keep me out of the aldermanic race!"

All of a sudden I remembered what I had heard a screw in the can say when I was down there on trial. It was about the old man, and I figured I would tell him that and see what happened:

"Alderman?" I cracked, sneering at him. "You fer alderman, eh?" Then I pulled the screw's line: "Why, listen, if you was elected alderman they would close the city hall! A guy with a mug like yours, and the gas-house table manners that are all you know, would make the joint look like a greasy, one-arm sailor's hash house on a Chinese dock! You're nothin' but a cheap politician; a bum mick that can handle laborers and drink cheap booze and buy ginny votes. Forget that alderman laugh!"

I know it got under his skin, because he went dead white for a second, stared straight into my eyes, then, before I knew a thing was stirring, he knocked me cold with his big right hand.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Too bad the trolley car couldn't dodge

BUT it isn't the trolley's job to see that your brakes will hold. Yet slipping brakes will let you in for all sorts of embarrassing situations—like bumping another car in traffic, mixing up traffic, being bawled out by a cop, being laughed at for a dumb-bell by a crowd of lookers-on, having to go to court, and being unmercifully kidded by your friends. Let Rusco save you from such embarrassment... Rusco Brake Lining stops quicker. Many tests have proved this. For instance, after a test of its stopping qualities, Mr. F. M. Powell of Atlanta, Georgia, made this statement, "I stopped my Buick Sedan, with four-wheel brakes lined with Rusco, in 17.5 feet, going 20 miles an hour." This is 17.5 feet quicker than police require, and is a practical guarantee of safety.

Brakes when WET, too!

RUSCO Brake Lining is treated with a special compound so that water has no effect on it. It holds in wet weather just as well as in dry. To prove this, compare the stopping distance of a Rusco-lined car with that of a car lined with ordinary lining. Before making this test, turn the hose on the brake lining of both cars.

Rusco mechanics are trained brake men. They use special mechanical equipment that insures correct riveting of lining to brake bands and proper counter-sinking of rivet heads. They know how to *adjust* brakes expertly, not just by taking up on the rods. Proper adjustment helps prevent skidding.

Costs you no more

RUSCO repair men pay more for Rusco than for ordinary lining, but they do not charge you any more. They make less money, but give you a safer job.

Rusco Brake Lining resists water, heat, oil, dirt and wear. It will not burn. Look for the name Rusco and silver cross-bars stamped on the lining. Have your brakes inspected today at the nearest Rusco Service Station. They are the chief safety device on your car. "Brake Inspection is your Protection." The Russell Manufacturing Company, Middletown, Connecticut. Established 1830. Branch offices at New York, Detroit, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco, and Chatham, Ontario.

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FOR FREE BOOKLET AND SAMPLE

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Middletown, Conn.

Send to me your free booklet about Rusco Brake Lining, sample of lining and name of nearest Rusco Service Station.

☐ For trade information, check here, attach to your letter or billhead and mail.

Name

Street

City *State*

GAMBLING

(Continued from Page 13)

police raid is a mere pin prick. The gambler still has better than an even break for acquittal when raided; but if the stick-up men call, he loses right then and there, with no chance for appeal. Moreover, many of his customers will not come back. Not that they quit gambling. Apparently few ever do that, but they will try some other outfit.

Many of the players who patronize such games as Nick operates do not know that they are protected by gunmen. They assume that the secrecy with which the preliminary arrangements are made constitutes all the protection necessary. It does not occur to them that they have anything to fear except a police raid, but as a matter of fact they are flirting not only with stick-up men but with the doubtful loyalty of Nick's gunmen as well.

Sometimes one of these vigilant attendants permits his cupidity to get the better of his sense of duty and then a very mysterious holdup occurs. For example, one reads in his morning newspaper, as I have often done, that Mr. John Doe, a wealthy manufacturer, was held up at four o'clock in the morning in the lobby of the apartment house in which he lives and robbed of perhaps $8000 in cash. Immediately I wonder why on earth he was carrying any such sum as that in his pocket at such an hour; also how the stick-up man happened to suspect that his victim would be so ripe for plucking. Both questions are very easily answered. One of the gunmen knew precisely how much Mr. Doe had won and that he was carrying it home on his person. The mystery ceases to be baffling except to Nick. He, of course, would like to know whether one of his retinue did the job, and if so, which one, because it would give him pleasure to reward such skill with a well-placed bullet.

When a game takes place in an apartment, there is very little danger of stick-up men. Hotel rooms also are safe. Office buildings likewise present difficulties to the stick-up men, because the night watchman asks each person who enters after office hours to give his name and the number of the office to which he is going. Only one elevator is running. The game may be on the twentieth floor. It would be troublesome for the hurrying stick-up men to run down twenty flights of stairs after bagging the game. Loft buildings and workshops on streets that are deserted at night are the favored places for sticking up a gambling game and a week seldom passes without one suffering this misfortune.

Nick's outfit consists of three roulette wheels, but frequently he takes only one. For some reason that I don't understand and that Nick couldn't make clear, roulette is the favorite game of the big plungers. It would be just as easy to play roulette for small stakes, but according to Nick that doesn't happen. Apparently there is some sort of tradition among the gambling gentry that pikers shall not play roulette. Nick would not value the acquaintance of a client who brought less than $1000 for the evening's play. Starting with $1000 as taw, the sky is the limit; Nick always comes well heeled and that is why his outfit draws trade.

Other gambling outfits specialize on dice, but here the stakes vary. Some of the games set a terrific pace while others are quite moderate. As a rule the customers of these gambling outfits submit to a cut, or take-off, even before the dice are thrown. Evidently this charge is to meet the overhead, which in this instance means the gunmen.

Ten per cent, Nick informed me, is the usual cut in a game of moderate stakes. His own cut is smaller, because the stakes are so much larger. In addition to roulette and dice, there are several card games in which skill does not count that have acquired popularity. According to Nick, the most popular of these is called banker and broker. The gambler banks the game and any number of players up to fifty-one can participate. Each player receives one card, dealt face up. He makes his bet by placing a sum of money on his card or under it or beside it. The banker then turns one card. Everyone who has a card higher than the banker's wins; everyone else loses. In this game play moves with dizzy rapidity. For equipment the gambler needs only a deck of cards, a table and enough money to keep the cupidity of his clients at fever heat.

Gamblers, according to Nick, are no more exempt from gambling fever than those who play against them. He regaled me with a story at his own expense in proof of the assertion. After an unusually profitable evening which came to a close at seven o'clock in the morning, he was walking along Fifth Avenue on his way to breakfast or supper, or whatever a meal

(Continued on Page 160)

We Announce Improvements Lower Prices

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You will find improvements, applying to both bodies and chassis, in all of the latest Paige sixes and eights now on display. And you will find ten of the twenty Paige models selling at lower prices.

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We invite you to inspect these latest Paige cars, to consider their value, and to enjoy a demonstration.

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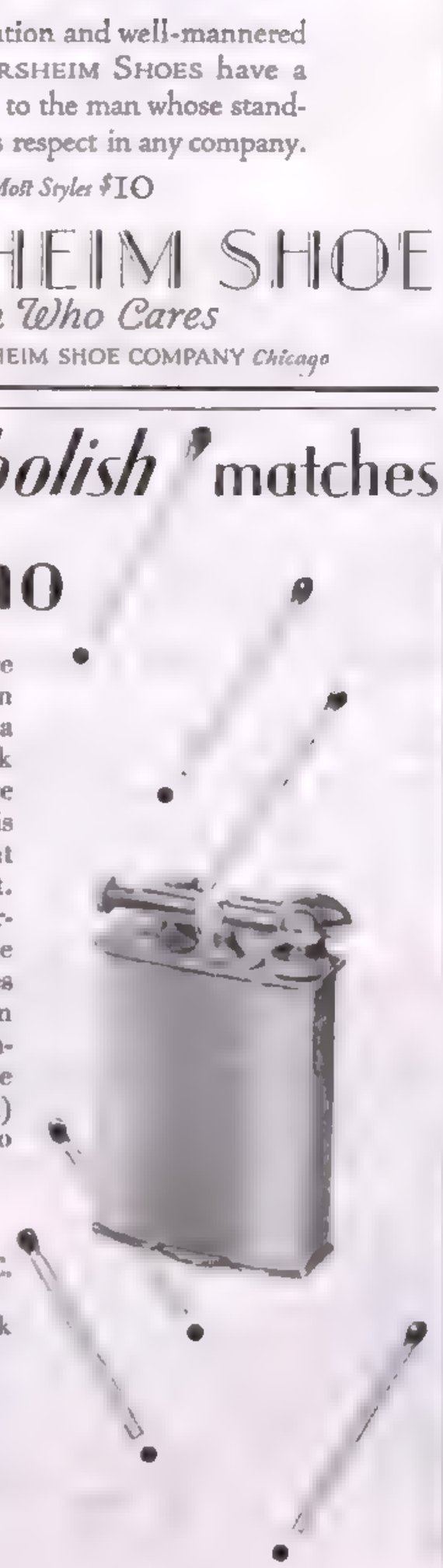
for the Man Who Cares

Manufactured by THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY *Chicago*

We wouldn't *abolish* matches

Oh dear no

There must be some places where they belong—but certainly not in pockets or bags. The way to a smoke light is to take out a Clark and with a silent, graceful gesture flick it instantly into flame. It is as certain as your electric light switch on a stormless night. Withal the Clark is a jeweler-made article with fine-watch-like qualities. It is safe, clean and does not raise the insurance rates on pocket fires. Many varieties—including the Windodger (the Lighter that works in the wind)—at prices from $15.00 down to $7.50 and back to $200.



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NORTH ATTLEBORO, MASS
Showrooms: 584 Fifth Ave., New York
Jewelers to men since 1881

CLARK
LIGHTER
ALWAYS WORKS

(Continued from Page 148)

would be called under such circumstances, when he met another gambler who was also in high spirits because of a successful night's play.

Nick, incidentally, enjoys the reputation of being strictly on the level and sometimes losing heavily. He and his friend, being in holiday mood that morning and still intoxicated with the joy of the winner, yearned for sport more than for breakfast, so they agreed to bet $1000 on each automobile that passed, Nick betting that the last figure on the license number would be odd and his friend betting that it would be even. Their original intention was to end this session just as soon as they could cross the Avenue; but it proved an engaging game, so they stood there until two o'clock in the afternoon, at which time Nick was $18,000 loser. He considered that quite a good joke on himself, so I judged that Nick is no pauper.

In addition to the itinerant games of chance, with their trails of protecting gunmen, there is another type of movable establishment which is virtually immune from police annoyance. This is the hotel poker game. By reason of various court decisions in New York State, the poker players are admitted to be engaged in a game of skill rather than a game of chance, so they are not guilty per se of gambling. Next they are permitted to collect a moderate take-off to pay for the room and refreshments.

Briefly, the operators of the game do not become legally guilty as gamblers until their take-off is admittedly remuneration for their services. Under all these handicaps it is extremely difficult for the police to obtain a conviction, consequently these games are rarely raided. At their best, they are played honestly; that is to say, no marked cards are used, nor do the dealers play tricks with the deck. They also enjoy the reputation of playing without collusion among themselves, but on the latter point I have my doubts.

Nearly every veteran poker player knows how to detect marked cards, and since the cappers and steerers who serve these gamblers do not invite any other than veteran players, it would be silly to offer them marked cards. Likewise a great many veteran poker players know instantly when a dealer is dealing crookedly, although they may not be able to do the trick themselves. But collusion between players is almost impossible to detect and gives about all the advantage skillful players would need to win regularly.

Burnt Children

If two men in a five-handed game can tell each other what cards they hold on every deal, it is not necessary for them to peek into the hands of the three other players. They can estimate the other hands by a process of elimination, since there are only fifty-two cards in a deck, and of these less than half are likely to be of importance. By arranging a simple code it is amazingly easy for two players to communicate with each other simply by the way they puff their cigars. But even cigars are not necessary. They can communicate by blinking their eyes. Any two telegraph operators could exchange news across a table with no more equipment than their eyelids. I know that that is true, because I have seen them do it.

Nevertheless, these gamblers enjoy the reputation, whether they deserve it or not, of not indulging in collusion. Some of their games, bridge and pinochle as well as poker, have been in progress twenty-four hours a day for several years, the professionals working in shifts. A few years ago there was an effort to take advantage of the law's loopholes and turn some of these games into social clubs, but it did not work because the club quarters cost more than the hotel rooms, and the take-off had to be increased. Presently the police obtained the necessary evidence to convict and the social clubs were swept away as though a cyclone had hit them. Even political clubs felt the storm and were told in no uncertain terms that gambling on their premises would either have to stop or resume the social characteristics required by law. Several powerful Tammany chieftains nearly suffered apoplexy, but the order was enforced. The New York Police Department has had all the experience it wants of cordial relations with gambling. Having been well burned, it remembers the scar.

However, the court rulings which make these sociable games immune open the way for another kind of gambling establishment that closely resembles those which flourished twenty years ago. The proprietors usually lease an elaborate apartment in an expensive apartment house. By doing this they set up at least an appearance of a residence. Their clients thus become guests in their home. Food, drinks and tobacco are served lavishly without charge. Card tables, roulette wheels and dice games are to be found in different rooms. Establishments of this kind make it a point to encourage the patronage of women, and even if the women do not play, they are made to feel more than welcome.

No Rest for the Weary

A few months ago an establishment of this kind was raided by the New York police after many weeks of hard work to get sufficient evidence to justify breaking down the doors. They knew that the proprietors spent an average of $380 a week for tobacco; they knew that not even a visiting foreign duke would have quite so many callers; they knew that the callers were probably gambling, because they remained until six or seven o'clock in the morning; in short, the place had all the earmarks of a gambling house, and yet if they broke in it might develop that the proprietors could prove that this was their home and that they did not collect a take-off for the maintenance of the place. Finally, however, the police learned that there was not even one bed in the apartment. Astounding carelessness! That was the deciding fact which led to a raid. Some weeks later I discussed the event with an official of the police department, who must be nameless because they are not permitted to give interviews.

"In the old days," he said, "you wouldn't have found one out of ten of the women in a place like that who was with her husband. They'd be Mr. and Mrs. up to the time they were booked at the station and then the game would be up. He'd have one name and hers would be entirely different. But what did we find that night? Why, every last couple of them marched right up to the police blotter and gave their names as cool as you please. It was Mr. This and his wife of So-and-So Street; Mr. That and his wife, and so forth. And so help me, it was the truth too. One of the ladies asked to be booked ahead of the others because she had to hurry home to the baby. They were that cool about it all you'd have thought no one ever spent an evening out except to take a little flyer at roulette.

"Yes, things have changed a whole lot in the time I've been on the force. And what's more, these people weren't much upset about being arrested either. They're what you'd call pretty high-class people. They were just out for a thrill, and so far as getting arrested was concerned it looked to me like they enjoyed it. Now they'll have something to talk about. But there was another thing about that place that gave all of us a shock. So help me, the roulette wheels were on the level. What do you know about that for a joint that drags in mostly innocent suckers who could just as well be robbed of their eyeteeth?

"I can remember a time when the wives of gambling men used to write anonymous letters to the police and tip us off about some joint that we might not have heard about. Then we'd get a few of the victims and do business with them under the Dowling Law. That's the law that automatically grants immunity to a fellow who incriminates himself in giving testimony

(Continued on Page 152)

Re-roof for the last time

right over your old roof

American method

Hexagonia method

Leave the old roof on. Lay these beautiful everlasting shingles right over it. No fuss, no dust, no litter, no danger from rain while the work is in progress.

Then forget your roof. It will be everlasting—no costly repairs. It will be fire-proof—you need never fear flying sparks. You re-roof for the last time when you re-roof with Johns-Manville Rigid Asbestos Shingles

P. S. Have you priced asbestos shingles lately?

New colors, new textures, new shapes, in these famous shingles

Now! Everlasting fire-proof asbestos shingles in more shapes and colors than ever before, and, best of all, at prices to suit everybody!

Beautiful blue-black shingles, rich and velvety; soft mottled reds, warm and colorful; shingles with the gay cheerfulness of variegated color; or cool, dignified natural grays. Choose from these colors, choose them in shape and texture you most prefer.

Do you know these shingles cost less than ever before, although they are more beautiful, with many more styles and colors? Their absolute protection against fire, their absolute permanence, ease of application, their beauty, need now cost you no more than a roof of flimsy, combustible material.

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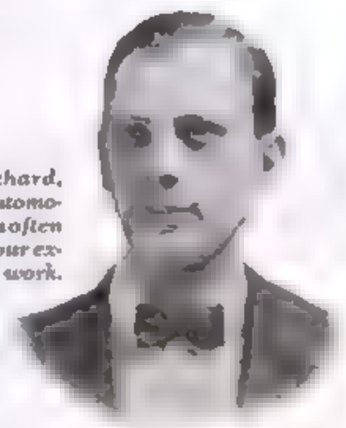

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THE men pictured here are but two of the thousands of successful workers scattered all over the country. Men and women alike find in our plan a quick way to "cash in" their spare hours. You are probably busy with your daily duties; even then you can utilize your lunchtime, your evening hours and your Saturday afternoons to make money this pleasant way.

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Please tell me all about your cash offer.

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(Continued from Page 150)

against someone else. We'd make this fellow come up to the courthouse and tell what happened in the game, and that way we'd get a conviction against the proprietor and close the joint. Maybe the witness wouldn't want to do it, but there'd be his wife prodding him and he couldn't say much against the idea, because it let him out clear and free. But nowadays there must be a lot of places where the men and their wives go together. If neither one of them wants the joint closed a cop is kind of up against it."

Last spring the New York police raided and closed a luxuriously furnished apartment equipped with direct wires to the principal race tracks. All the customers found on the premises were women and the place was maintained for women exclusively. It had been in operation a long time and it was discovered by means of the telltale wires, not through the gossip of the women. Evidently they aren't so talkative as some of the jokesmiths think. In that raid, however, there was no lack of hysterics. Women promised bribes, wept noisily and threatened to commit suicide if their husbands learned where they had been; not all of them, of course, but some of them.

But, oddly enough, a subsequent raid on another large gambling house maintained principally for women disclosed half a dozen husbands sedately lounging in an anteroom, reading their newspapers and waiting for their wives to finish their games. Bridge and poker were the principal entertainments offered in this place. Apparently husbands as a species are much less perturbed by their wives gambling at cards than on horse races.

The New Style of Lottery

Betting on the races is against the law in New York State, but it flourishes to such an extent that almost every news stand offers for sale little sheets containing tips on the day's races. Betting odds are quoted in the newspapers just as though the bets shared legally with the purchase of stocks and bonds. Yet there is no place openly operating as a bookmakers' place of business. Instead one hears of a strange being called an oralizer. He knows his customers and they know him. Each accepts the other's word of honor. The oralizer stands at some point where his customers expect to find him.

"Hello, Jim," says the customer, perhaps without even stopping. "I'll take a hundred on Greased Lightning in the third." If Jim is feeling particularly demonstrative that day he may nod assent, but it isn't necessary. The bet is on, even though he stands there wearing the dull stare of a codfish. Sometime during the ensuing week, or it may be a month later, the customer will pay him or he will pay the customer. Under those circumstances, I asked, how are they to know the odds? The only time I ever bet on horse races was in New Orleans, where it is legal and every bookmaker posts his odds on a large placard. The oralizer and his customers, it seems, have agreed long in advance on the newspaper whose quotations they accept. And that is all there is to that, although the bets aggregate millions of dollars.

The nearest thing to open and unabashed public gambling that has flourished in New York during recent years was a peculiar sort of policy game, called the numbers, that is still popular in the negro district of Harlem.

Those who play this game attempt to guess three figures of the bank clearances as published in the newspapers. They must guess the figures in a certain involved sequence needless to explain here beyond the remark that the odds against anyone getting the figures right must be about 10,000 to one, because the operators pay 600 to one to the winner. As an additional odd, however, it does not necessarily follow that there will be a winner; everyone might guess wrong.

That game became so popular in Harlem that the various operators of it commissioned clerks and small tradesmen to act as their agents and money flowed in at an astounding rate. Then the police took notice because this was clearly gambling, and moreover it had fixed places of abode. It could be caught and it was caught. Now, the police inform me, such operators as still persist in carrying on have resorted to limousines for offices. Like the itinerant Nick with his constantly moving roulette wheels, they do business on the jump. Not only do they move but they are literally on wheels and careful not to stop long even at the curb.

This game of the numbers also flourishes in Chicago. In fact, I was told there that Chicago negroes invented the game, but in Harlem it is believed that the game was invented there. Wherever it came from, it has spread to a great many cities and is no longer exclusively the sport of the negroes. Just how far it has spread I do not know, but men from the New England States and others from upstate New York were very much amused when I informed them of its popularity among the negroes; they had never heard of that. It was a game for all comers where they knew it; incidentally the rules varied also. In some places four figures of the bank clearings are used instead of three, and more than one combination will win a prize.

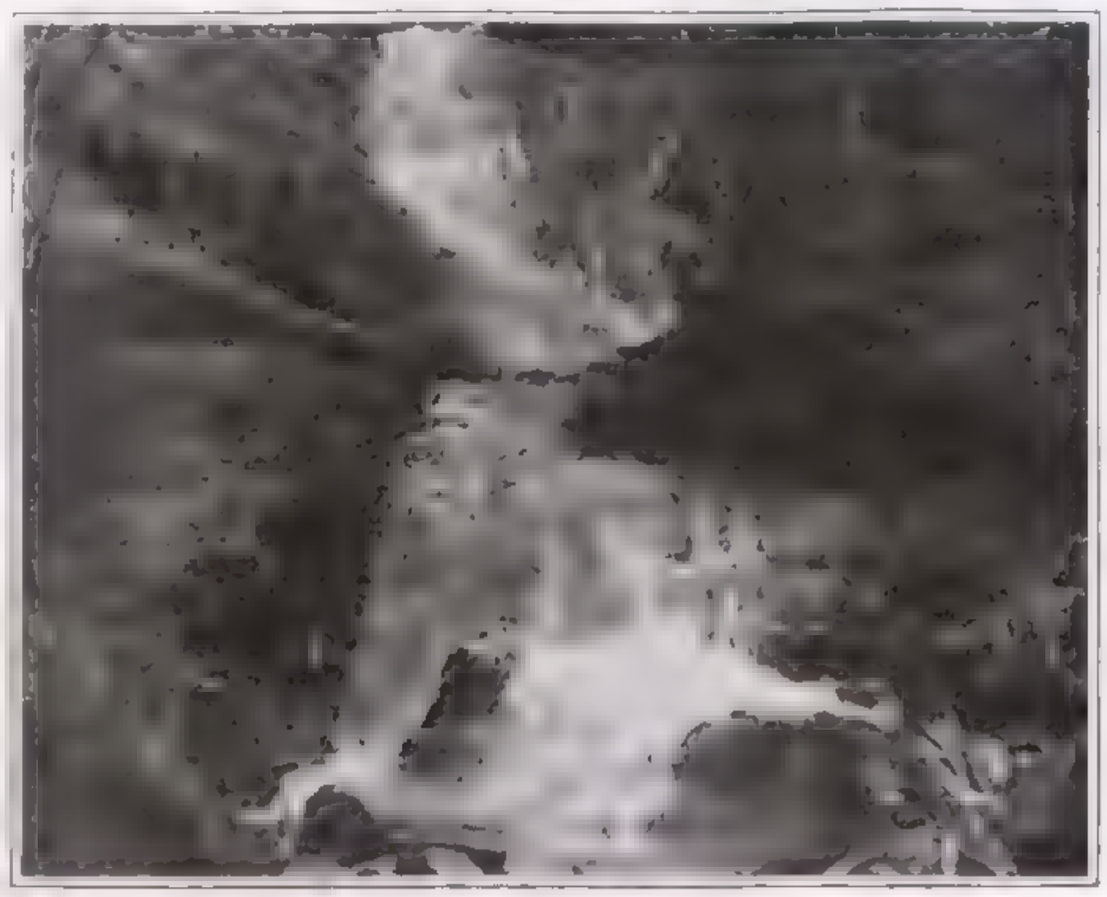
This new game simply takes advantage of all that the now-forgotten lottery had to offer, with the additional assurance that the drawing will be honest and the customers promptly notified of the outcome. It takes only a few words to set down those two facts, but if one considers for a moment their bearing upon the feasibility of this unlawful enterprise it will be more clear than ever why gambling is hard to suppress. The ancient lottery had to have a place where the drawings could be conducted under some semblance of supervision, whether honest or not. As a matter of fact, the honesty of lottery drawings was generally questioned at one time or another, and in the case of government-owned lotteries often led to grave political scandals. Next, the ancient lottery had to send out notices far and wide at its own expense, reporting the winning tickets.

Under the present arrangement as devised for the numbers, any ticket holder can look at the financial page of his newspaper on the appointed day and see whether he won or not. Also he knows that the drawing is absolutely unprejudiced, because it isn't a drawing at all; the figures upon which the game is based are compiled by the Clearing House Association, made up of all the local banks. They have no interest whatever in the gambling game and every reason to compile their figures accurately. Consequently the operators of this game not only make capital of the neutrality of the bankers but are relieved of the necessity of having a fixed place of business. When the police go after them they take to automobiles. They can be harried, but it remains to be seen whether they can be suppressed.

Strangers Without the Gates

Some months ago a vigorous campaign was launched against gambling in the large negro district of Chicago. More than 100 policemen were busily engaged in raids when news came that a gang of white bandits had just held up a large gambling house patronized by white people in another and by no means remote part of the city. Some reports said the loot amounted to $40,000, others fixed it at less. Anyway Chicago read its newspapers the next morning and laughed. Public opinion divided as to whether the police were aware of the existence of the gambling house that was robbed.

In simple justice to the cops it ought to be said that nowadays such a matter really is open to dispute. Gambling houses not only can be but are camouflaged with amazing cleverness in prominent streets. Where once they sought the alleys and deserted river banks, now they find it easier to hide in throngs. So many new tricks have been introduced within such a short time that the police are still busy trying to catch up with the changed technic; but looking backward, one cannot fail to see that they have accomplished one very important victory—namely, the stranger finds gambling places harder and harder to enter, if indeed he can find them at all. A man could far more easily be elected to membership in a fraternal order or an expensive, exclusive—yes, even an ultra-snobbish—club than he could be admitted to metropolitan gambling. No club would demand that he bring $1000 in cash to every meeting, but Nick does, and what's more, he gets away with it. Most assuredly gambling is not suppressed, but one has to go out and hunt for his gambling these days. There are no electric signs pointing the way. Quite the contrary; even after reliable clients stand sponsor for them, the newcomers are viewed with suspicion until their reputations are established. Even in the various Chinatowns of this country gambling is carried on more and more furtively. All of which marks an interesting change since the time, scarcely twenty years ago, when open gambling flourished in at least one or two cities in nearly every state.



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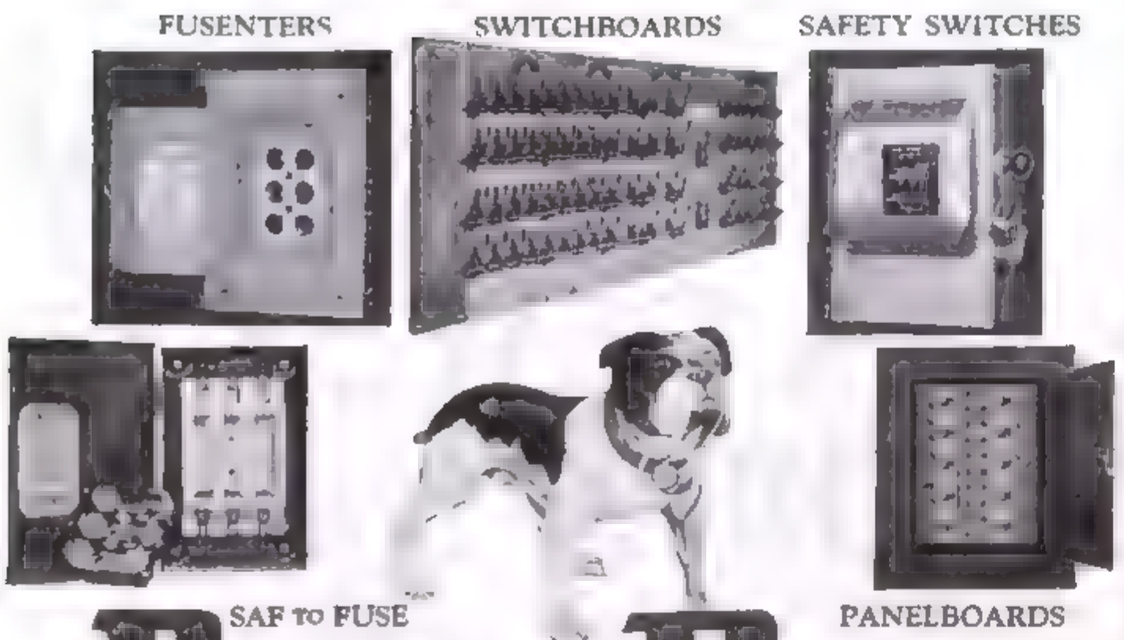

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BEAVERTOWN COMES BACK

(Continued from Page 39)

beavers and other forms of wild life to assure both profit and pleasure for coming generations was yet to be born. Some 300 years ago it was said that there were more than 1,000,000 beavers in the North Woods of New York State. By 1895 all save a few were gone.

No other animal on the American continent was surrounded by so much tradition as the beaver. It held a high place in Indian lore, and all the tribes associated it with the creation of the world, possibly on account of its industry and engineering skill. The red man and his little flat-tailed brother got along very well. The warrior used the skin of the beaver, but he did not exterminate colonies.

Then came the days of the fur trader. Atlantic-to-the-Pacific trappers sought the beaver because it was the most prized of all pelts. Nobody gave heed to the future any more than they did to the reckoning that was to follow the wholesale wiping out of virgin forests, of wild pigeons, of bison and of grayling. The saving of the beaver to America can be credited to one man—Harry V. Radford. He died, as mortals must, but his spirit is wandering among the beaver ponds of the Adirondacks. He studied the animals; longed to see them once more in the alder swamps. He said that in his rambles he could not count more than ten beavers, remnants of the 1,000,000 that once were.

He had a law passed that prohibited the trapping and killing of the animals in New York. It was fairly well observed, for within a few years there was an increase of fifty or more reported. That was encouraging. An appropriation for the purchase of some Yellowstone Park beavers was made and twenty-one fine fellows were distributed in 1904. Now there are plenty of beavers in that state, with limited trapping being carried on.

The story of Minnesota is a little different. Beavers never were on the narrow fringe of total extinction, but by reason of intensive trapping they had become so scarce that it is improbable that more than 500 remained fifteen years ago. Stringent trapping laws were put into force. The increase in numbers was almost instantaneous. Under the Minnesota regulations special permits are issued to keep down the population, but no trapping is allowed in any region where there is danger of extermination. The colonies in St. Louis, Lake, Cook counties and in the Lake of the Woods and Koochiching regions are spreading out into surrounding country both south and west.

Ideal Beaver Country

It has been estimated that where beaver colonies are well established and food is to be found in abundance, a natural doubling of numbers can be counted upon annually. There is no merciless enemy of the beaver, now that the wolverine and the otter are almost extinct, and since man has turned guardian, the comeback of the beaver is a sprint.

There wasn't a mother's son of them in Pennsylvania ten years ago. In 1917 a pair were released in Cameron County. Two years later eight were brought down from Canada and were freed in Sullivan and Carbon counties. The newcomers did so well that fifty more were imported and turned loose in likely spots. Since then, all that has been done in the way of stocking the state is to capture some of the surplus and convey them into new districts. Under the present law, no trapping is allowed, and the increase is so satisfactory that there are colonies in thirty-two of the sixty-seven counties. A few years hence beavers will become so plentiful that in self-protection Pennsylvania will be forced to permit the capture of a fixed number annually.

Maine is an ideal beaver country, but enforcement of protective regulations is difficult. A good law aims to protect them at all times save when too much damage is being done. Any landowner must pay a license fee of twenty-five dollars to trap the chaps that are cutting his trees. Willis E. Parsons, the state game commissioner, says that last year there were 100 complaints from as many landowners. Some men called for the opening of trapping on small tracts, while others requested that the thinning-out process include half or whole townships.

Nearly all the Maine beavers are in the northern counties—abundantly so in Franklin, Somerset, Aroostook, Penobscot and Piscataquis. With at least 5000 colonies, averaging eight animals to a colony, Maine has approximately 40,000 of the big brown web-footed swimmers. An average of 2000 is being taken legally each year, but how many more are smuggled out of the state by poachers it is hard to estimate. That's a sore spot with the Department of Game and Fisheries. Beaver skins are worth from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars each and a lot of pelts get across the line into Canada.

Michigan will allow beaver trapping under restricted conditions in 1930. There are more than 10,000 living happily in the swampy north district. Under absolute protection of both the Department of Conservation and the sportsmen of Michigan, who are tremendously proud of the colonies, they are multiplying.

The Start of a Metropolis

Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and other states have taken up the beaver as an ally of fish life and water conservation and as a future cash producer. It's the gospel truth that the present generation of young folks are more familiar with habits of the beaver than their fathers or their grandfathers, and that's about the highest tribute that can be paid the great conservation movement that today is sweeping the United States.

Early in the trout season I ran across the most unusual bit of beaver engineering and construction that I have ever seen—a series of three dams, showing successive steps in the development of colony growth; revealing how and why the beaver does more to regulate flow of water than man can accomplish.

The lower dam had been fashioned by a pair of beavers introduced into the region by state game protectors. Picking a proper site, the two set to work. They knew their limitations, evidently—reasoned that in exactly so many working days and nights they would be able to perform just so much labor. They didn't bite off any more than they could chew. They didn't go in for a dam that was impressive in size or ornate in design. They were content with a modest one, for they were just setting up housekeeping, so they swung across the stream a twenty-foot barrier of cleanly cut branches. The butt ends were downstream, the pointed ends with interlacing stems were upstream. That is sound reasoning, because the thick end of a limb acts as a solid brace, while the brushy end can catch the small drift stuff and stones and mud, quickly building up a waterproof dam. Many a farmer who fills a washout on the side of a hill knows that his ancestors got from the beaver the idea of placing brush branches upward.

The dam put together by the original beaver settlers was plenty big enough for them. It backed up the water for nearly 100 feet. In this pond they built their house, laid in a stock of succulent willow and aspen for food during the winter, and when the snows came and the pond froze and the winds howled among the white pines on the slopes of the hills, they were comfortable and happy and contented.

Next season there was a family, all the youngsters filled with energy and ambition.

(Continued on Page 157)

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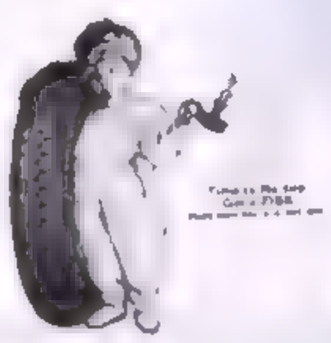

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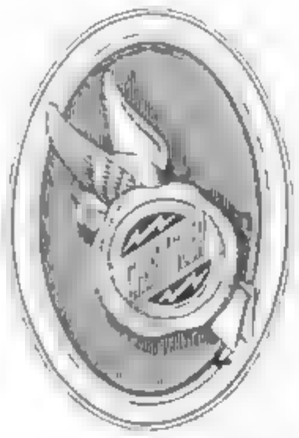

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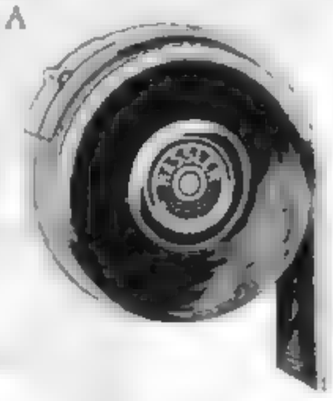

N O M O R E G A L L O P I N G

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(Continued from Page 154)

The old homestead grew too small after still another season. There were more workers, younger teeth; Beavertown had to expand. A crowd of enterprising citizens went into the suburbs not more than a stone's throw above the original site and began a new operation. The second dam was twice as big as the first. It was fashioned just as staunchly and it flooded quite a respectable area.

Several more years rolled around, and then came the laying out of the metropolis. It is a beautiful place. The pond covers at least ten acres and it is a real lake. The dam swings in a gentle curve and the base is more than ten feet thick. A small island was used to brace it in the middle. There are beaver houses in the pond; there is a depth of five to six feet of water in the main channel; there are laterals and diagonals used to carry the food supplies from the edges of the pond to the storehouses. It will serve for many years, and from this thriving center beavers will emigrate as the population increases. Some of the adventurous ones will travel as far as five or six miles before they establish themselves; for any location must meet severe requirements.

I know of a pair of beavers that hiked across three ridges before they found a suitable home site. There must be food in plenty—aspen, willow, poplar, birch, alder and grasses. Out in the state of Washington, S. F. Rathbun, state supervisor of game and fish, has discovered that where beavers are close to any farm district they become particularly fond of green clover and alfalfa—spoon victuals, perhaps.

By some unerring form of instinct they pick a spot where a dam cannot be damaged under ordinary floods. The real-estate salesman who tries to sell them anything else is wasting his time. A beaver dam will hold a better level than anything man has done along that line. The variation between summer droughts and spring freshets is comparatively slight. When the water is low the mud base of the dam is almost impervious. When the water is high the loosely arranged sticks at the top allow the water to swirl through without hindrance.

A beaver pond is mostly shallow. It makes a walloping fine place for fish, since it always has plenty of vegetable life and aquatic animal life, upon which trout thrive. The bottom of the pond allows a certain amount of seepage into underground channels. You will find that the springs run more evenly and more abundantly below a beaver dam. That is due to the fact that the sensible animals built with forethought and care.

A Force of Engineers

There was a man-made dam at the Lewis Gristmill that simply refused to hold water. It was a rock-and-crib structure, everlastingly getting out of order, constantly in need of repairs.

"If I was you," suggested one of the philosophers at the general store, "I'd get in a couple of beavers and let them build my dam."

Whereat the crowd roared boisterously and advised the mill owner to put aside his pride and try the beavers. "They can't do any worse than you," he was told in a comforting sort of way.

To make a long story short, beavers were called into service. They went a short distance above and they built a dam that held water. It relieved the pressure on the lower one, and since then, according to local report, the owner of the gristmill has not spent a dollar in repairs and he has a force of engineers on the job every day without cost.

Construction of the house in which beavers live is another illustration of skill. It isn't beautiful—looks more like a partly submerged brush pile than a dwelling—but for all that, it is comfortable and is well arranged within. It has two entrances which always are below the surface of the water. Inside the house, there is a platform raised higher than the water level. Once in their home, the beavers are safe; theirs is a moated castle which no predatory land animal can approach. Near by are the submerged store yards of food.

Nothing is wasted by the beavers, so the woodsmen will tell you, and they may be right.

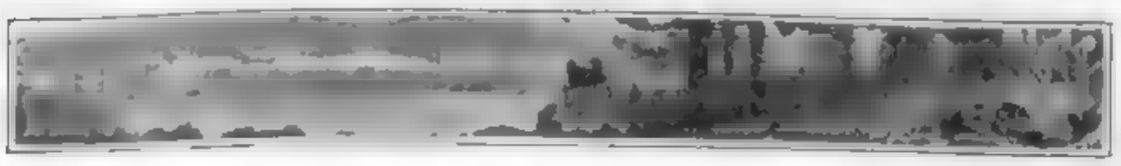
"See them there sticks?" said an observing mountain hunter, pointing to a beaver dam. "Most of 'em are peeled, ain't they? All right; why did the beaver build the dam out of peeled sticks? I'll tell you. They ain't like us; we throw our bones into the garbage. When the beaver has eaten the bark off a stick, he just naturally uses what's left for his dam or his house; he ain't wasteful. What if he does cut down some trees? He lets others grow to take their places, doesn't he? Beavers were here for thousands of years, mebbe, and the woods never disappeared. They were all here—Indians, beavers, woods—until the white man brought his devastating civilization."

The Breach in the Dam

Most of the back-country folk deny that beavers work on their dams only during the night. It is true that the tree cutting is carried on only in the darkness, only one animal working on a tree, but in the dam and home operations they will work both by day and by night if the need be great. Break a beaver dam and you will find the beavers at work making repairs shortly before the sun goes down. It may be true, too, that muskrats act as scouts for beavers. Who can deny it? Lots of times a muskrat will visit a breach in a dam before a beaver shows up, but the muskrat does not do any repair work. It does no harm for us to pretend to believe that in some strange way of the wild, the muskrat gets the message of warning to the beavers; but the real explanation is apt to be that because the muskrat lives in among the reeds and cattails at the head of the beaver dam any variation in height of the water is detected first by the muskrat, and in his inquisitive fashion he comes down to investigate the dam. Later the beavers notice that something has happened and they swing into action.

I don't believe that bachelor beavers are outcasts that have been driven from the colonies because they were too lazy to lend either a hand or a tooth to the common cause. I had a queer and cynical trapper tell me that bachelor beavers were not only indolent but most depraved and without any self-respect, and like low human beings who are not particular about the company they keep, consorted with and lived among the muskrats. There never was such a thing as a lazy beaver. Those isolated fellows that are sometimes found living by themselves close to a fallen tree on the shore are either males that have lost in battles for mates or are fathers that have been driven out of house and home when the young were born and the mothers want to be left alone.

With the eagle now protected by state and national laws, the beaver is a symbol of outdoor America. His return is a sign of the newer understanding of Nature that is pulsating throughout the land; a proof of the reality of conservation of whispering forests, uncontaminated streams and the wild life they hold. And at dusk, when the deer come down to the lily pads, the sound of a flat tail hitting the water with muffled slap carries a message of friendly greeting to man for his better understanding of Nature's heritage.



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PARIS IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS

(Continued from Page 11)

to my lips, and I advise you to do the same thing."

We hesitated mutually and then did the same thing. To this day I do not know the composition of that pinkish mixture. I can only say it was smooth and grateful. I had been suffering from a general depression augmented by the night on the train and consequent lack of repose. But two minutes after I had set down my empty glass it seemed to me that perhaps I had been taking things too seriously.

As for the effect on Wingle, it was positively startling. The wrinkles between his eyes smoothed out, while, for the first time in our acquaintance, he smiled. It was a real smile. He tried to dam it in the middle, but it overflowed on the sides.

"Just as I supposed, Reynolds—that was a nonalcoholic mixture. Instead of lessening personal efficiency, the effect is exactly the contrary; in every way I feel more efficient than before. And as a matter of scientific curiosity—which should be part of the make-up of every intelligent man, no matter how conservative—I am going to investigate the effect of another."

We did.

"Wingle," I suggested, after the third pair of efficiency stimulators had gone to their long home, "the exterior of the Louvre is waiting for us. Let us get back on that schedule."

"We are going back on the schedule, Reynolds," said Wingle. "We are going to start on our twenty-four-hour trip about Paris at once. But I feel I would not be doing my duty by you if I continued to deceive you as to my identity. . . . Waiter."

"What are you talking about, Wingle?"

"Reynolds, I will tell all. Prepare for a shock, because I cannot travel under false colors any longer. You have probably been taking me for a solid, conservative, efficient business man. As a matter of fact, Reynolds, I am just a rollicking, high-spirited college boy, full of innocent fun and merriment, and if somebody doesn't stop me I am going to give the college yell."

"A college boy, Wingle?"

"The best of us make mistakes, Reynolds, and I see now I made a grave mistake when giving you that first wrong impression. But I am a manly boy—in the frat they called me Buck, and that nickname speaks for itself—and that is why I am always ready to apologize when mine is the fault. Look me over; I am just a high-spirited thoughtless lad without a mean hair in my head, and that is the worst anybody can say about me. I am away from home for the first time, and though I am seeing Paris on a schedule, don't cramp my style, Reynolds—don't cramp my style. . . . Waiter, we are waiting. . . . Reynolds, who is that individual?"

III

HE WAS a youngish man of about the height and build of Burlew, though belonging to a slightly older generation. His hat was an active green, his coat a violent black-and-white check, but his scholarly face seemed fatigued. When he entered and greeted the barman as "Looey," the latter responded with a "Good morning, professor."

"It is just as I suspected, Reynolds," said Wingle in a confidential whisper, indicating the professor with his thumb. "Yes, everything confirms my deduction. Reynolds, prepare for a revelation that will make your hair stand on end. I am going to disclose my true identity."

"What are you now, Wingle—a solid, conservative business man or a rollicking college boy?"

"Those were simple disguises, Reynolds—simple disguises. The fact is I am Inspector Hawkshaw of the international police and that man there is the celebrated Professor Moriarity who, after killing Sherlock Holmes, disguised himself as the famous detective and ever since has been taking advantage of the fact. For the past twelve years I have been trailing him around the world. He is a dead shot, always armed to the teeth, and hence excessively dangerous. That is why I am forced to employ strategy."

Wingle rose from the table, advanced to within a few feet of the professor, and then, placing his right hand on his heart, drew back his right leg and bowed like a small boy under the active tutelage of a dancing master.

"Professor," said Wingle, "it gives me great pleasure to inform you that we are colleagues. My name is Wingle and I am in charge of Rhythmic Æsthetics at Lebanon, Ohio, and I have come at great expense to consult you personally on the subject of the third step of the Milwaukee Mince. Is it backward or forward, and do you smile when doing it? The best place to discuss this important matter will be the quiet efficient table I have just left, where my friend, a prominent real-estate dealer and mortician of Ottumwa, Illinois, is conducting a series of absorbing chemical experiments."

"Gentlemen," said the professor, seating himself while Wingle made appropriate gestures to Looey, "it is my invariable rule never to begin the story of my life before seven in the evening, and this is merely the shank of the forenoon. But I am tempted to confide, even at this hour, because I am in a bad fix." He glanced apprehensively toward the door. "I might say, a devil of a fix. A pack of human fiends are on my trail, gentlemen, and if they find me here—and this is one of their favorite haunts—all is lost. I must leave this place at once."

"A singular coincidence, professor; probably the most singular coincidence I have ever encountered in a life full of singular coincidences. Prepare for a surprise. Reynolds and myself also must leave this place at once."

Leaning across the table, the professor demanded in an intense whisper, "You say, Mr. Wingle, you must leave Rudy's at once?"

"At once."

"Now?"

"Now."

"May I ask why?"

In the accepted stage manner Wingle tiptoed across the room and back, looking for concealed eavesdroppers. Discovering none he placed his hand to his mouth and whispered hoarsely, "We are going to see Paris in twenty-four hours. On a schedule."

The professor shook us both warmly by the hand.

"Gentlemen, I consider this chance meeting the most fortunate event of my life. I am telling you the absolute truth. If I linger on here I have only to expect the worst. It is imperative that I too leave this place at the earliest possible opportunity, never to return. What is to be done?"

I suggested that one thing which might be done would be to pay our bill, get up and walk out, and not come back.

"Reynolds," said Wingle reproachfully, "doubtless you mean well, but you overlook an important consideration; in a word, you overlook yourself. You have at present the general bearing of a death's-head at a feast. If you were to leave now with the professor and myself, the mob would think we were a pair of detectives dragging some wretched criminal to justice. Don't you want to show your better self to the populace? Don't you want to burst on them, radiating personality? Don't you want them to nudge each other and say, 'I seen him in the movies'? As your best friend, Reynolds, let me urge you to take a little Personality Tonic before meals. . . . Looey, three Personality Tonics and an extra jigger of personality for Mr. Reynolds. . . . Drink it down, Reynolds. Washington would be vexed if he saw you

(Continued on Page 161)

Each day's work or play reflects the quality of your sleep. New stores of energy are released, there's new joy in living when you sleep soundly, dreamlessly, fully relaxed . . .

Wide-Awake Vitality comes with this *new deep sleep!*

TODAY'S high-tension pace demands an active mind and body. New tasks, new pleasures, new opportunities, crowd every waking hour to the full.

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This is the kind of sleep you get when your bedspring is a De Luxe. For a De Luxe spring adjusts itself to fit your body perfectly. You feel its soothing comfort the instant you lie on it. The flexible coils yield to any sleeping position, support the body naturally, take the kinks out of your spine, and drop you gently off to restful sleep.

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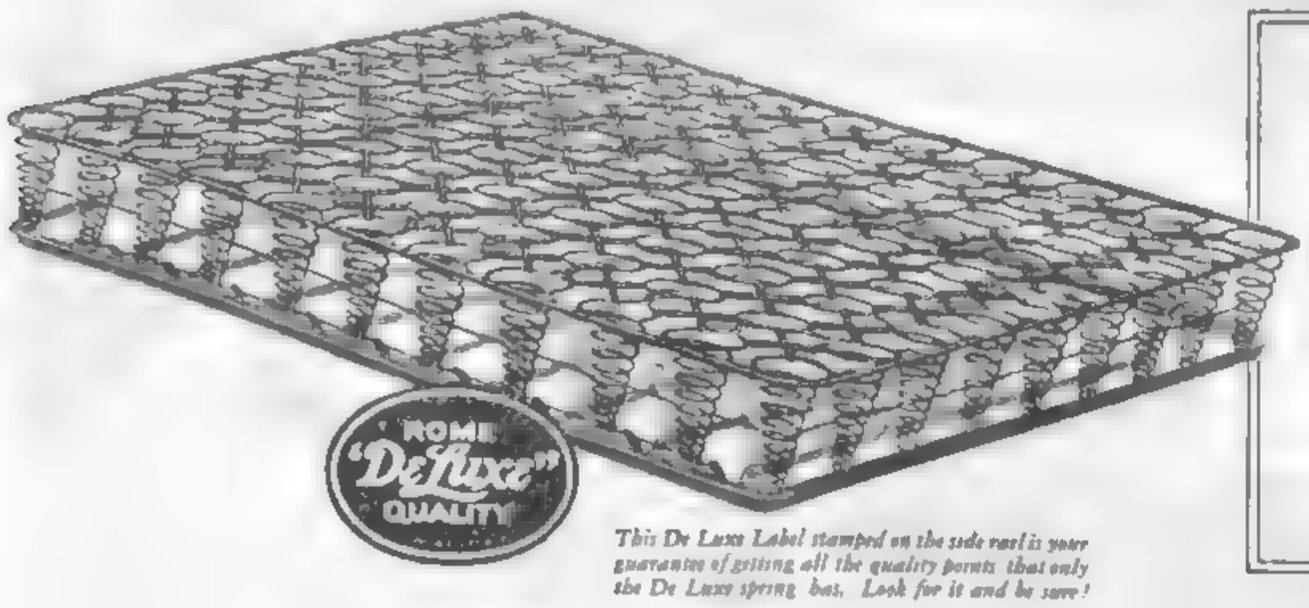

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MASON TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY, KENT, O.

MASON

Hylastic TIRES

(Continued from Page 158)

in Paris shirking your duty this way. He would say you were not a 100 per cent American."

After a painstaking review of the schedule, Wingle and the professor decided that, in spite of the advanced hour, we might make it yet, provided that while going through the Louvre we closed our eyes when passing the Mona Lisa.

"Now that all the preliminaries are settled," said Wingle, replacing the schedule in his inside pocket and lighting a cigar. "I feel ready for the toil and moil of the day's pleasure. And at this point it might be helpful to spend a meditative moment considering the case of young Burlew, who is now running around loose in Paris without a schedule. No good will come of it. If he has no schedule he should be back in America."

"All this is beside the point," said the professor. "I am not interested in anybody named Burlew. Wingle, you don't seem to realize that as long as I stay here I am in danger. Though it is not yet seven in the evening, I will break a long-standing rule and give a short excerpt from the story of my life. Six weeks ago I received my degree at the Sorbonne and started back to America. I missed the boat. I have been missing every boat since."

"Speaking of boats," said Wingle, leaning back comfortably in his chair, "I am reminded of a little incident whose authenticity can be vouched for by reliable witnesses. On November 11, 1918, in mid-ocean on a transport bound for France, the captain, observing my eyes suffused with tears, said, 'Sergeant,' he said to me—'sergeant ——'"

"Stand by for target practice, sergeant. Looey is here with the depth bombs," finished the professor.

The depth bombs, which lived up to their name, were shortly followed by three adequate doses of Old Doctor Wingle's Favorite Prescription, whose composition, it seemed, was a family secret.

"Gentlemen," said the professor in a mellow voice, as he lit a cigarette, "though I am in an unfortunate position and one calling for immediate action, I can perhaps make the story of my life clearer by a few preliminary remarks. In 1667 matters had come to a crisis. Louis XIV ——"

"Speaking of Looey," interrupted Wingle, "keep your eye on him, Reynolds, because something tells me that we are going to need his invaluable services in the immediate future before we start out, as we must, and at once."

"At once, Wingle?" demanded the professor in a hushed voice and removing his cigarette.

"At once."

"Now?"

"Now."

"And may I ask why, because I seem to have forgotten."

"My friend Mr. Ronalds and myself—his name is Roberts, but I sometimes call him Ronalds out of respect to the family name of his maternal grandmother—are seeing Paris on a twenty-four-year schedule."

"That is not long enough, Wingle. Personally I have been seeing Paris with a schedule and without for the last three years, and I realize I have just begun. But duty calls, and that is why, after missing my last boat, I told a few alleged friends of my difficulty and they constituted themselves into what is known as a Death Watch to see that I don't miss the Heliaska tomorrow. At three o'clock this morning, by a supreme effort, I escaped. But they are like bloodhounds—they will never give up. At all costs I must leave this place before they get in."

"We must leave at the earliest opportunity," said Wingle firmly; "that is the only efficient thing to do. Count on us to the last. And now, while we are waiting for Looey to bring the stirrup cup, permit me to while away the time by relating the following true anecdote: It was November 11, 1918. I had been fighting like a tiger all morning—my habitual way of fighting, I might add. As the Armistice sounded, General Pershing and Marshal Foch, noticing the tears which streamed down my face, said, 'Colonel,' they said—'colonel ——'"

"Save that," said the professor. "I will arrange to have you broadcast it from the Eiffel Tower. To prevent international complications, we are leaving Rudy's at once."

"At once?"

"At once."

"Now?"

"Now."

"In that case," said Wingle, "Looey ——"

The door opened violently and five husky young men burst in, while with a groan the professor shriveled up on his chair.

"The Death Watch," he said—"the Death Watch. They've got me."

"There he is," said the foremost of the Death Watchers. "Surround him, men, and hale him to the Heliaska."

With one accord the Death Watch seated themselves about our table and, turning toward the waiter, chanted in unison, "Looey, we are ca-a-a-a-alling you!"

IV

IT WAS six o'clock the next morning when young Burlew entered Rudy's. Personally I should have forgotten all about his existence if it had not been for Wingle, who from time to time would lament: "No good will come of his being in Paris, Reynolds; no good at all. I am an efficiency expert and I know what I am talking about, and I would cut off my right hand to see Mr. Burlew safely on his way back to America. It is criminal to think of a young man seeing Paris except on a schedule made out by some responsible person."

From time to time, also, Wingle would interrupt various discussions with the professor and the Death Watch to point out the merits of our own schedule.

It seemed generally agreed that it was a good schedule, and several times, in company with the professor and the Death Watch, we were on the point of starting out and following it.

But something always happened. If it wasn't a dispute as to who was to pay for the taxi, it was the entrance of an old friend or of somebody that somebody thought was an old friend. At any rate, we never crossed the threshold of Rudy's San Francisco Bar.

It was six o'clock in the morning. I remember because I had just looked. The Death Watch were individually and collectively what might be described as "blotto." One of them was sleeping. Two others were matching pennies, but without pennies. Wingle and the fourth were fraternizing with some belated sailors. The fifth, carrying a cane in the manner of a musket, walked up and down before the door like a sentry.

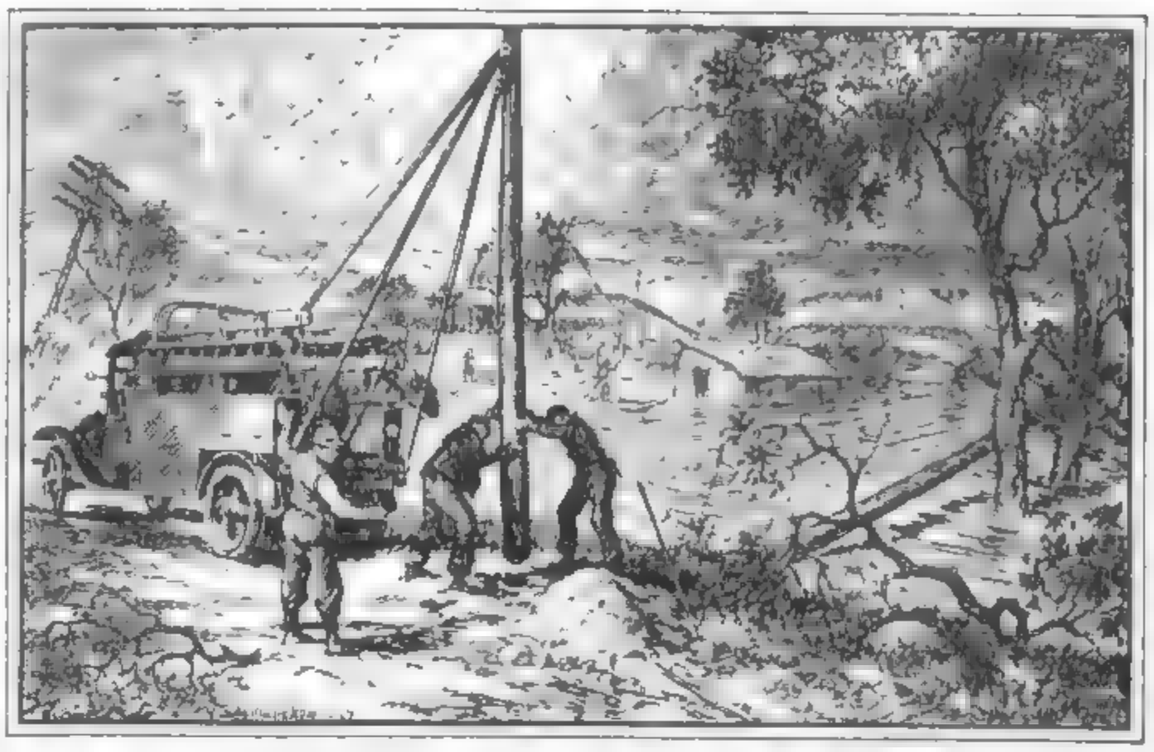
The sentry stuff seemed hardly necessary, since, to all appearances, the professor had resigned himself to his fate. He was leaning up against the wall at one side and repeating in a melancholy voice the story of the French foreign policy during the eighteenth century.

And at this point young Burlew himself entered.

"Hello, Mr. Reynolds," he said, spying me at the table. "I didn't expect to see you. Where's Wingle? Say, for the love of Pete get me a drink. I'm dry, and until I can cash a check I'm busted. Say, what do you suppose happened?"

I waited. Nobody else in the room paid the slightest attention to young Burlew. The latter's voice was querulous and plaintive.

"Mr. Reynolds, that nut family I was with, they wouldn't go to bed. But what did they do? I ask you, what did they do? They spent the last twenty-four hours seeing Paris and they dragged me around with 'em. And nothing but culture, either—looking at things by moonlight, for the love of Pete. Yes, sir, looking at things by



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moonlight. Honest I'll never look at anything by moonlight again as long as I live. Reynolds, it was terrible."

He pulled out a handkerchief and mopped his forehead.

"And, if that wasn't enough—not a drink. No, sir, not one. We ate six different times, and half the times I paid, and when I suggested a little light wine, you oughta see the way they looked at me. I took mineral water too. I never want to set eyes on any of 'em again. Where's Wingle?"

His face lighted up. He saw Wingle in the act of executing a sailor's hornpipe for the benefit of Uncle Sam's naval forces.

"He's a card," whispered young Burlew, brightening. "Just lamp old Wingle. Blotto. Didn't I say he'd be a card? Ain't he a card?"

And at this minute Wingle looked around. Efficiency has its triumphs no less than anything else, and Wingle had the highest kind of efficiency. Napoleonic. Efficiency in the pale gray dawn. He had no sooner seen young Burlew than he knew exactly what he was going to do about it, and every move showed the master. Starting toward our table, he paused only long enough to take the green hat and the black-and-white-checked overcoat from the professor, who obligingly relinquished them without stopping for an instant in his account of the foreign policy of France during the eighteenth century.

"Mr. Burlew," said Wingle, "you are about to start on a personally conducted excursion where a certain kind of costume is absolutely necessary. It will be necessary to sacrifishe—or shacrifishe; pronounce it as you wish—your hat. Permit me."

"He's a card," whispered young Burlew as Wingle substituted for Burlew's cap the professor's green headpiece.

"But that is not enough. I am also going to take the liberty of asking you to run your arms through the sleeves of this coat, which will guarantee you a complete disguise and thus insure you against discovery."

"Ain't he the card!" whispered young Burlew ecstatically, as he permitted Wingle to fit him out with the professor's checked coat. "And now, Mr. Burlew, kindly close your eyes, make a silent wish and something will happen."

For the fourth time young Burlew started to comment on the fact that Wingle was a card, when something did happen.

Raising his voice so that it could have been heard two streets off, Wingle yelled, "Wake up, Death Watch! Train time! Get the professor!"

What happened next was a sort of tidal wave. Responding as one man, the Death Watch fell on young Burlew, enveloped in the professor's coat and hat, and bore him, wildly protesting, to the door.

As his cries faded into the distance, Wingle dropped his head on the table and sobbed like a child. "I did it for the best, Reynolds. No good would have come of his staying on. He had no business trying to see Paris without a schedule."

V

THERE was a fountain with benches around it. We were sitting there in the bright sunshine.

"It seems to me, Reynolds," said Wingle after a long pause, "that we have forgotten something. I can't get the idea out of my head that we have forgotten something."

"Did we forget the professor?" I suggested.

"No, Reynolds, not the professor. We saw the professor back to his hotel. In fact we put him to bed."

"So we did, Wingle—so we did."

"It was not the professor, Reynolds; but I am certain we did forget something important—vastly important. What was it? Think, man, think."

I tried to think. The mental process was difficult, and yet my head was not heavy and oppressed as it had been during the voyage. On the contrary, and for the first time in six months, I felt light and positively gladsome. Even though the bank had failed, it seemed possible that it had not failed for a hundred cents on the dollar; and in any event, I had a substantial letter of credit, two arms, the regulation number of legs, and a head full of experience. And there were other jobs in the world.

I had just arrived at this conclusion when, with a yell that attracted the attention of the entire quarter, Wingle sprang to his feet.

"Now I remember, Reynolds. We forgot to see Paris."

And there it was, so simple and so true; we had forgotten to see Paris

"Yes, we forgot to see Paris. We had a schedule all made out; we had the precious hours of leisure, now gone forever, and we had a schedule—an efficient schedule. And we never saw Paris. Reynolds, it was not efficient and I shall regret it all my life."

"You were efficient for ten years, Wingle. Don't let one little slip dishearten you."

"You mean well, Reynolds, but the fact remains: We came here with a schedule and we didn't see Paris."

I pulled out my watch. It was twenty minutes to eleven.

"Wingle," I said as the significance of the hour dawned on me, "the last boat train this morning left three hours ago. We can't go back on the Heliaska."

"Can't go back on the Heliaska?"

"Impossible. Missed it. Can't go back till the next boat."

"Reynolds, this is a shock—the worst shock I have experienced in a life full of shocks. But we must make the best of it. That is the only efficient thing to do."

"Make the best of it," I repeated.

"A misfortune, Reynolds, is often a blessing in disguise."

"Often, Wingle—often."

"Suppose the next boat doesn't leave for a week."

"Go on, Wingle; I'm following you."

"Then there will be a week in which to see Paris."

"Yes, yes, Wingle, go on."

"All we need is a schedule."

"Exactly. A schedule."

"An efficient schedule, Reynolds."

"Every minute accounted for, Wingle."

"And we should choose an efficient place to make it out, Reynolds."

"Quiet."

"Congenial."

"Not too many windows."

We looked at each other. There was a taxi passing. Simultaneously we hailed it and in one voice said to the chauffeur, "Rudy's San Francisco Bar."

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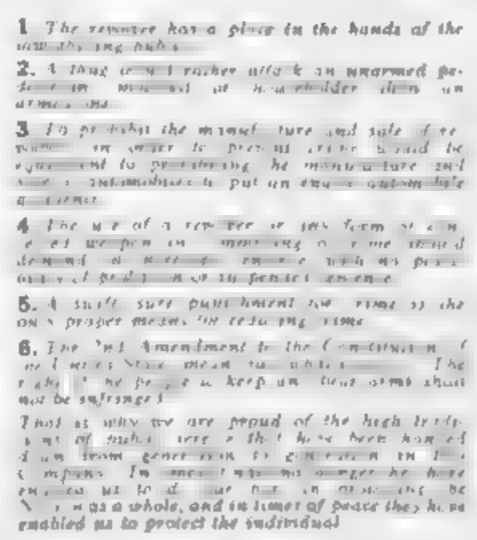

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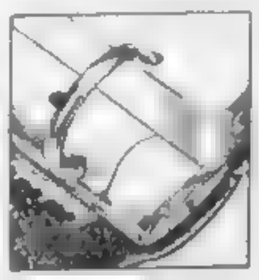

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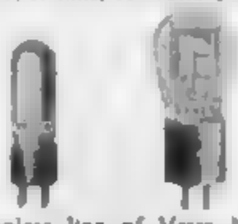

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GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 69)

The secretary of a large organization ten years ago had an office boy whom he considered—for a time, at least—as being about the slowest and dumbest lad that ever lived. One day he found the boy in the stationery stock room watching a service man repair a typewriter. The secretary watched the process, and he noted the feverish interest the boy showed in the repair work. The following day the secretary rang for the boy.

"John, you take care of these for me," he said. "They are manuals on the care and repair of typewriters, and I want to keep them handy for reference."

That afternoon he peeked out through his office door and saw John stolidly and intently reading the manuals. One day at the end of the month the executive rang for the office boy.

"John," he said casually, "there's something wrong with Miss Jacob's machine. Do you suppose you could do anything to it that would make it work right?"

"I—I'll try," the boy said. He dug a couple of cheap screwdrivers out of his desk and went to work. In ten minutes the machine was operating as smoothly as ever.

A few days later the secretary called John to his office and presented him with a roll of real typewriter tools.

"From now on, John," he informed him, "you are going to be a sort of emergency repair man around here. You'll find a little extra in your next pay envelope."

John literally dove into his work. For the first time in his life he seemed to be really enthusiastic—which was as the secretary expected.

A diffident yet confident John tackled the secretary one night after office hours. "Lookit here," he spluttered. "We got an awful lot of typewriters and they are going wrong all of the time. If we had three or four replacement machines I could take every machine in the place in its turn and give it a good overhauling and oiling."

It was a sound scheme. The secretary adopted it forthwith, and John was relieved of all further office-boy duties. Today John is an important cog in the machinery of a smooth-running office of considerable magnitude. He has under his supervision and under his training another boy, to whom he is imparting all the secrets of typewriter repairing. When that boy is capable of handling the work John is going away to learn all about the complicated inwards of adding and calculating machines, and when he returns his activities will be enlarged considerably, likewise his salary.

Man handling is a great art; perhaps some day it will be a real science. It is one of the most important factors that determine whether or not a man has real executive ability.

—HARRY BOTSFORD.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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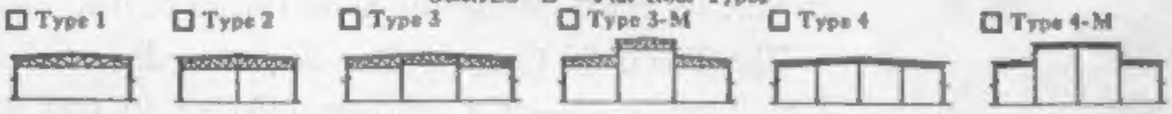

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